IS SOVIET RUSSIA FIT TO RECOGNIZE?
YES! *SAYS* LEON TROTSKY

JAN. 14,
1933

Liberty

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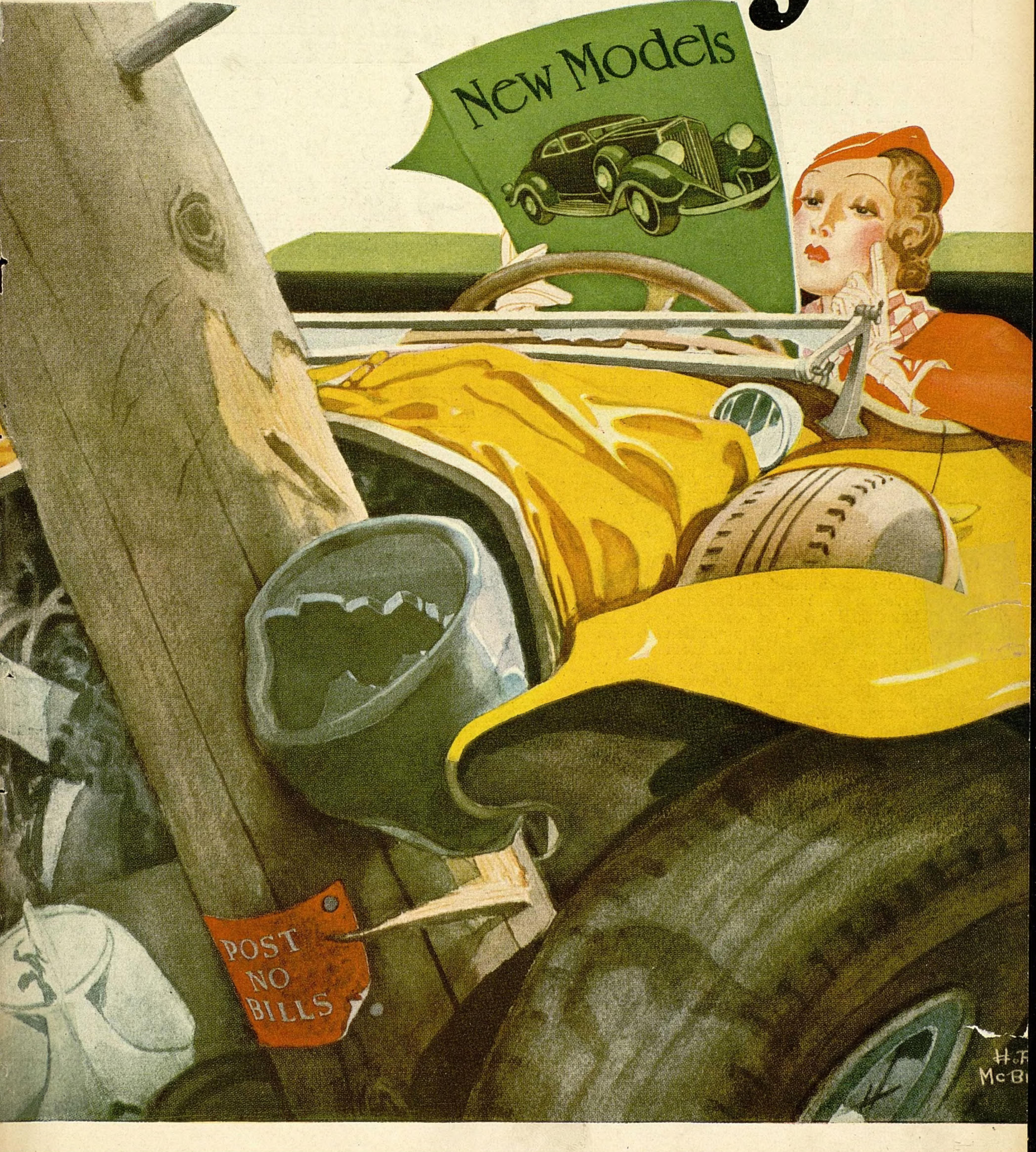
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Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

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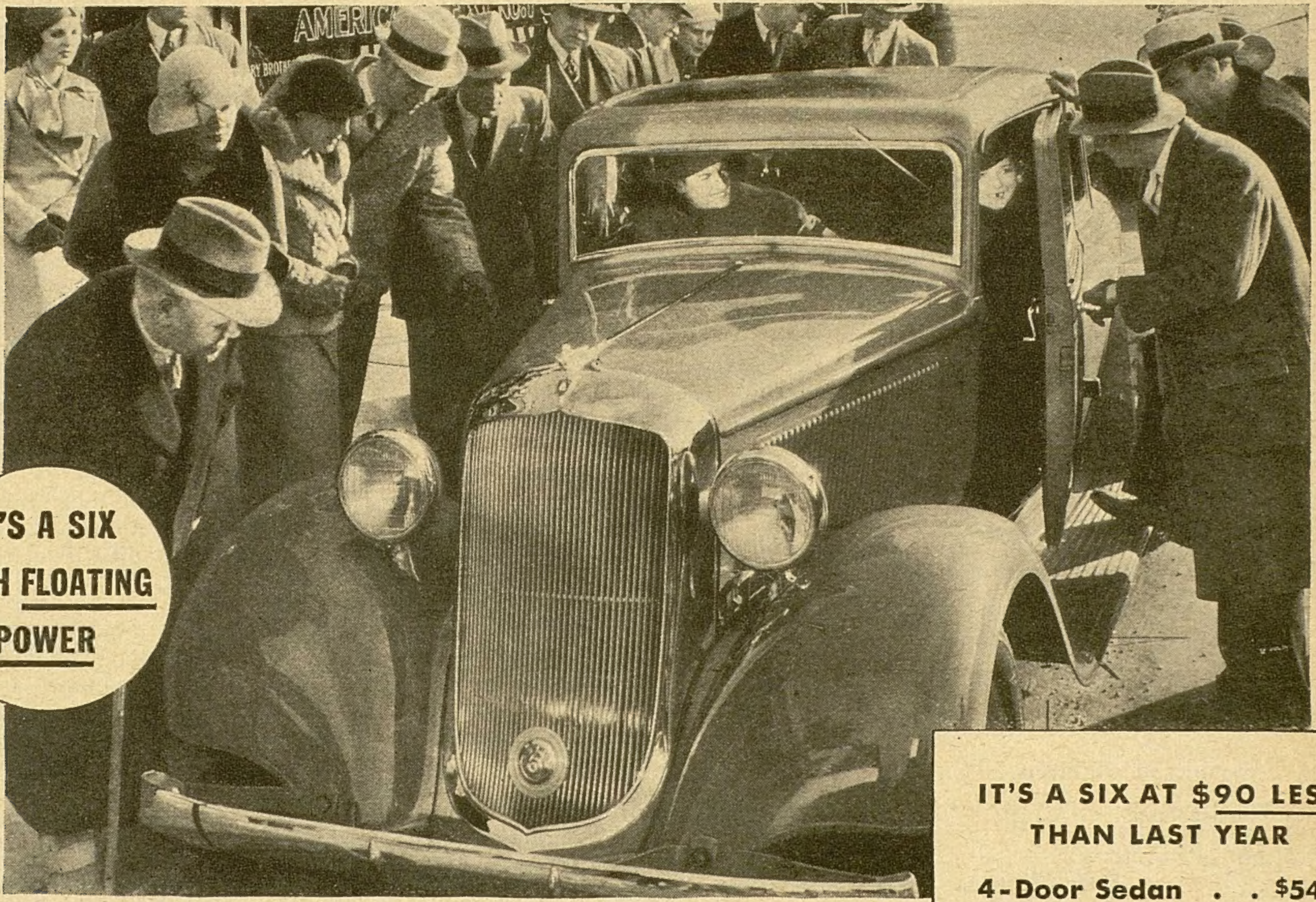

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JANUARY 14, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 2

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by H. R. MCBRIDE

TECHNOCRACY'S MENACING PREDICTIONS

Behold a new science—technocracy—making its début with dramatic assertions that are bewildering the entire nation.

In the first article appearing in the New Outlook Magazine, edited by Alfred E. Smith, we are informed that "the United States is much nearer a complete industrial collapse, as a result of the events of the last three years, than the vast majority of its citizens realize."

The article tells us that machines are replacing man power—something we already know—and that because of this we are faced with the threat of national bankruptcy and perhaps chaos within eighteen months.

Then Mr. Wayne W. Parrish, the author of the article, maintains that technocracy has made political systems useless. That it has sounded the death knell for old methods of exchange. It has made sterile the moral concepts of the virtue of labor.

That argument may appeal to many people, but ordinary intelligence teaches us that character, ability, and genius are built up by hard work.

Select the men who have made extraordinary records. They have all been through severe trials; they have learned much through privation.

Then the technocrats proceed to tell us that we have been attempting to operate the delicate controls of a high-powered energy civilization with methods that were crude enough in the oxcart days. Well, we would like to know what the superexecutives in our various huge business corporations say to this "oxcart" proposition?

Technocracy is a name that is given to a survey by a group of engineers headed by Howard Scott. Since 1918 they have been gathering statistics as to what extent the machine is replacing man power. Their contention that this "energy survey" brings forth a world of facts not hitherto realizable seems exaggerated. The Business Week, in an article criticizing technocracy, claims that there is nothing in the results of the studies so far made available that offers the slightest scientific justification for any forecast of the course of economic events.

What the technocrats would doubtless enjoy would be to have the country turned over to them for management. With their statistical records they would predict the future, and their guess might be as good as any other if we should decide to discard some of our old-time principles.

The price system with its definite brand of capitalism, which Mr. Parrish condemns, doubtless will always be with us, but some day we may learn that a greatly exaggerated value has been placed on accumulated wealth. The price system cannot be improved upon, provided it is free from favoritism, provided the law of supply and demand is allowed to operate unrestricted. Our trouble comes from those who operate it.

With the government going into all kinds of businesses, using billions of dollars of the taxpayers' money to stabilize banking and other enterprises, favoritism is bound to creep in.

Our main problem is to find jobs for the unemployed. Eventually our leaders will be compelled to recognize the fact that the back-to-the-land movement is the only means of solving this problem.

Everywhere, in endeavoring to solve the present serious difficulties, we are confronted by selfish interests. The agriculturalists are against the back-to-the-land movement because they fear that these starving people might compete with their interests. Various favored monopolies in the industrial world block any effort that may be made for relief that competes with their financial interests. The rigid maintenance of wage scales by labor unions has put thousands of organizations into bankruptcy and has added hundreds of thousands to the list of unemployed.

The promise of technocracy that it is possible for us to have a standard of living ten times above what we enjoyed in 1929 by working four hours a day for four days a week is undoubtedly attainable, provided human selfishness can be kept in the background.

We face some tremendous problems. Technocracy will be helpful. But to say it will solve all our problems is unadulterated nonsense.

An article criticizing the weak points of technocracy will be printed in Liberty next week, and this will be followed by a second article outlining the advantages of the new science.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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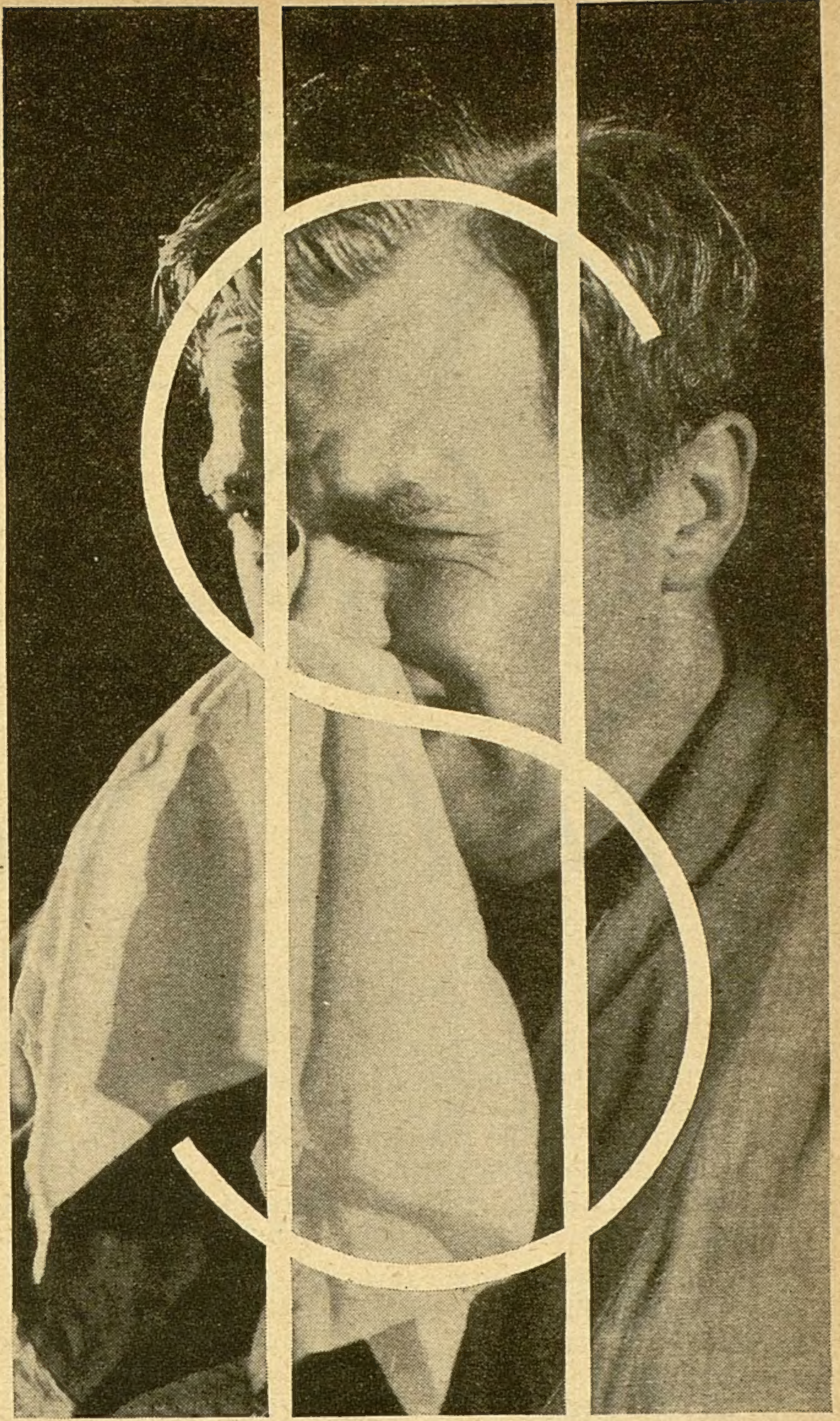
Nobody *can afford a* COLD *this year*



IT'S NO SECRET to you that colds are expensive. They run up all kinds of bills. Over a billion dollars is America's annual penalty. And in time lost from jobs alone, according to estimates based on U. S. Public Health Service figures, colds cost more than $450,000,000 a year.

Lessen your share of this loss. Save on colds this winter. There now is a way to do it. A way so effective that millions have adopted it already—the new Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds.

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Is SOVIET RUSSIA *Fit to Recognize?*

The Creator of the Red Army Answers Some Pointed Questions Concerning the Religious Prejudices, the Moral Code, and Mass Industrialism of the Country from Which He Was Exiled

(Reading time: 19 minutes 45 seconds.)

THE question of recognizing the Soviet Union is now being widely discussed in the United States. Diplomatic recognition, naturally, does not mean that each side approves the politics of the other. The nonrecognition of the Soviet Republic up to now has chiefly been based on reasons of a moral nature. The questions put to me by the editor of Liberty cover these grounds.

1. "Does the Soviet State turn men into robots?"

Why? I ask. The ideologists of the patriarchal system, like Tolstoy or Ruskin, object that machine civilization turns the free peasant and craftsman into joyless automatons. In the last decades this charge has mostly been leveled against the industrial system of America (Taylorism, Fordism).

Shall we now, perhaps, hear from Chicago and Detroit the outcry against the soul-destroying machine? Why not return to stone hatchets and pile dwellings, why not go back to sheepskin coverings? No; we refuse to do that. In the field of mechanization the Soviet Republic is so far only a disciple of the United States—and has no intention of stopping halfway.

But perhaps the question is aimed not at mechanical operation but at the distinctive features of the social order. Are not men becoming robots in the Soviet State because the machines are state property and not privately owned? It is enough to ask the question clearly to show that it has no foundation.

There remains, finally, the question of the political régime, the hard dictatorship, the highest tension of all forces, the low standard of living of the population. There would be no sense in denying these facts. But they are the expression not so much of the new régime as of the fearful inheritance of backwardness.

The dictatorship will have to become softer and milder as the economic welfare of the country is raised. The present method of *commanding human beings* will give way to one of *disposing over things*. The road leads not to the robot but to man of a higher order.

2. "Is the Soviet State completely dominated by a small group in the Kremlin who exercise oligarchical powers under the guise of a dictatorship of the proletariat?"

No, that is not so. The same class can rule with the help of different political systems and methods according to circumstances. So the bourgeoisie on its historical road carried through its rule under absolute monarchy, Bonapartism, parliamentary republic, and Fascist dictatorship. All these forms of rule retain a capitalist character in so far as the most important riches of the nation, the administration of the means of production, of the schools, and of the press, remain united in the hands of the bourgeoisie, and in so far as the laws, above all, protect bourgeois property.

The Soviet régime means the rule of the proletariat, irrespective of how broad the stratum in whose hands the power is *immediately concentrated.*

3. "Have the Soviets robbed childhood of joy and turned education into a system of Bolshevist propaganda?"

The education of children has always and everywhere been connected with propaganda. The propaganda begins by instilling the advantages of a handkerchief over the fingers, and rises to the advantages of the Republican platform over the Democratic, or *vice versa.* Education in the spirit of religion is propaganda; you will surely not refuse to admit that St. Paul was one of the greatest of propagandists.

The worldly education supplied by the French Republic is soaked with propaganda to the marrow. Its main idea is that all virtue is inherent in the French nation or, more accurately, in the ruling class of the French nation.

No one can possibly deny that the education of Soviet children, too, is propaganda. The only difference is that in bourgeois countries it is a question of injecting into the child respect for *old* institutions and ideas which are taken for granted. In the U. S. S. R. it is a question of new ideas, and therefore the propaganda leaps to the eye. "Propaganda," in the evil sense of the word, is the name that people usually give to the defense and spread of such ideas as do not please them.

In times of conservatism and stability the daily propaganda is not noticeable. In times of revolution propaganda necessarily takes on a belligerent and aggressive character. When I returned to Moscow from Canada with my family early in May, 1917, my two boys studied at a "gymnasium" (roughly, high school) which was attended by the children of many politicians, including some ministers of the provisional government. In the whole gymnasium there were only two Bolsheviks, my sons, and a third sympathizer. In spite of the official rule, "the school must be free of politics," my son barely twelve years old was unmercifully beaten up as a Bolshevik. After I was elected chairman of the Petrograd Soviet, my son was never called anything but Chairman and received a double beating. That was propaganda against Bolshevism.

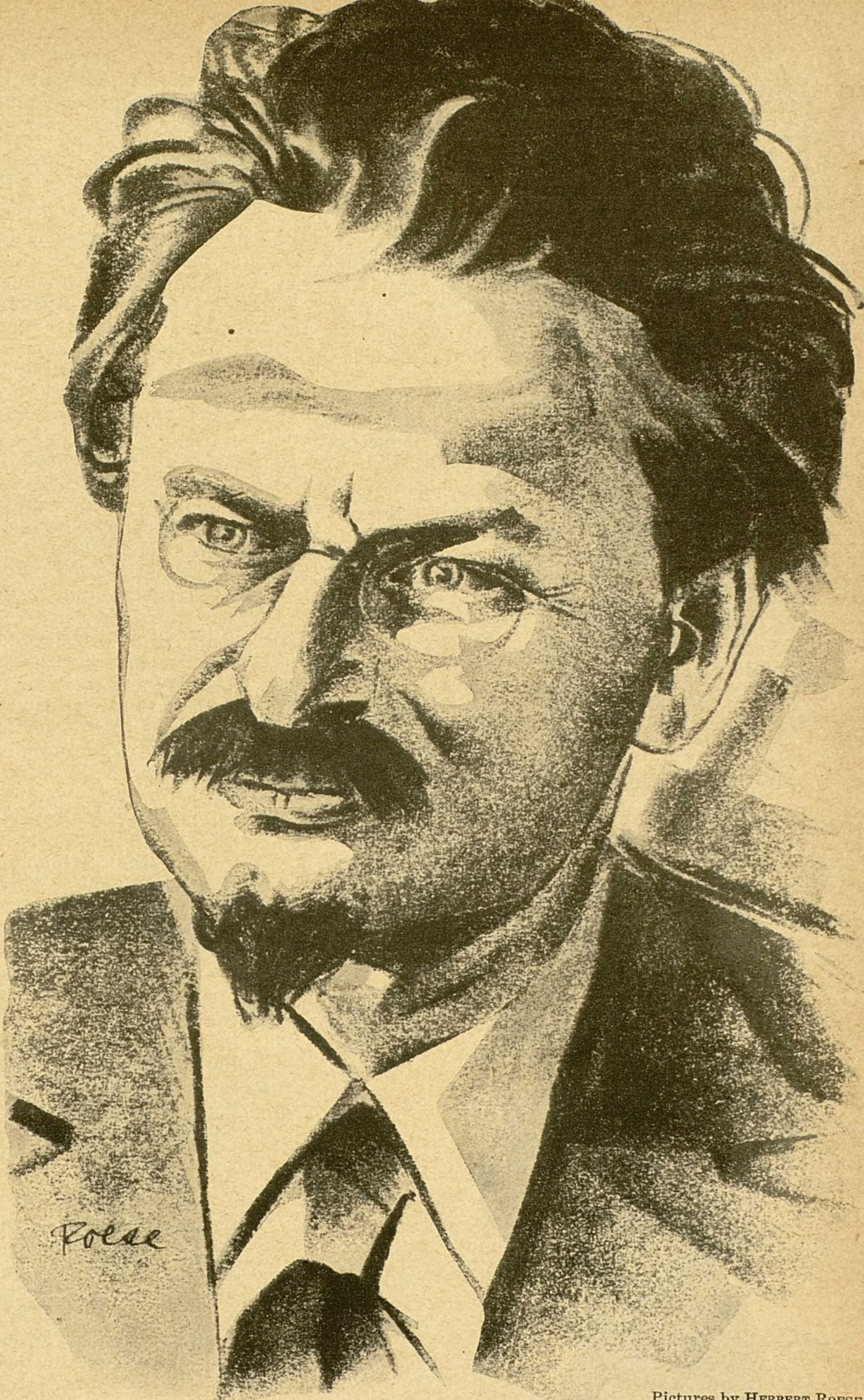
Those parents and teachers who are devoted to the old society cry out against

(Continued on page eight)

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

IN view of the increased agitation in the United States for diplomatic recognition of Russia's Soviet Union, Liberty asked Trotsky to clear up, from the Soviet standpoint, certain aspects of this possibility that loom large in the American public mind. Trotsky says Liberty's questions cover those aspects "in quite a sharp manner—which I regard as a virtue. I propose to answer with the same frankness." His article consists mainly of his answers. The questions:

1. Does the Soviet State turn men into robots?
2. Is the Soviet State completely dominated by a small group in the Kremlin who exercise oligarchical powers under the guise of a dictatorship of the proletariat?
3. Have the Soviets robbed childhood of joy and turned education into a system of Bolshevist propaganda?
4. Is Bolshevism deliberately destroying the family?
5. Is Bolshevism subversive of all moral standards in sex?
6. Is it true that bigamy and polygamy are not punishable under the Soviet system?
7. Is it true that incest is not regarded as a criminal offense?
8. Is it true that a divorce may be had for the asking?
9. Is it true that the Soviets have no respect for chastity in men and women?
10. Is the ultimate object of Bolshevism to reproduce the beehive or the ant state in human life?
11. In what respect does the ideal of Bolshevism differ from the state of civilization that would prevail on earth if insects had secured control?
12. Is it true that Sovietism teaches children not to respect their parents?
13. Is it true that Bolshevism penalizes religion and outlaws religious worship?
14. Is it true that the Bolshevist State, while hostile to religion, nevertheless capitalizes the prejudices of the ignorant masses? For instance, the Russians do not consider any saint truly acceptable to Heaven unless his body defies decomposition. Is that the reason why the Bolshevists preserve artificially the mummy of Lenin?



Pictures by HERBERT ROESE

"YES!" says Leon Trotsky

in this article——written exclusively for Liberty

(Continued from page six)

"propaganda." If a state is to build a new society, can it do otherwise than begin with the school?

"Does the Soviet propaganda rob childhood of joy?" For what reason and in what manner? Soviet children play, sing, dance, and cry like all other children. The unusual care of the Soviet régime for the child is admitted even by malevolent observers. Compared with the old régime, infant mortality has declined by half.

It is true, Soviet children are told nothing about original sin and Paradise. In this sense one may say that the children are robbed of the joys of life after death. Being no expert in these matters, I dare not judge the extent of the loss. Still, the pains of this life take a certain precedence over the joys of the life to come. If children absorb the necessary quantity of calories, the abundance of their living forces will find reasons enough for joy.

Two years ago my five-year-old grandson came to me from Moscow. Although he knew nothing whatever about God, I could find no particularly sinful inclinations in him, except for the time when, with the help of some newspapers, he succeeded in sealing up hermetically the wash-basin drainpipe. In order to have him mingle with other children on Prinkipo, we had to send him to a kindergarten conducted by Catholic nuns. The worthy sisters have nothing but praise for the morals of my now nearly seven-year-old atheist.

Thanks to this same grandchild, I have been able in the past year to make a fairly close acquaintance with Russian children's books, those of the Soviets as well as of the émigrés. There is propaganda in both. Yet the Soviet books are incomparably fresher, more active, more full of life. The little man reads and listens to these books with the greatest pleasure. No, Soviet propaganda does not rob childhood of joy.

4. "Is Bolshevism deliberately destroying the family?"

5. "Is Bolshevism subversive of all moral standards in sex?"

6. "Is it true that bigamy and polygamy are not punishable under the Soviet system?"

If one understands by "family" a compulsory union based on marriage contract, the blessing of the church, property rights, and the single passport, then Bolshevism has destroyed this policed family from the roots up.

If one understands by "family" the unbounded domination of parents over children, and absence of legal rights for the wife, then Bolshevism has, unfortunately, not yet completely destroyed this carry-over of society's old barbarism.

If one understands by "family" ideal monogamy—not in the legal but in the actual sense—then the Bolsheviks could not destroy what never was nor is on earth, barring fortunate exceptions.

There is absolutely no foundation for the statement that the Soviet law on marriage has been an incentive to polygamy and polyandry. Statistics of marriage relations—actual ones—are not available, and cannot be. But even without columns of figures one can be sure that the Moscow index numbers of adulteries and shipwrecked marriages are not much different from the corresponding data for New York, London, or Paris, and—who knows?—are perhaps even lower.

Against prostitution there has been a strenuous and fairly successful struggle. This proves that the Soviets have no intention of tolerating that unbridled promiscuity which finds its most destructive and poisonous expression in prostitution.

A long and permanent marriage, based on mutual love and coöperation—that is the ideal standard. To this the influences of the school, of literature, and of public opinion in the Soviets tend. Freed from the chains of police and clergy, later also from those of economic necessity, the tie between man and woman will find its own way, determined by physiology, psychology, and care for the welfare of the race. The Soviet régime is still far from the solution of this as of other basic problems, but it has created serious prerequisites for their solution. In any case the problem of marriage has ceased to be a matter of uncritical tradition and the blind force of circumstance; it has been posed as a task of collective reason.

Every year five and a half million children are born in the Soviet Union. The excess of births over deaths amounts to more than three million. Czarist Russia knew no such growth of population. This fact alone makes it impossible to speak of moral disintegration or of a lowering of the vital forces of the population of Russia.

7. "Is it true that incest is not regarded as a criminal offense?"

I must admit that I have never taken an interest in this question from the standpoint of criminal prosecution, so that I could not answer without obtaining information as to what the Soviet law says about incest, or if it says anything at all. Still, I think the whole question belongs rather to the domain of pathology on the one hand, and education on the other, rather than that of criminology. Incest lessens the desirable qualities and the ability to survive of the race. For that very reason it is regarded by the great majority of healthy human beings as a violation of normal standards.

The aim of socialism is to bring reason not only into economic relations but also as much as possible into the biological functions of man. Today already the Soviet schools are making many efforts to enlighten the children as to the real needs of the human body and the human spirit. I have no reason to believe that the pathological cases of incest are more numerous in Russia than in other countries. At the same time, I am inclined to hold that precisely in this field judicial intervention can do more harm than good. I question, for example, that humanity would have been the gainer if British justice had sent Byron to jail.

8. " Is it true that a divorce may be had for the asking? "

Of course it is true. It would have been more in place to ask another question: " Is it true that there are still countries where divorce cannot be obtained for the asking by either party to a marriage? "

9. " Is it true that the Soviets have no respect for chastity in men and women? "

I think that in this field it is not respect but hypocrisy that has declined.

Is there any doubt, for example, that Ivar Kreuger, the match king, described as a dour ascetic in his lifetime, and as an irreconcilable enemy of the Soviets, more than once denounced the immorality of the Russian Komsomol boys and girls who did not seek the blessing of the church on their embraces? Had it not been for the financial wreck, Kreuger would have gone to his grave not only as a just man on the Stock Exchange but also as a pillar of morality. But now the press reports that the number of women kept by Kreuger in various continents was several times the number of the chimneys of his match factories.

French, English, and American novels describe double and triple families not as an exception but as the rule. A very well informed young German observer, Klaus Mehnert, who recently had a book published on the Soviet youth, writes:

" It is true the young Russians are no paragons of virtue, . . . but morally they are certainly no lower than Germans of the same age." I believe that this is true.

In New York, in February, 1917, I observed one evening in a subway car about two dozen students and their girl friends. Although there were a number of people in the car who were not in their party, the conduct of these most vivacious couples was such that one could say at once: even if these young people believe in monogamy in principle, in practice they come to it by devious paths.

The abolition of the American dry law would by no means signify that the new administration was striving to encourage drunkenness. In the same way, the Soviet Government's abolition of a number of laws which were supposed to protect the domestic hearth, chastity, etc., has nothing to do with any effort to destroy the permanence of the family or encourage promiscuity. It is simply a question of attaining, by raising the material and cultural level, something that cannot be attained by formal prohibition or lifeless preaching.

10. " Is the ultimate object of Bolshevism to reproduce the beehive or the ant stage in human life? "

11. " In what respect does the ideal of Bolshevism differ from the state of civilization that would prevail on earth if insects had secured control? "

Both questions are unfair to the insect as well as to man. Neither ants nor bees have to answer for such monstrosities as fill human history. On the other hand, no matter how bad human beings may be, they have possibilities which no insect can reach. It would not be difficult to prove that the task of the Soviets is precisely this—to destroy the ant characteristics of human society.

The fact is, bees as well as ants have classes: some work or fight, others specialize in reproduction. Can one see in such a specialization of social functions the ideal of Bolshevism? These are rather the characteristics of our present-day civilization carried to the limit. Certain species of ants make slaves of brother ants of different color.

The Soviet system does not resemble this at all. The ants have not yet even produced their John Brown or Abraham Lincoln.

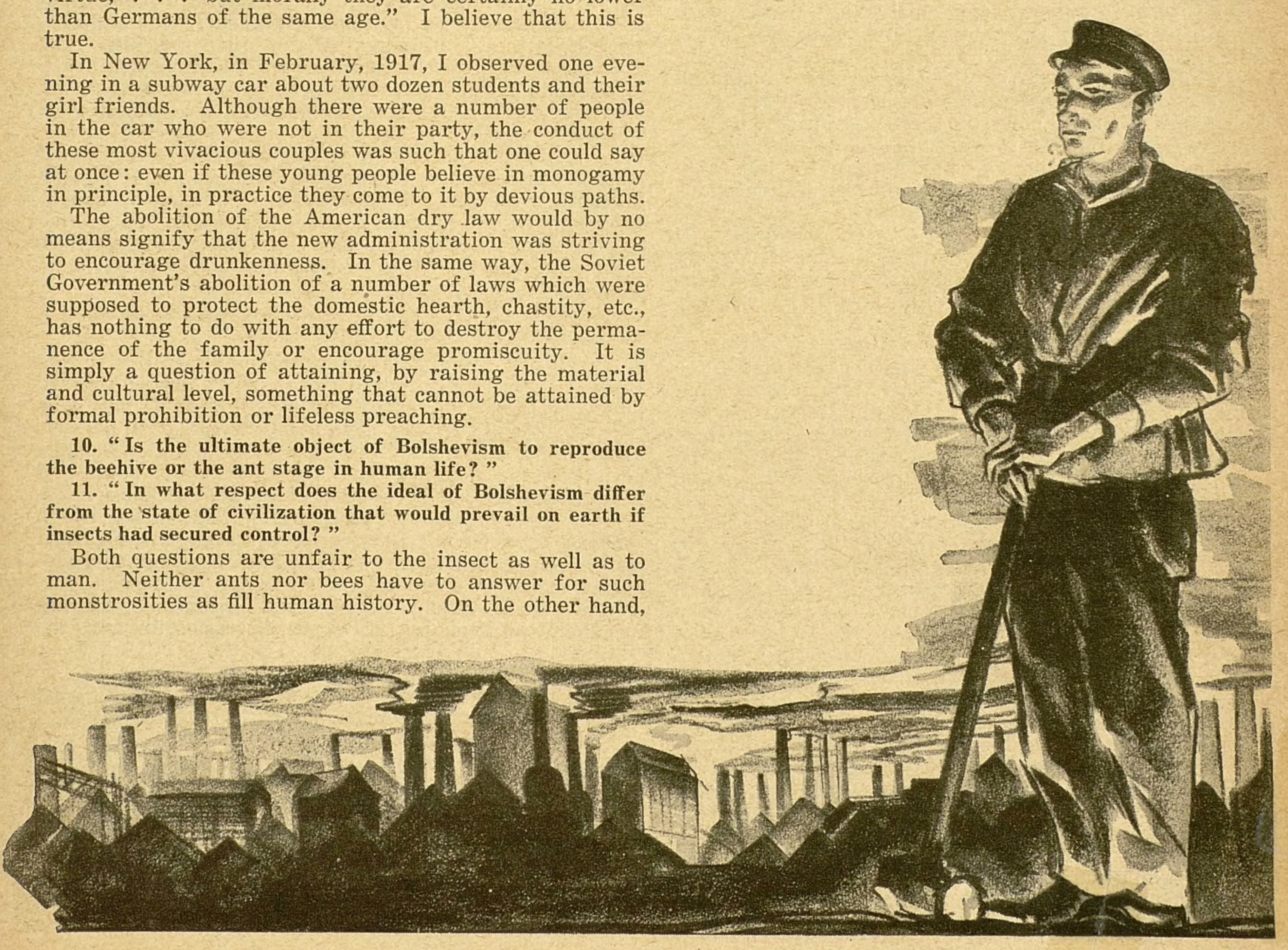
Benjamin Franklin described man as " the tool-making animal." This notable characterization is at the bottom of the Marxist interpretation of history. The artificial tool has released man from the animal kingdom and has given impetus to the work of the human intellect; it has caused the changes from slavery to feudalism, capitalism, and the Soviet system.

The meaning of the question is clearly that a universal all-embracing control must kill individuality. The evil of the Soviet system would then consist in its excessive control, would it not? Yet a series of other questions, as we have seen, accuses the Soviets of refusal to bring under state control the most intimate fields of personal life—love, family, sex relations. The contradiction is perfectly evident.

The Soviets by no means make it their task to put under control the intellectual and the moral powers of man.

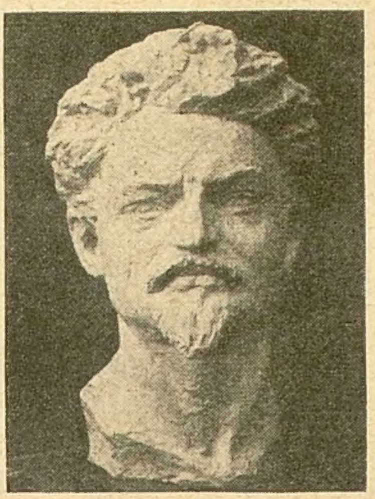
On the contrary, through control of economic life they want to free every human personality from the control of the market and its blind forces.

Ford organized automobile production on the conveyor system and thereby obtained an enormous output.



The task of socialism, when one gets down to the principle of productive technique, is to organize the entire national and international economy on the conveyor system, on the basis of a plan and of an accurate proportionment of its parts. The conveyor principle, transferred from single factories to all factories and farms, must result in such an output performance that, compared with it, Ford's achievement would look like a miserable handicraft shop alongside of Detroit. Once he has conquered nature, man will no longer have to earn his daily bread in the sweat of his brow. That is the prerequisite for the liberation of personality.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Trotsky alludes to the highly systematized use, in Ford plants, of mechanical conveyors for bringing parts in series to workmen, each of whom does but one operation, and for bringing parts together for rapid assembling.]



Leon Trotsky — a bust by Clare Sheridan.

As soon as three or four hours, let us say, of daily labor suffice to satisfy liberally all material wants, every man and woman will have twenty hours left over, free of all "control." Questions of education, of perfecting the bodily and spiritual structure of man, will occupy the center of general attention. The philosophical and scientific schools, the opposing tendencies in literature, architecture, and art in general, will for the first time be of vital concern not merely to a top layer but to the whole mass of the population. Freed from the pressure of blind economic forces, the struggle of groups, tendencies, and schools will take on a profoundly ideal and unselfish character. In this atmosphere human personality will not dry up, but on the contrary for the first time will come to full bloom.

12. "Is it true that Sovietism teaches children not to respect their parents?"

No; in such a general form this assertion is a mere caricature. Still, it is true that rapid progress in the realms of technique, ideas, or manners generally diminishes the authority of the older generation, including that of parents. When professors lecture on the Darwinian theory, the authority of those parents who believe that Eve was made from Adam's rib can only decline.

In the Soviet Union all conflicts are incomparably sharper and more painful. The *mores* of the Komsomols must inevitably collide with the authority of the parents who would still like to use their own good judgment in marrying off their sons and daughters. The Red Army man who has learned how to handle tractors and combines cannot acknowledge the technical authority of his father who works with a wooden plow.

To maintain his dignity, the father can no longer merely point with his hand to the icon and reënforce this gesture with a slap on the face. The parents must resort to spiritual weapons. The children who base themselves on the official authority of the school show themselves, however, to be the better armed. The injured *amour propre* of the parent often turns against the state. This usually happens in those families which are hostile to the new régime in its fundamental tasks. The majority of proletarian parents reconcile themselves to the loss of part of their parental authority the more readily as the state takes over the greater part of their parental cares. Still, there are conflicts of the generations even in these circles. Among the peasants they take on especial sharpness. Is this good or bad? I think it is good. Otherwise there would be no going forward.

Permit me to point to my own experience. At seventeen I had to break away from home. My father had attempted to determine the course of my life. He told me, "Even in three hundred years the things you are aiming for will not come to pass." And, at that, it was only a question of the overthrowing of the monarchy. Later my father understood the limits of his influence and my relations with my family were restored. After the October revolution he saw his mistake. "Your truth was stronger," he said. Such examples were counted by the thousand; later on, by hundreds of thousands and millions. They characterize the critical upheaval of a period when "the bond of ages" goes to pieces.

13. "Is it true that Bolshevism penalizes religion and outlaws religious worship?"

This deliberately deceptive assertion has been refuted a thousand times by completely indisputable facts, proofs, and testimony of witnesses. Why does it always come up anew? Because the church considers itself persecuted when it is not supported by the budget and the police force and when its opponents are not subject to the reprisals of persecution. In many states the scientific criticism of religious faiths is considered a crime; in others it is merely tolerated. The Soviet State acts otherwise. Far from considering religious worship a crime, it tolerates the existence of various religions, but at the same time openly supports materialist propaganda against religious belief. It is precisely this situation which the church interprets as religious persecution.

14. "Is it true that the Bolshevist State, while hostile to religion, nevertheless capitalizes the prejudices of the ignorant masses? For instance, the Russians do not consider any saint truly acceptable to Heaven unless his body defies decomposition. Is that the reason why the Bolshevists preserve artificially the mummy of Lenin?"

No; this is a wholly incorrect interpretation, dictated by prejudice and hostility. I can make this statement all the more freely because from the very beginning I have been a determined opponent of the embalming, mausoleum, and the rest, as was also Lenin's widow, N. K. Krupskaya. There is no doubt whatever that if Lenin on his sick bed had thought for a moment that they would treat his corpse like that of a Pharaoh, he would have appealed in advance, with indignation, to the Party. I brought this objection forward as my main argument. The body of Lenin must not be used against the spirit of Lenin.

I also pointed to the fact that the "incorruptibility" of the embalmed corpse of Lenin might nourish religious superstitions. Krassin, who defended and apparently initiated the idea of the embalmment, objected: "On the contrary, what was a matter of miracle with the priests will become a matter of technology in our hands. Millions of people will have an idea of how the man looked who brought such great changes into the life of our country. With the help of science, we will satisfy this justifiable interest of the masses and at the same time explain to them the mystery of incorruptibility."

Undeniably the erection of the mausoleum pursued a political aim: to strengthen the authority of the disciples externally through the authority of the teacher. Still, there is no ground to see in this a capitalization of religious superstition. The mausoleum visitors are told that the credit for the preservation of the body from decomposition is due to chemistry.

. . . . . .

OUR answers absolutely do not attempt to gloss over the present situation in the Soviet Union, to underestimate the economic and cultural achievements, nor still less to represent socialism as a stage which has already been reached. The Soviet régime is and will remain for a long time a transitional régime, full of contradiction and extreme difficulties. Still, we must take the facts in the light of their development. The Soviet Union took over the inheritance of the Romanoff empire. For fifteen years it has lived surrounded by a hostile world.

The situation of a besieged fortress has given the dictatorship particularly crude forms. The policies of Japan are least of all calculated to develop in Russia a feeling of security; but also the fact that the United States, which carried on war against the Soviets on Soviet territory, has not taken up diplomatic relations with Moscow to this very day, has had an enormous and, naturally, negative influence on the internal régime of the country.

THE END

Don't say "never"

1. Never . . . (*His first Spud*) "For three years, I've fought off trying these menthol-cooled things; but you people rave so about your old Spuds! . . . I will admit they're cool."

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3. Always . . . (*His fifth pack*) "Now I see why they call it mouth-happiness. Never knew I could smoke so much, and so long . . . and still keep that clean, moist-cool feeling in my mouth." The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

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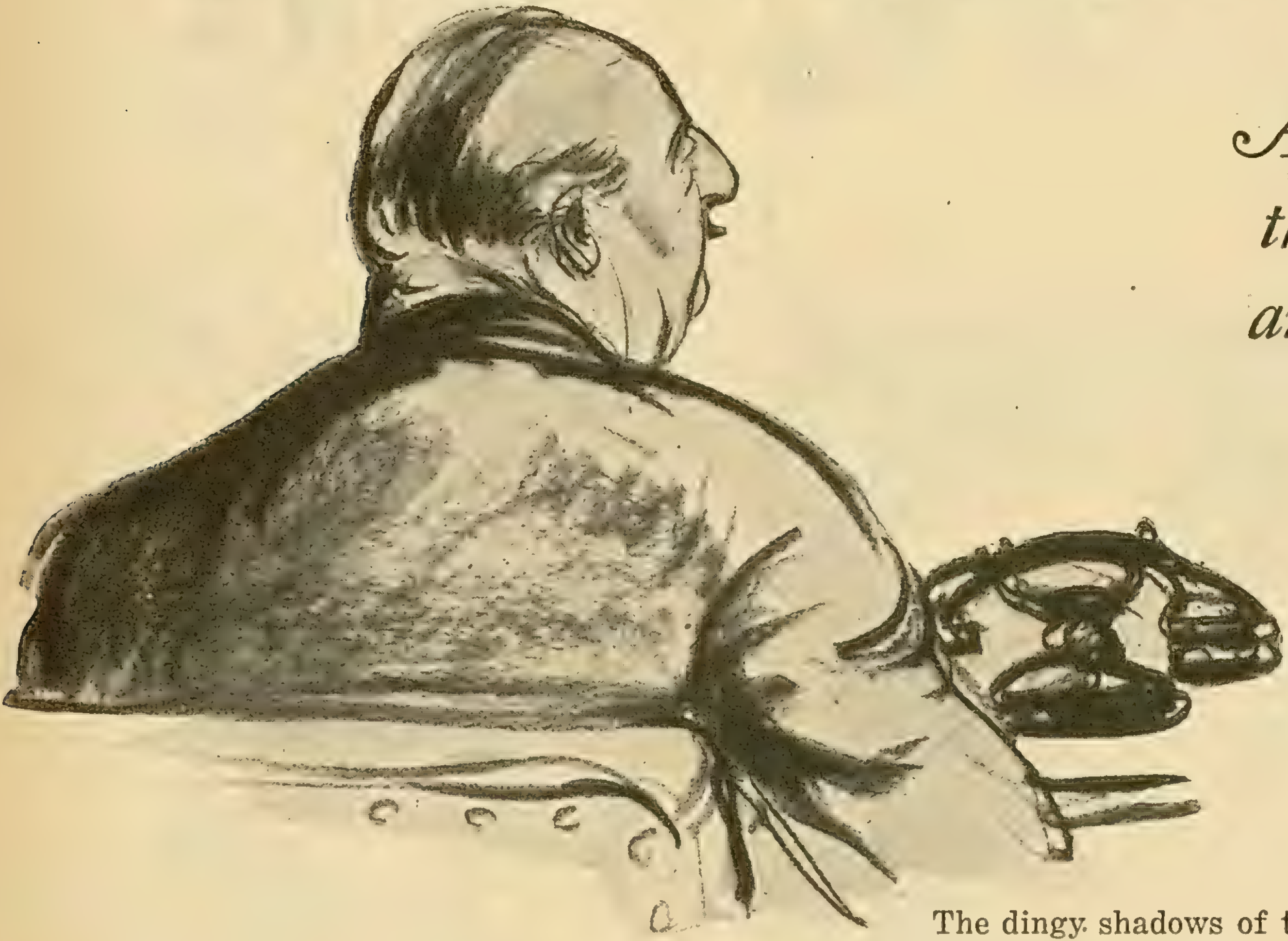
Pygmalion *of*

By BEATRICE BLACKMAR

A Romance of the Footlights and the Screen



Illustrations by
ARTHUR D. FULLER

(Reading time: 29 minutes 14 seconds.)

GRAY BORDEN was sunk in that bottomless abyss of despair which is possible only to a young man of twenty-eight in the flower of youth and promise. An irremediable failure he visioned himself, as clearly as he had once visioned himself Broadway's most spectacular young producer.

Three months ago, by a superhuman *tour de force,* he had found a play, Three Wise Maids, collected money to produce it, engaged a cast, and launched his first production—the production which was to grave him on Broadway's capricious consciousness as the latest meteor of the theatrical world; the production which was bound to succeed because it was good, because it was his, and because he had put into it for a quarter of a year every scrap of his resources and every resource of his brain.

Tonight, like a house of cards, it had tumbled.

Flopped, not through any failure of his own but because the leading lady was a washout, a stick, unsuited temperamentally or emotionally to the part—brittle where she should have been warm, sly where she should have been naïve, brassy where she should have been brave.

And the final screw in Gray's misery had just been turned as he stood backstage in the Alhambra Theater, wondering glumly what next to do. Out of nowhere had walked up to him a girl, daring, desperate, lovely—the very girl who should have played that leading rôle.

Just when it was irrevocably too late, she had come up to him and asked for the part.

" Sorry." He turned away rudely. " Can't do anything for you." He stalked across the backstage, seated himself in the wings on an upturned keg, and chewed the cud of his misery.

The dingy shadows of the ancient tryout theater perfectly stage-set his black ruminations. The vast fly loft was a cavern of gloom. A sullen stage hand kicked a torn sandbag irritably out of his path. One by one the actors, dispirited at receiving their abrupt notices, were drifting dejectedly out the stage door, thoughtfully forgetting to say good-by.

Only one, his middle-aged character woman, Mrs. Partridge, a seasoned, amiable, jaunty trouper whose early comeliness was overlaid with a residue of comedy aunts and cockney charwomen, stopped to condole with him.

" It's the breaks," she said. " You'll get 'em good and you'll get 'em bad. But you've got something in you "—she thumped his chest heartily—" that'll ride through 'em."

And her one little word of encouragement was almost more than he could bear. He wanted to cry.

Only the fact that it was a tight money year—a catastrophic season on Broadway—had induced him to take the twenty thousand his agent, believing in the play but even more in him, had turned up. The angel attached a string to his money—the condition that a platinum siren, late of the revue stage, be starred. With unlimited confidence in his ability as director, Gray had accepted, only to find that behind the footlights the girl's faults showed up more glaringly even than he had expected. Nothing devised by man could disguise her inherent cheapness.

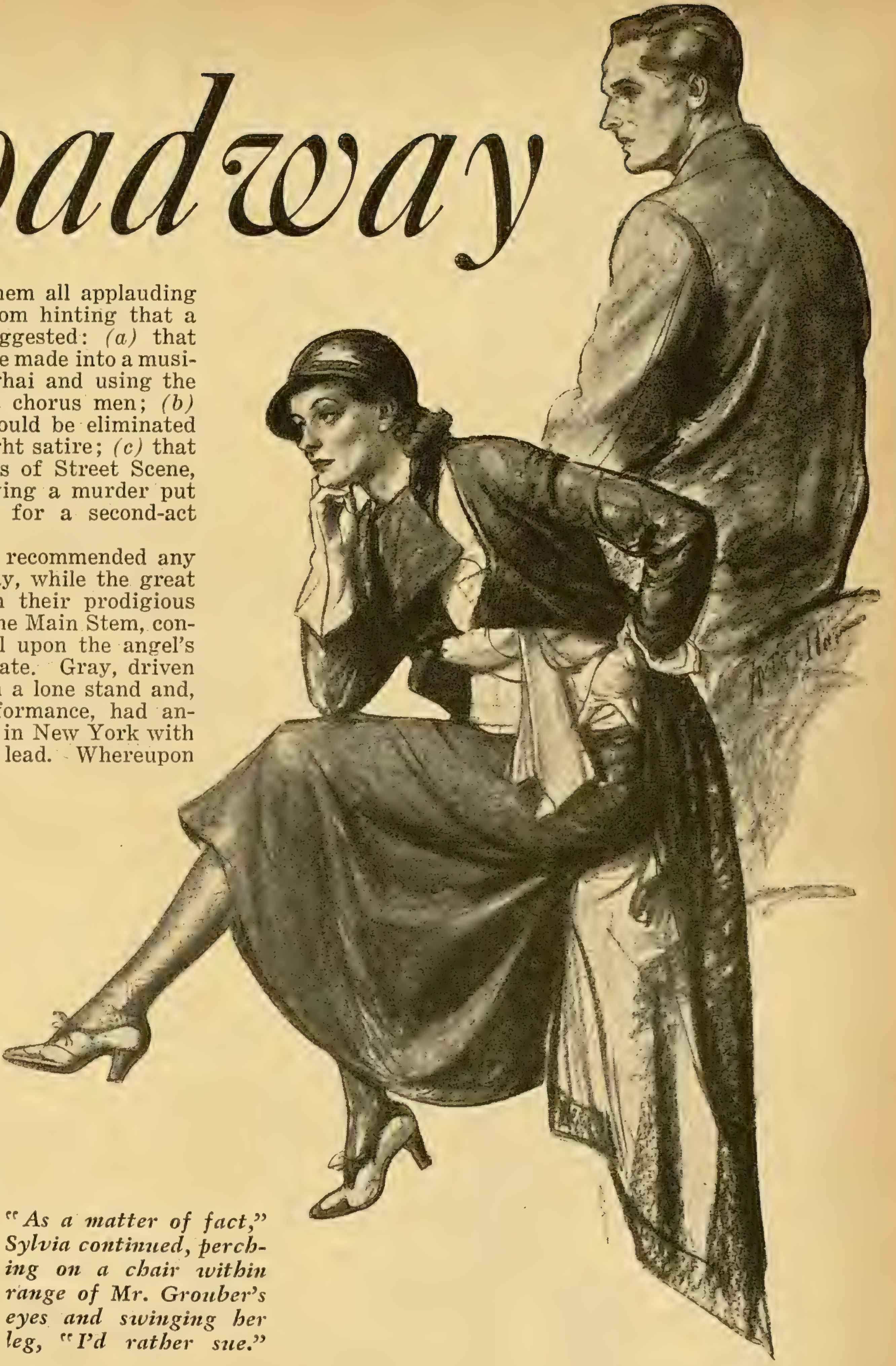
When, during the early tryouts, he had intimated to his angel that something was wrong with the play, that amateur of the theater had called in some of the best theatrical minds on Broadway to survey the situation. Gray was sure they would see at a glance the inability of the angel's girl to play the heroine, Ailsa. He forgot that these men had enterprises, too, that needed angeling, and

Broadway

was surprised at first to find them all applauding the siren's gaucheries. Far from hinting that a new lead be obtained, they suggested: *(a)* that Three Wise Maids should really be made into a musical comedy, setting it in Shanghai and using the United States Marine Corps as chorus men; *(b)* that the young-love interest should be eliminated and the piece converted to straight satire; *(c)* that the play, in view of the success of Street Scene, would be greatly helped by having a murder put into it somewhere, preferably for a second-act curtain.

The backer, much impressed, recommended any of the three alternatives to Gray, while the great Broadway minds, wearied with their prodigious labors, went exultantly back to the Main Stem, confident of being able now to call upon the angel's bountiful gratitude at a later date. Gray, driven to desperation, had finally taken a lone stand and, just before this evening's performance, had announced that he would not open in New York with that platinum dumb-bell in the lead. Whereupon his outraged and bewildered backer had announced that in such a case the show would not open at all, that Borden was a rotten director, and not another cent of his money would he put further into a lousy flop.

The last of the actors was gone, the angel had fled with his indignant charmer.



"As a matter of fact," Sylvia continued, perching on a chair within range of Mr. Grouber's eyes and swinging her leg, "I'd rather sue."

GRAY rose wearily; gave some desultory final directions to the stage manager; then plucked, where they had been hanging from a property apple tree in luxuriant Easter bloom, his limp hat and battered tweed overcoat, and was about to go out the stage door. On the narrow metal stairs leading up to the dressing rooms the lovely girl was sitting, in tears, with her shoes off.

"Why are you doing that?" he asked curiously.

"Crying? I have reason enough to cry," she said defiantly.

"No; I mean changing your shoes."

She hastily wriggled her feet into the worn, sturdy oxfords she was holding, and wrapped her well cut black slippers up in the brown paper from which she had taken the others.

"The black ones are my best slippers, and I don't like to wear them out in the rain."

"Have you really only got two pairs of shoes?"

"I wore the others out going around to producers' offices." She took out a handkerchief and began resolutely wiping away her tears. "I'm sorry to seem so insistent"—she braced herself again for speech—"but I just must tell you. The only thing wrong with this play is the leading lady."

He was amazed at her perspicacity, her penetration, her judgment, topping that of Broadway oracles.

"I think I could play that part. Won't you let me just try?"

"The show's closed," he said bitterly.

"Oh—" She had such an expressive face. The look of surprise and woe twisting her red mouth was so appealing that he softened.

"Take off your hat." The girl was undeniably exquisite. She carried her head with spirit. Her deep-set eyes were accentuated by dark, slender, clearly outlined brows, but her hair was the color of honey.

Gray felt a new hope stirring in his veins. She was so arresting—if she could act—perhaps there was one manager somewhere who would have confidence in her, who would put up the needed money.

"You have the bones of an actress," said Gray. "It remains to be seen whether you have the intelligence—the temperament. By the way, what is your name?"

"Sylvia Loring."

"Very well, Sylvia. Let me see you act."

"What shall I act?"

"Oh, give me a soliloquy—do a scene, you know. Declaim. Just something."

She seemed immobile, completely arrested. Then, with a gallant gesture, she lifted her head and commenced Juliet's balcony scene.

Gray watched her and began to feel very sad and very tired and very old.

"That's enough," he said finally. "You're terrible."

She turned to him a stricken face.

This fresh disappointment, coming after the evening's general debacle, made him crueler, perhaps, than he needed to be.

"You move your arms like pieces of cordwood, and your feet look as though they had been gummed to the floor. Your voice is a flat monotone." Then, because he felt extremely sorry for her and thought there was no hope for her, he added:

"You are very beautiful. I heartily advise you to go home and marry some rich man, and never think of the stage again."

The girl stood immovable for a moment. Then she said spiritlessly:

"I thought you'd be different. You're just like all the rest."

"Probably the one recorded instance when a unanimous verdict happens to be right," he replied flatly.

Her lower lip was quivering.

He couldn't leave her this way. "Say, look here." She looked up. "I'm sorry I was so mean to you. I just thought—honesty was kindest." She said nothing.

"Listen. I feel pretty low myself. Let's have something to eat and cheer each other up."

She managed a twisted smile at that, then decided to agree. She tucked the brown-paper parcel securely under her arm and they walked out together into the rain.

By the time they were seated in a midtown Childs—that one at Forty-seventh Street whose curved glass window commands the pyrotechnic panorama of midnight Broadway—by the time they had consumed scrambled eggs and coffee, Gray felt better. His companion seemed intelligent, lovely. Too bad she was such a total washout when she began to act.

"WHY are you so set on acting?"

"Did you ever see Bernhardt?" He nodded. "I did, too, when I was eight and impressionable."

"I know," he argued, trying to think of words both delicate and clear. "But why do you have so much faith in yourself in spite of—ah—er—everything?"

She looked at him so earnestly that he felt almost hypnotized.

"I'm sure I could act," she said finally. "I saw you direct a little-theater group in Cleveland a year ago. You seemed so intelligent and sympathetic, I thought I'd like to work with you—I thought maybe you'd try to help me."

"What do you mean?"

"People always say I have the appearance of an actress—then they expect me to be one right off. When I'm not, they're so disappointed that instead of trying to teach me they simply shout at me or tell me to go join the Follies. I don't think they're nearly as bright as they think they are. I think they're rather stupid, just"—she looked up at him defiantly—"just as you were tonight."

At her challenge his ego reasserted itself.

"Why," he said, "I believe I could take even you and make you an actress."

She surveyed him cryptically for a moment, then said:

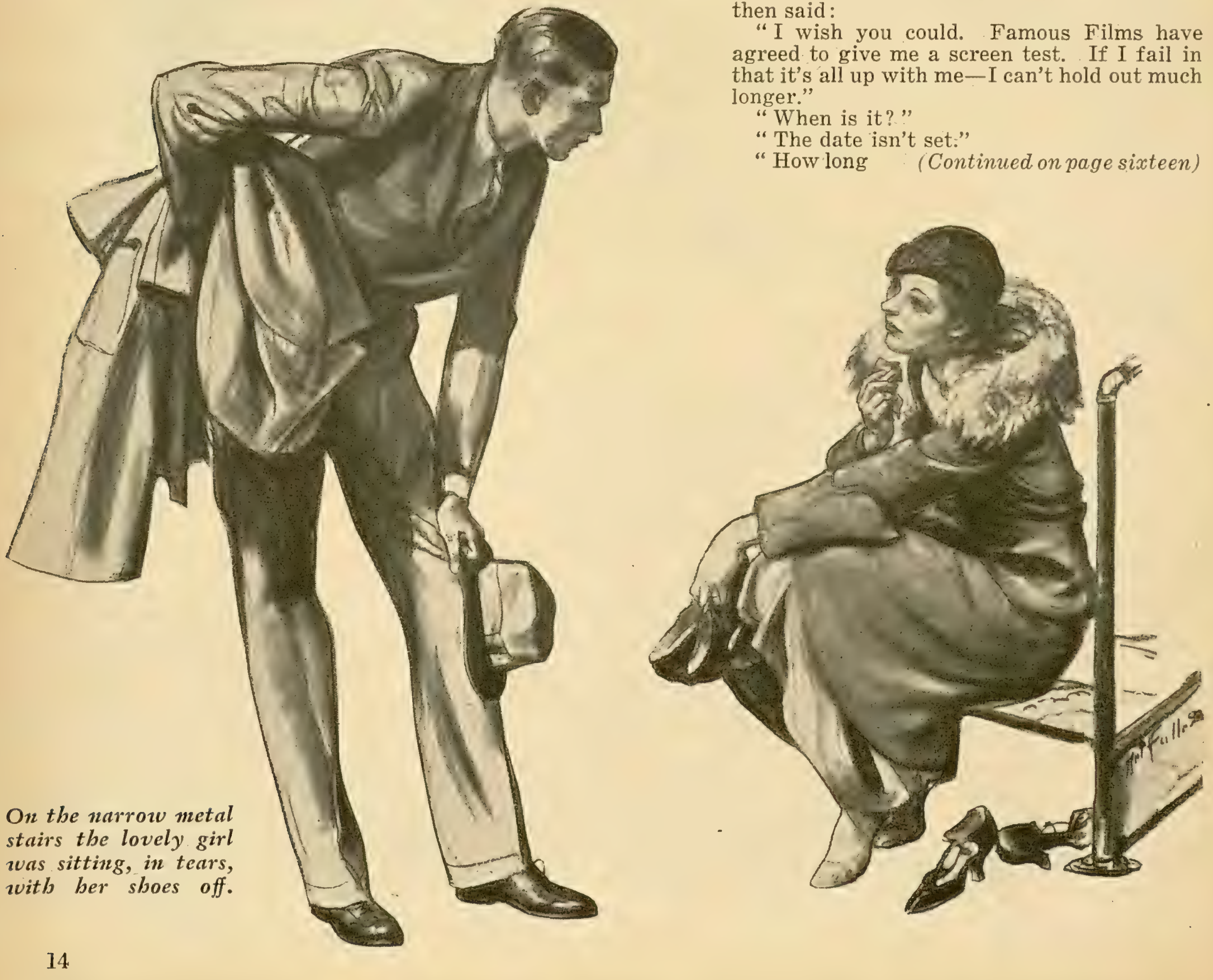
"I wish you could. Famous Films have agreed to give me a screen test. If I fail in that it's all up with me—I can't hold out much longer."

"When is it?"

"The date isn't set."

"How long

(Continued on page sixteen)



On the narrow metal stairs the lovely girl was sitting, in tears, with her shoes off.

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"CONSTIPATION is one of the commonest of all ailments. It has a serious effect on health."

An authority famous all over Europe makes that statement, Dr. Friedrich Gudzent, Professor of Internal Medicine in the great University of Berlin. He says:—

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Can constipation be corrected? He says:—

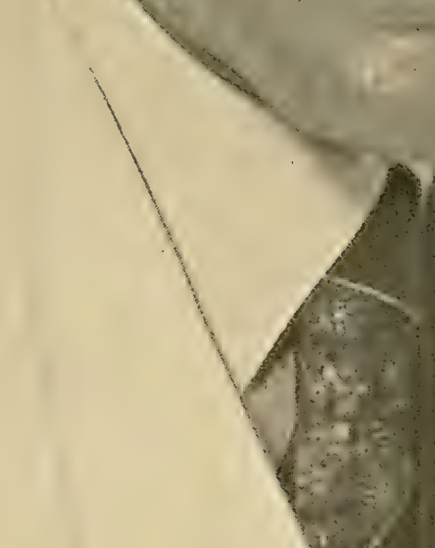
> **"The usual cathartics and laxatives will not cure constipation. Today this trouble is overcome by natural means . . . *such as fresh yeast.* Fresh yeast softens the wastes in the intestines and stimulates the intestinal muscles. This brings about easy eliminations."**

If you are troubled with constipation, Fleischmann's Yeast will actually *strengthen* your intestines.

And as stagnant body wastes are carried out of your system regularly, your appetite should improve—"pep" come back—skin blemishes disappear.

All, remember, because your system is no longer being flooded daily with the poisons from an unclean, inactive intestinal tract.

Won't you act now to secure the benefits that come from eating Fleischmann's Yeast? Just eat three cakes a day—one before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or in water (a third of a glass). For booklet write Dept. YO-1, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington Street, New York City.



"My case bears out what the great physicians say about yeast"

"Ever since childhood I had had stomach trouble," *writes* R. C. Mason *of Philadelphia.* "Was always taking pills. My system was all clogged up . . . A friend of mine came to the rescue . . . suggested Fleischmann's Yeast . . . In two weeks my sluggishness started to disappear and I could eat things I could never eat before without indigestion. The doctors who advise yeast are right!"

Important!

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind doctors advise. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

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NEW LARGE PACKAGE
25% MORE TOBACCO
STILL ONLY A DIME

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

THEY LOOK LIKE READY-MADES
and TASTE BETTER

(Continued from page fourteen)

could you hold out—financially, I mean?"

"Possibly a month."

"Then what?"

She hesitated a moment.

"Cleveland—and the rich man you mentioned, I suppose."

Really, such a fate was far too horrible for a girl as nice as this, Gray thought. He felt strongly impelled to save her from such disaster.

"Have they assigned you a scene for your screen tryout?"

"Yes. From The Affairs of Anatol."

"Good—I know it by heart. Get your movie test set for the third week from now. If you'll come to me every day I'll coach you."

Gratitude and delight irradiated her face. She looked like a suddenly happy child. He was touched.

"Leave it to me, Sylvia," he said. "I'll put you across."

FOR the next three weeks Gray Borden spent his daylight hours from ten to four chasing capital or a job, either or both.

His shoes wore thin and his hat grew more shapeless, but he would not take a cent from his few hoarded hundreds save for food and rent.

His late afternoons, from four to seven, were spent coaching Sylvia Loring for her screen test; and he began to think of these hours as holding all the warmth and light and happiness of his day. Moreover, he became fanatically determined to succeed with her.

They obtained one of those little flexible jointed dolls which couturiers sometimes use in the designing of dresses.

"Of course," he said, "I can't make you into an actress in three weeks. That would take time. All I can do is coach you specifically for these scenes."

He showed her how to indicate woe, resignation, elation, any emotion, without the face, without a word, simply in a pose of the body.

Then, line by line, they took up her scene from Anatol. Under his grueling, relentless direction she became a finished automaton, perfectly his creation—an automaton, but so skillfully devised that only its creator might suspect it.

Gray could not teach her voice control. They obtained the services of the good-hearted Mrs. Partridge, and the veteran actress came in three times a week for an hour and a half.

Their hours together were not all work. Sylvia proved to be a practical creature who didn't wait to be asked to make herself useful. She discovered that Gray's apartment had a kitchenette. The next afternoon when she arrived her arms were bulging with packages—carrots, potatoes, a bone of beef.

"Stew for supper," she said. "It can cook while we work. That's the nice thing about stew—that and the way it tastes."

She pointed out that it was much cheaper to cook meals than to eat at restaurants. With a hearty dinner once a day, lunch and breakfast could be cut down to fifteen cents each, if one were reasonable.

Gray's roommate, Ben, who worked for a literary agent and was writing a play about Socrates on the side, usually joined them for dinner. Occasionally Mrs. Partridge was persuaded to stay. After coffee they danced to the music of a squeaky portable phonograph which had come with the furnished apartment.

The Affairs of Anatol progressed smoothly. It was a tricky little bit, high comedy and sorrow and anger. Finally everything was well worked out except the love passage at the end. Sylvia had never really tested herself on that, for a budding young actress cannot be expected to express true emotion while passionately embracing the empty air or merely addressing her ardent longing to a rickety clothes tree.

Rather tentatively, Gray offered to play this passage with her, and she accepted. But he still felt something restrained and withdrawn about her. And, as is the way of rehearsals, they only sketched in the embrace and ducked the kisses entirely.

The day before her tryout came. Sylvia was looking particularly lovely in the cool water-green dress she was to wear tomorrow. Gray had helped her choose which one it should be, for he had an eye for line and knew what would photograph well.

Before they started, Gray said with professional detachment:

"Look here, Sylvia—we'll have to really play that love scene tonight. We've always scamped it, you know. You may need some coaching before tomorrow."

SHE agreed, and began her scene. He watched her, fascinated, the glow of creation in him, feeling like a sculptor who had brought his masterpiece to life. The final passage approached. Her face was warm, as ardent as her words. He took her in his arms, and felt her turn to him and kiss him movingly on the lips. For a long moment he felt that the world stood still and all but rapture held its breath.

There was a slight withdrawal. The scene was ended. He seemed to come out of a dream; dropped his arms. She stepped back and touched her hair, her face calm, only her eyes smiling.

Gray felt confused, all his assured, pontifical manner fled.

"Ah—er—Sylvia, was that acting?" he asked at last.

"Why, of course." She seemed surprised at the question.

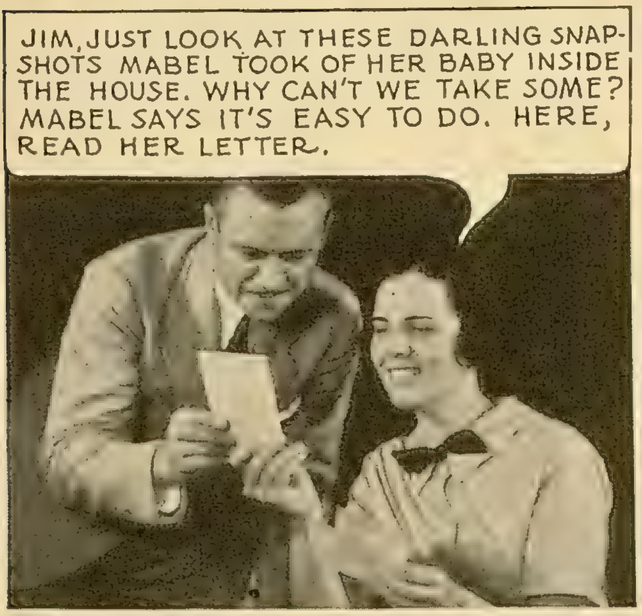
"Damn' good acting," he said, and was astonished to find—and hoped he did not reveal—a trace of bitterness in his words.

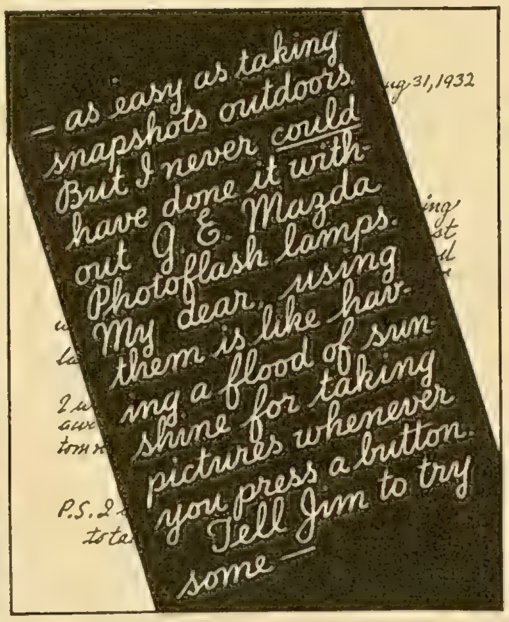
"I'm glad you think I've learned something," she said.

His eyes followed her as she went into the kitchen and studied with

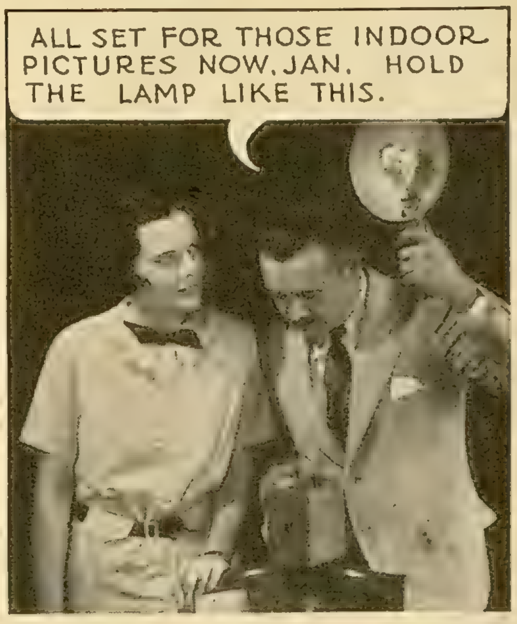
(Continued on page eighteen)

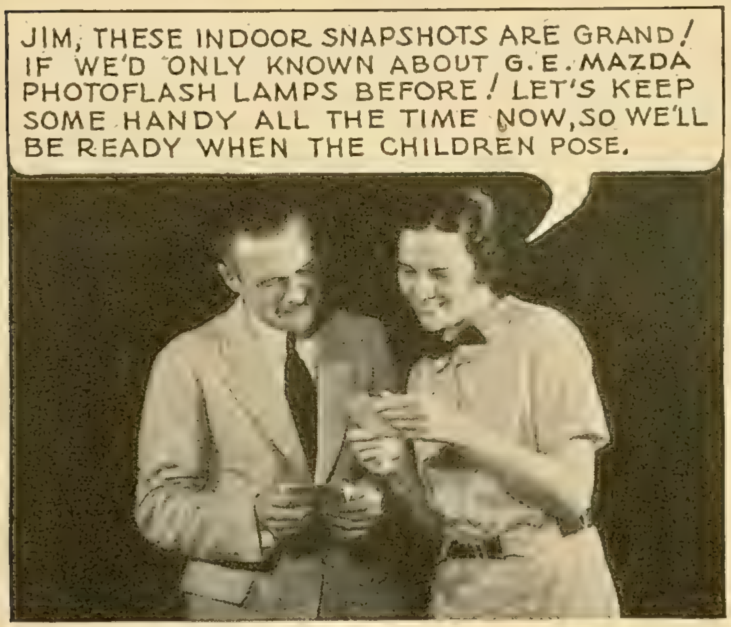
How a letter brought
NEW MAGIC TO JIM'S CAMERA


JIM, JUST LOOK AT THESE DARLING SNAPSHOTS MABEL TOOK OF HER BABY INSIDE THE HOUSE. WHY CAN'T WE TAKE SOME? MABEL SAYS IT'S EASY TO DO. HERE, READ HER LETTER.


ug. 31, 1932

— as easy as taking snapshots outdoors. But I never could have done it without G. E. Mazda Photoflash lamps. My dear, using them is like having a flood of sunshine for taking pictures whenever you press a button. Tell Jim to try some —


ALL SET FOR THOSE INDOOR PICTURES NOW, JAN. HOLD THE LAMP LIKE THIS.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CHILDREN'S
MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MILD

(Continued from page sixteen)

close attention the pot roast she was preparing.

Ben, the Socratic playwright, came in, threw his hat neatly on the spike of a bridge lamp and his coat on the phonograph.

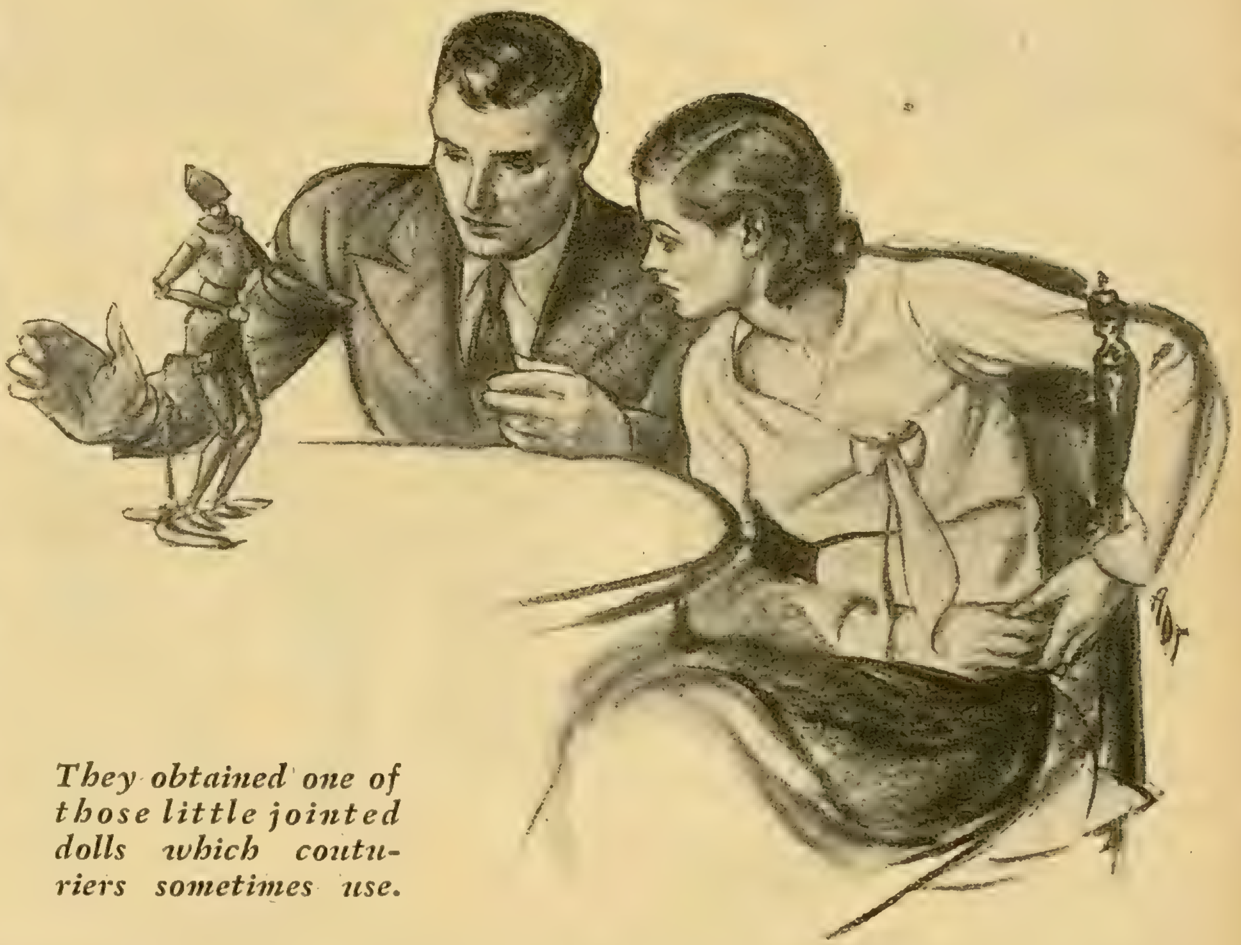
"For heaven's sake, do you think I'm your valet?" asked Gray crossly as he picked them up.

Ben addressed himself to Sylvia.

"They'll only need one look at you," he asserted. "They'll snap you up and pay you millions of dollars, and in two years we'll both be your press agents—if you haven't forgotten us."

Finally the meal was over. Ben, with a parting sally, left for the theater, and Sylvia started to get her hat to go home.

"Just wait a moment, Sylvia," said Gray. He felt thick and red and stupid. "I want to go over the scene once more. There's something that doesn't entirely satisfy me."



They obtained one of those little jointed dolls which couturiers sometimes use.

Sylvia put down her gay little hat with its jaunty feather.

"I think we ought to take that last bit again," he said firmly. "You've only been over it once, you know, and I think you should have more practice."

Sylvia seemed strangely stubborn.

"I think I do it very well," she said, looking earnestly at the feather on her hat.

"You've hardly rehearsed it—you might get balled up tomorrow."

She continued to regard the quill with fixed attention, then said:

"Very well."

She played the scene once more, as well, as convincingly, as she had done before. Gray felt entirely unstrung.

"Sylvia," he said, and stooped again to kiss her.

"Is this still rehearsal?" she asked evenly.

He wanted to shake her.

"Can't you see that—I love you!"

She did not reply. Instead she took up her hat and put it on.

"Sylvia—I guess I must have loved you all the time. That's why I've been doing all this."

"Oh," she said, and gave him a faintly mocking smile. "I thought you were doing it to show that you were a magnificent director—that you could teach even a person like me to act—"

He felt furious at her, at his own boasting, rising now to confound him.

"That was partly it—at first," he confessed.

"Well"—she put on her jacket—"you've taught me. Good night, Gray," she said, and departed.

The next afternoon Gray was not able to go out, even to try to work. Sylvia had refused before to let him accompany her to the studio for the screen test, or to wait for her there. She preferred to face the ordeal alone. And so he waited impatiently at his apartment, thinking he would hear from her, and when he did not, agonized with suspense, he telephoned her room. She was out. He was so angry with her for being away that he went out himself, did not telephone again, or return until late.

The next morning early he was awakened by her call. She sounded excited and happy. The scene, she told him, had gone off extraordinarily well. They had let her alone; no one had shouted at her. She then began to tell him how grateful she was.

"You have been so kind to me—so perfectly marvelous," she said.

He was so angry with her for using these words, instead of the ones he wanted to hear, that he cut her off rudely:

"Don't thank me. I did it to show myself that I could." He felt he must recover his self-respect, not let her think he was taking this too hard. "Just a satisfaction of my ego," he finished blandly.

"Oh," she replied.

She came in several times during the week that followed, to prepare dinner for them. But the old eager working together for a common end had gone; nothing was left but a dreary waiting for the verdict. Even Ben's spirits were somewhat dampened by the suspense. They could only talk over and over again about whether or not she would be successful; what would happen if she went to Hollywood. She showed the strain, too; seemed tired and nervous.

Through a hastily renewed friendship with the Famous Films press agent, Gray managed to be present at the showing of Sylvia's screen test before Famous Films officials. The first instant showed him what he had expected. Her features registered perfectly; as far as looks went she was a born star. Then he watched her go through the gestures, the attitudes, the motions, with the finished perfection for which he had groomed her. He was aware of the mounting excitement in the little dark smoke-filled room, the tensity of the men about him, on the verge of a new discovery.

The end of the scene approached. Would she play it with the same ardor she had shown that night in his studio? He saw the hamlike, the fatuous, the smirking leading man take her in his arms. She turned to him. Did she or did she not show the same emotion? He could not tell. All he knew was that she played it well, and the men about him knew that too.

HE chatted for a polite moment with his friend, then hurried downstairs for a telephone; but by the time he got to a booth her line was busy. When he finally reached her, Famous Films had talked to her first. They were taking up her option, $750 a week for six months, a bonus if she would go to Hollywood immediately. She was to go in two days.

He couldn't blame her for spending most of those two days before her departure in buying clothes. That was part of the Hollywood game. Gray was able to be with her for only fleeting moments sandwiched in between appointments. With a sinking heart he saw her off at the train. Famous Films saw her off, too, with orchids, cameramen, and a handshake from the president. Just before the train started moving, Sylvia looked up at him.

"Gray—Gray!" She was mutilating a handkerchief in taut fingers. "I"—she paused—"I'll never forget how good you have been to me."

During the days that succeeded the departure of Sylvia for Hollywood, Gray discovered how lonely one can be in a city of seven million people. He caught himself looking out of windows like a sailor's wife gazing out to sea. Meals meant nothing any more; he hated dinner, even with Ben—especially with Ben, whose appetite was

I COULDN'T EVEN TELL MY DOCTOR

the torture I suffered!

An Affliction I Had to Endure in Silence Because It Was Too Embarrassing to Mention"

IS there anything more painful than hemorrhoids or—frankly speaking—piles? It is an affliction that thousands suffer and yet many, on account of the delicacy of the subject, hesitate to seek relief.

There is nothing more in need of immediate treatment than piles. There is nothing that will do more to pull a person down physically and mentally and nothing more liable to serious development than this common form of rectal trouble.

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unimpaired, who chattered irritatingly about Sylvia, success, Hollywood. He took to avoiding Ben at dinner.

He realized that he was completely in love with Sylvia, and was sure that he had lost her. First he had alienated her by his egotism. Then he had deliberately taken the girl he loved and built her into something beyond his reach. She was a movie star now. How could he pursue with ardor a girl destined to reach the peaks of success, when he was penniless, a failure?

The only thing that would raise him to her level would be to put on a play, establish himself as a successful producer. He still had confidence in his ability to do that, and confidence in the play whose author, a blond young man from Texas, seemed quietly starving to death while he wrote another play. But apparently no one else had confidence in Gray Borden. He could get no backer anywhere. His agent was cheerful, but with that slippery cheer which promises nothing.

Finally he did get a job as assistant property man at twenty dollars a week with a tiny coöperative group, and began to feel that the rosiest future he could look forward to was a long and honorable career as a stage-doorman.

He saw, in a gossipy theatrical paper, a vivid snapshot of Sylvia arriving at Hollywood, orchids on her shoulder, greeted by Famous Films executives. He read that she was to appear in a picture called Innocent Sins. Another snap in a later issue showed her leaving the studio with her leading man. She was wearing orchids.

He wrote to her, as they had planned. He had asked, amid the confusion of her departure:

"I'll hear from you?" Waited uncertainly for her reply:

"Why, of course."

HE could not write her ardent love letters, considering her lack of response, and there was nothing about himself that seemed worth telling. So he wrote miniature essays about Manhattan, witty (he hoped) comments on the theater, as personal as a weekly news column, but something to make her remember him.

Her first letter read:

DEAR GRAY:

Hollywood seems very nice. The Famous Films people met me at the train and have been awfully kind to me. I am to play in a picture called Innocent Sins. The leading man, Stephen St. Cyr, seems very nice. I can't thank you enough for getting me this opportunity. Haven't time for more now. Will write again.

Ever gratefully,
SYLVIA.

Then he did not have a letter for a long time. He finally, one sleety, dispiriting night, sent a telegram: "Why don't I hear from you?" And she telegraphed back: "Sorry. Have been very busy. Will write." But still no word came.

Hollywood, he decided, had got her. She wanted to wear orchids permanently. In Hollywood one smiles sweetly at one's leading man, granting he is well established, and more sweetly still at the Famous Films executives way up to—if you ever get a glimpse of him—the mysterious and potent Mr. Grouber, who is Famous Films' supervisor. One has no time to write bootless messages to forgotten young failures in New York.

He plodded away at his job as property man, but that took only evenings. He frequented the Public Library reading room so often that he felt himself a part of the props. Occasional afternoons he spent with his author, the wan blond young Texan, polishing and repolishing the script of Three Wise Maids, ironing out each tiny flaw that the tryout had revealed.

"How it would play!" he would exclaim, happy in this work, the wan author nodding earnest impartial agreement.

IN this mirage world Gray would occasionally imagine himself five years hence rich and successful—bowing coldly to Sylvia at one of his high-hat-and-ermine premières.

But the mirage lasted a few moments only, and sudden reality returned. And facing reality Gray began to feel that he would commit a mortal sin to get hold of ten thousand dollars. He wondered seriously if he had a chance to steal the money, whether he would be immune to temptation.

On a mild springlike February afternoon he was sitting in his favorite Forty-seventh Street Childs, a block from his apartment, with Mrs. Partridge, who had dropped in confessing that she was sick of going around to agencies and suggested tea.

She was puzzled by the fact, she said, that all the simply terrible plays could find backers while good ones like Three Wise Maids languished unseen. They were impartially discussing this phenomenon, when Gray, looking up, saw Sylvia entering the door.

He felt as though he had been stabbed. Sylvia was in New York and hadn't let him know!

But he rose automatically, and just as he did so Sylvia caught sight of him and advanced toward them.

"I went to your apartment," she said, "and you weren't there. I thought there was a chance you might be here."

"Sylvia," he said, "what are you doing here? Why didn't you let me know you were coming? Why didn't you let me meet you?"

"I was a rotten flop," she said. "Famous Films dropped me."

A wild joy topped the chagrin in his mind.

"Gray," she said, "it was terrible! They not only shouted at me—they grabbed long megaphones and roared at me! I was as stiff as a poker. That made them yell louder. The more they yelled, the more petrified I became. Finally the director said that if I was an actress he had been mistaken in believing that he was a director. He defied anyone to make me act. He threatened to break his contract. They showed him my screen test. He swore it must have been done with mirrors. Finally they let me go."

Gray could do nothing but look at her—so lovely, not lost, but near to him again.

"Have some toast," said Mrs. Partridge comfortably. "They're like that in the movies."

"I'm just a terrible failure," said Sylvia. "I didn't even get what I went after."

"What was that?" asked Gray stupidly.

She pulled a pink slip from her purse, handed it to him. Hollywood Trust and Savings Bank—a cashier's check for $3,369.20.

"It isn't enough," she said woefully.

"For what?"

"For your play, silly. What do you think I went out to Hollywood for, anyhow? I knew I'd be a failure, but I thought I'd at least get enough money for your play."

Gray was speechless. He had an awful moment when he realized that his eyes were filling with tears. Fortunately Mrs. Partridge spoke.

"I've just remembered I have to make a phone call," she said, rising abruptly. "Excuse me for a moment."

"Darling," said Gray, "why did you say 'No' to me that day in the apartment?"

"I'm very proud of that," said Sylvia. "That's the only bit of pure, unadulterated acting I've ever done without coaching. Because, oh, you see, I was afraid that if I said 'Yes,' why, then I couldn't make myself go to Hollywood at all."

Gray did not remove his hand, shamelessly holding hers on the table top, even when Mrs. Partridge returned.

"What about the rest of your contract, child?" that lady asked briskly. "Did they settle with you for that? They owe you about eighteen weeks' salary."

"Mr. Grouber was awfully nice about that. He traveled back East on the same train with me—told me to come up and see their lawyer tomorrow. Of course they weren't morally obligated to give me anything, he said, as long as I wasn't working, but maybe they'd give me a thousand dollars to call it square."

"Grouber's a fool to let you go," said Gray, drinking in her incredible beauty.

"No," said Mrs. Partridge reflectively. "No, Mr. Grouber is not a fool. Ordinarily he is a very smart man. His greatest weakness is that he's inclined to be very economical."

THEY looked at her with a certain surprise. "You know him well?" asked Gray.

"Mr. Grouber was my first husband," she said, "before he was successful. I got an alimony of forty dollars a week, and since he's been rich he's never felt it necessary to amplify it. He is very economical."

"Did you say anything to Mr. Grouber about suing, by any chance?" asked Gray.

"Why, of course not," said Sylvia. "You'd have to be awfully hard-boiled to do a thing like that when he seemed to be trying so hard to be fair with me."

Gray rose.

"We've got some rehearsing to do, Sylvia. You'd better come along, Mrs. Partridge. I think you're going to enjoy this." . . .

Mr. Grouber, who was quite fat, looked up from his mammoth shining desk and seemed surprised to see that Sylvia was not alone.

"Hello, Mr. Grouber," she said in a clear, confident voice. "I've come to get my money."

"Why, yes," said Mr. Grouber, who appeared rather taken aback. "We did say something about a thousand dollars, didn't we? But see our lawyer—"

"Yes," said Sylvia briskly. "But I've decided that won't be enough. You owe me about fourteen thousand dollars in salary, not through any fault of my own but

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were calm, assured. "I've decided I'll have to have seven thousand dollars—or sue!"

Mr. Grouber's eyes bulged somewhat.

"As a matter of fact," Sylvia continued, perching on the arm of a large leather chair well within range of Mr. Grouber's eyes and swinging her leg jauntily, "as a matter of fact, I almost hope you refuse, because I'd really rather sue.

"I think it would be fun. Get my picture in all the papers—lots of publicity. And they say"—she smiled warmly at Mr. Grouber—"they say that juries are awfully sympathetic when they see a girl being squeezed by a big corporation."

Mr. Grouber removed his eye from her ankle, with a Napoleonic gesture drew out a check book, and wrote—

"Seven thousand, you say?"

"O.K.," said Sylvia.

Gray, watching her, felt the pride of a creator. He saw Grouber making those magic figures which would bring to life Three Wise Maids. How well Sylvia had done her bit. Assured, hard-boiled, deadly! Nothing about it seemed synthetic. She was superb, really.

Mr. Grouber handed Sylvia the check.

She took it, and Gray saw her go limp.

"Oh," she said, and then to Gray: "What—what should I do now?"

Mr. Grouber's eyes, though bulging, were keen. He looked at her sharply.

"Say, were you coached for this?"

Sylvia fingered the check, said nothing. But her expressive face registered assent.

"Who coached you?"

She looked at Gray.

"I also directed her for her screen test," said Gray modestly.

"Oh," said Grouber, "you're her Svengali!"

"No," said Sylvia. "My husband!"

Watching the lovely, laughing light in her face as she said this, Gray found it very hard to continue the conference with aplomb.

Grouber was surveying him keenly.

"We need directors like you in Hollywood, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Borden—Gray Borden."

"Mr. Borden," said Grouber, "I'd like to talk to you."

"I'm putting on a play just now," said Gray, "with Miss Loring in the leading rôle. That will take me about six weeks. After that you will probably want to talk to both of us."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What was the first name of Commander Perry who fought the famous Battle of Lake Erie?

2—What is the difference between suffuse and surfuse?

3—What fish is said to be able to stun as large an animal as a horse?

4—When and between whom did the first marriage in the White House take place?

5—When was the cigarette supposed to have been invented?

6—What is a pirogue?

7—What are the chief varieties of clouds?

8—When did New York City become the metropolis of the United States?

9—Which is the accented syllable in the word grimace?

10—What is the stage name of Miss Maude Kiskadden?

11—What was the largest single military fortification of ancient times?

12—How many wars were included in the general term "Punic Wars"?

13—To what country does Greenland belong?

14—Who invented the stethoscope, and when?

15—What is an apothegm?

16—Are ermines found in northern climates all white?

17—What is known as the woolsack?

18—What is a delta?

19—Who commanded the so-called "Lost Battalion" in the World War?

20—What is a single turn in a coil of rope called?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

QUESTION—What makes cod-liver oil such a fine health-builder for people under-par? *(See page 49 for answer.)*

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Perhaps it's because you lack good resistance

Haven't you noticed that common winter ills usually attack when your resistance is low? They start now, at this time of year, when outdoor exposure and stuffy indoor living tax your vitality.

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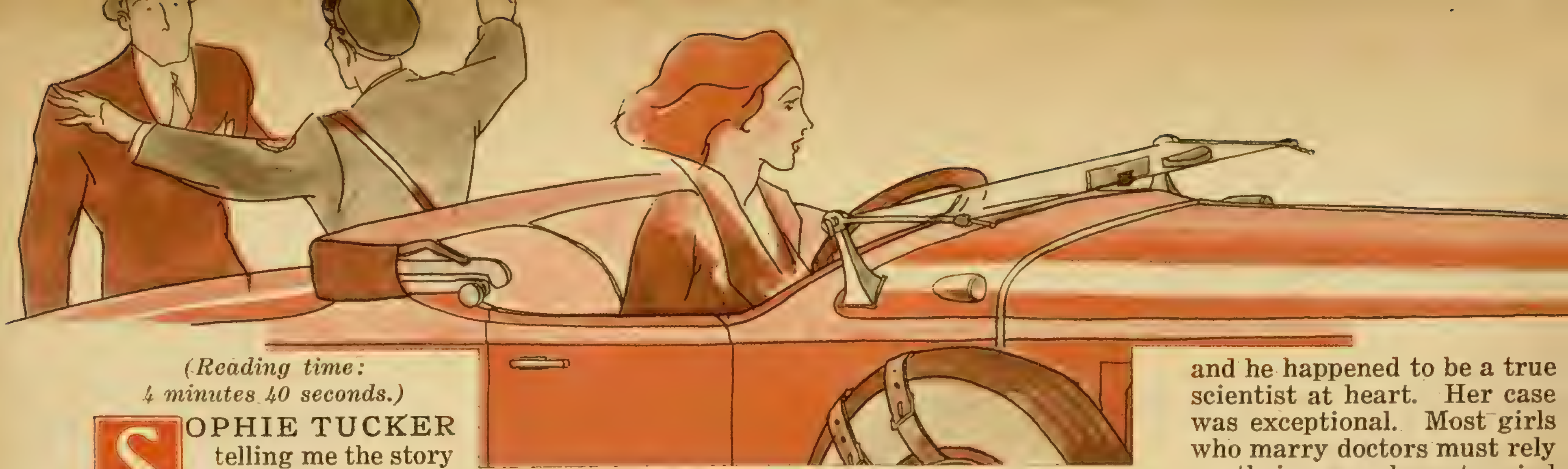


TO THE LADIES!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)

SOPHIE TUCKER telling me the story of her life:

"At sweet sixteen I ran away from home to go on the stage. A Harlem booking agent said to me, 'Your voice is swell—but what a face!' I was a lummox of a girl with big red hands—red from dishwashing. 'Black-face for you,' the agent ordered. So I wore burnt cork, pickaninny clothes, and sang coon songs.

"What that agent said about my face gnawed into me all the time. No girl likes to think people can't bear looking at her. When we played Boston the trunk with my pickaninny make-up failed to arrive. The Boston theater manager looked me over and said, 'You're a good-looking jane. Why not cut out the black-face?'

"Balm to my soul! Joy to my heart! I wasn't so terrible, after all. I sang *white-face* that night in a borrowed evening gown. The dress had a train, the first I ever had worn. I gave a dignified, ladylike act—until I started to walk off. Trains must be kicked around, I knew, in a special way. I tried it, tripped, and fell flat. The audience roared. Picking up what was left of my dignity, I started again, got tangled again, and went down for the second time. The audience had convulsions. They loved it—and me.

"Standing there in that storm of mirth, I had a revelation. They loved me for making them laugh! If I could make people laugh like that—do it on purpose—I might be a hit. Then and there I made up my mind that getting laughs was what I wanted."

That was twenty-five years ago. The train-tripping stunt has since become a classic. Sophie is celebrating her twenty-fifth year on the stage this week, on January 13. It is also her birthday.

Remember her song, My Yiddishe Mama? It was really the theme song of her career. Her parents ran a little restaurant in Hartford, Connecticut. It was in the hope of helping her mother get out of the kitchen that Sophie first tried her luck on the stage. She has never sung My Yiddishe Mama since her mother died.

Sophie Tucker

A YOUNG doctor proposed to a girl I know. The idea of marrying a doctor frightened her a little. She came to me and explained. "How could I help being jealous of his women patients?" she said. "It seems to me that a doctor's wife must be more than half a saint. I wonder if I could be happy knowing that my husband was on terms of utmost intimacy with other women, even professionally, as a doctor is bound to be."

This girl is not the first friend of mine to face the problem of marrying a doctor. The situation is always special, and I know one woman who handled it in a special way. She married a handsome young physician, found that she could not overcome her natural jealousy, so she used her private fortune to set him up in research work. The plan turned out successfully because she had money and he happened to be a true scientist at heart. Her case was exceptional. Most girls who marry doctors must rely on their own character and common sense. Our medical schools graduate about five thousand doctors annually, and any young medico who deals with women patients gains a distinct advantage if he is a married man. So you see what a matrimonial chance there is every year for about five thousand sane, sex-sensible girls.

WE were riding in a taxicab. The cab was spotlessly clean inside as well as out. And it was an old one. "Is this your own cab?" my friend asked the driver. It was.

"You keep it beautifully clean," she said. "It is a pleasure to ride with you."

The driver beamed. "I do my best, ma'am."

The little episode impressed me. I decided always to compliment the driver of a clean cab with a well swept floor and polished metal. Dirty cabs are so common and so unpleasant. There might be more clean ones if we showed our appreciation.

INTERESTING to learn that Chinese music is going through some sort of jazz development at present. I suppose it would be hard for us to tell the difference between new Chinese jazz and old Chinese classics. To our Western ears all native Chinese music sounds more or less like a brawl in a zoo.

But Efrem Zimbalist, who knows about such things, has returned from the Orient declaring that Chinese music is being all jazzed up, to the rage and woe of China's older generation. What interests me is this proof that our changing tastes are part of a cultural upheaval that quakes to the ends of the earth.

SAVORY pudding, made according to an old English recipe, goes splendidly with any roast meat. It is best with roast pork, hot or cold.

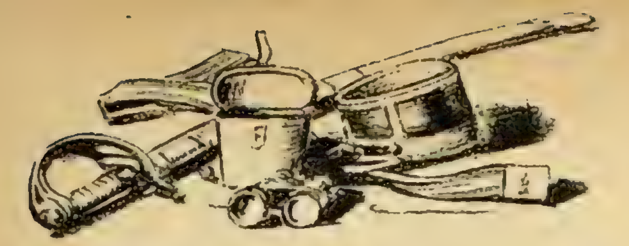
Soak ½ pound stale bread in hot water for half an hour. Drain and mash till smooth. Have ready two large boiled onions, cooled and coarsely chopped, ½ pound finely chopped beef suet, ½ pound fine oatmeal. Mix these ingredients together until well blended. Then add 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon powdered sage, ¼ teaspoon mixed powdered herbs, and lastly two beaten eggs. In a square tin melt enough butter (or substitute) to coat it lightly. Spread in the mixture evenly. Bake 50 to 60 minutes in a moderate oven. Cut in squares and serve very hot.

TWO novelties for the house: Sheets and pillow cases with deep borders of raspberry pink. Most attractive in a blue room. Canary glass—a clear light yellow—with white linen, white plates, and white flowers, if you please. Ideal for a wedding luncheon.

READ Farewell to Reform, by John Chamberlain. Stimulating. (Published by Liveright.)

HELL

Dared by the Veiled Beauty—A Jeweled Hand—Midnight Rendezvous and Dreams of Escape—The Dancer Pays the Piper—Treasure Trove of a Princess



(Reading time: 29 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE Jebel Druses, in the ex-Legionnaire's belief, are "possibly the most ancient and certainly the most ferocious people on earth." His first impressions of them, impressions gained at saber point as the Fifth Squadron cut its way into Damascus to relieve the beleaguered Citadel, were set forth in last week's installment of his story. He told of battling with them near the Biblically renowned "Street called Straight," of plunder and debauchery in the city, of the atrocious butchery of a young Legionnaire by Druse women, and of the equally atrocious vengeance which he and his comrades took at "the Skipper's" command. A comic interlude was provided by McCann's infatuation with a barmaid, Elspeth.

The story then went on to the dreadful "Mesme blunder," which occurred when the squadron was ordered to that desolate outpost and was trapped there by a horde of frenzied Druses, many of whom played dead with murderous results after their initial attack. As the installment closed, McCann and the author, riding casually through a near-by Arab village, got a tantalizing glimpse of a veiled woman with an alluring figure and with every outward sign of youth and wealth.

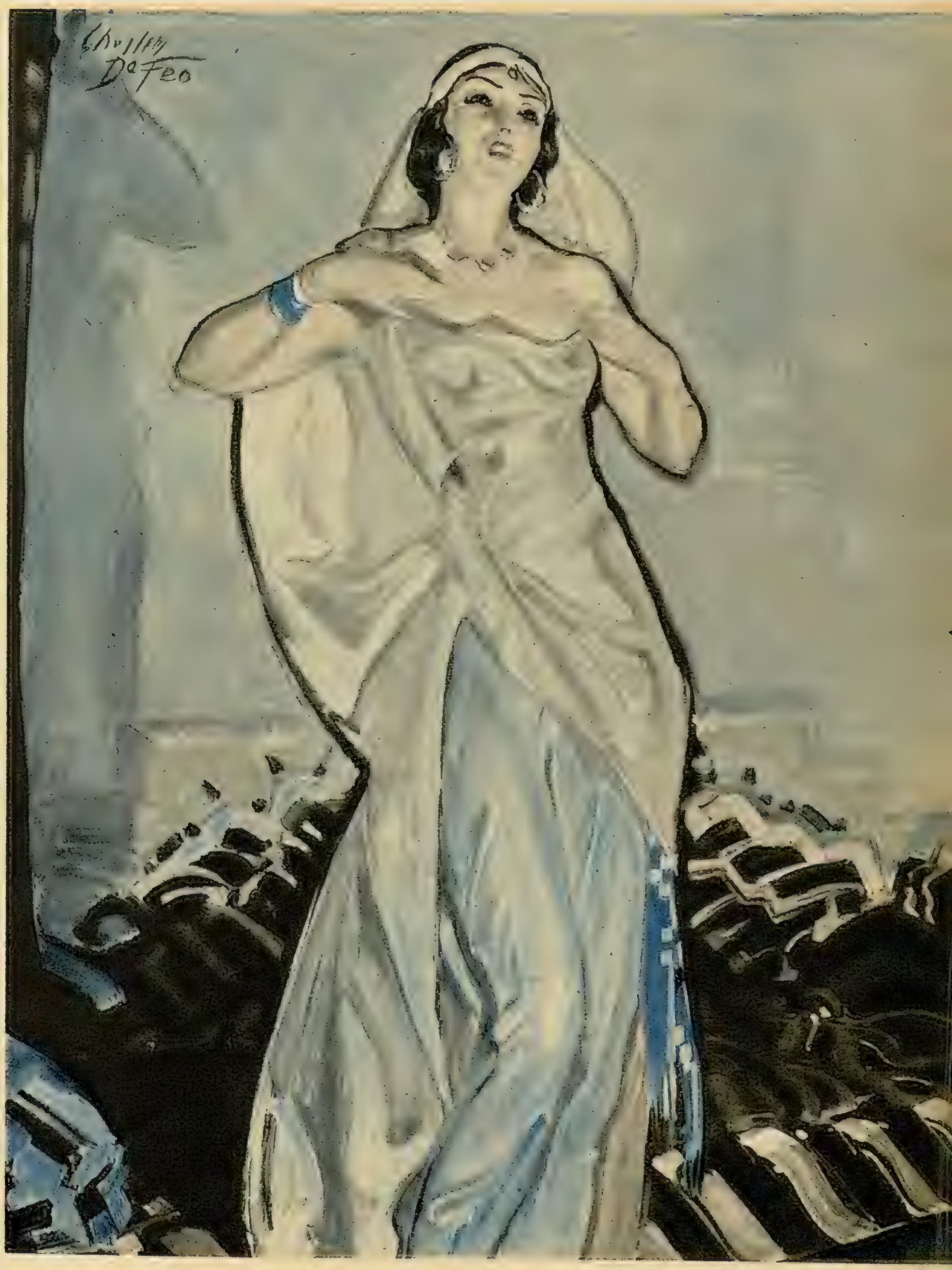
PART SIX—LOVE AND THE LASH

MUCH to our surprise and joy, a relief force of Legion infantry took over the post at Mesme, and we were sent off to the town of Homs for a rest. We were glad to see the back of Mesme. It had been the most stupid blunder to send a depleted squadron of 130 men there and expect them to hold the post against the hundreds of Druses known to be massed in the area. I, for one, left the place with singularly ghastly memories.

In my somewhat eventful life there stands out with unusual clarity an episode that came my way during our stay at Homs. It was the sort of thing that can never be erased from memory, that happens to few men, that occurs to no man more than once in a lifetime. Even now I think and dream, and wonder and cogitate on the possibilities of taking a big risk to go back there. Though, God knows, I never want to see the Legion again as long as I live.

The memory is a happy one, perhaps the happiest of my life. It was at Homs that I was ridden down by a woman, a veiled woman. I was out exercising my mount, a rather difficult Arab pony that had been handed over to me to see what could be done about it.

I was giving him his head when another rider came along, careering across the open country at a terrific rate, and charged straight into me, almost knocking me out of the saddle. When I had gained my balance, I looked round to find a veiled woman beside me. In a flash I drew my Mauser with every intention of firing, for there is no greater insult than this—a native riding down a French soldier, whatever the sex or caste of the na-



I drew my Mauser and turned to face her. She tore the silks

By

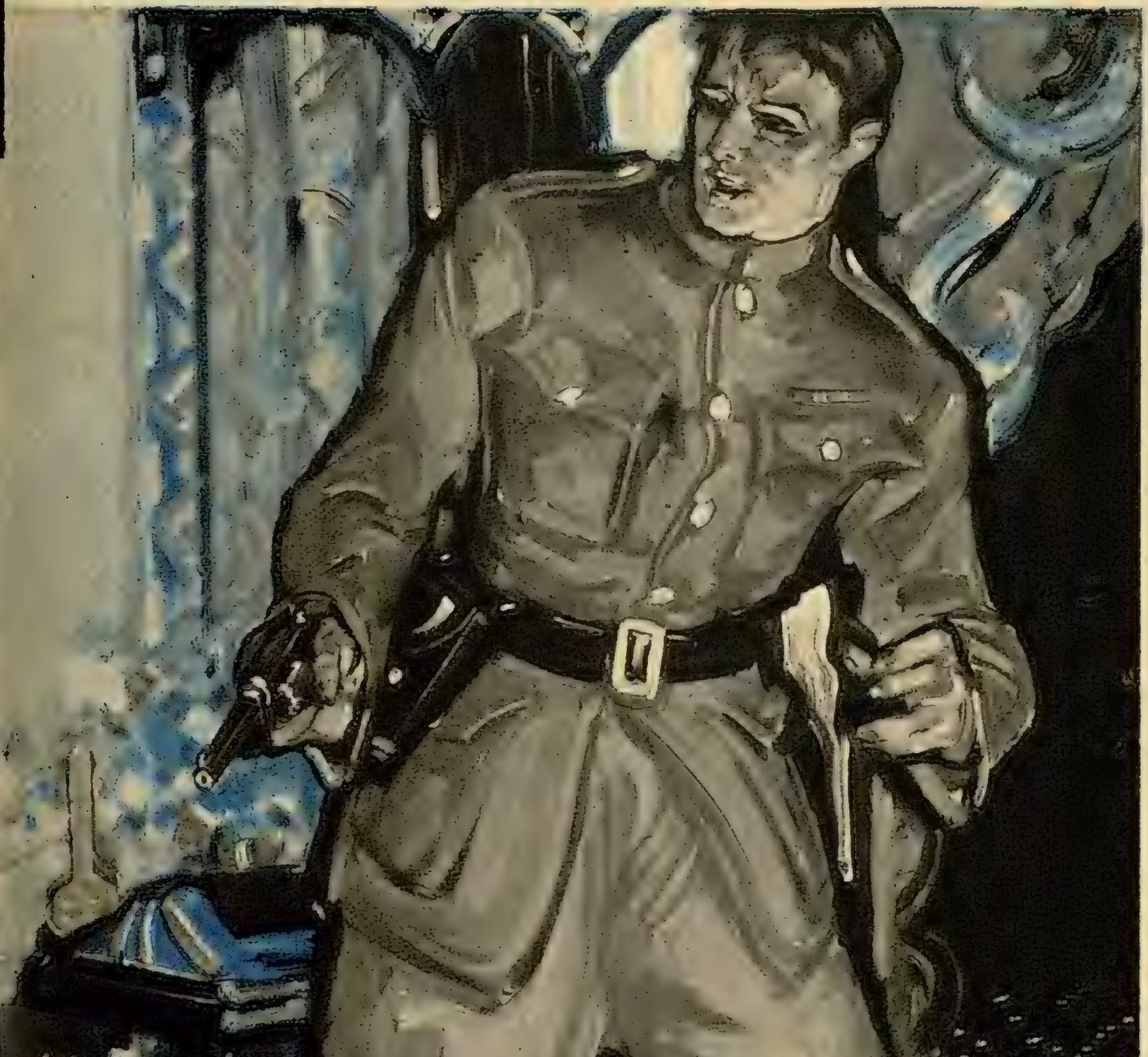
EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384

In Collaboration with

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Hounds!

Illustrations by CHARLES DE FEO



from her shoulders. "If you think I have betrayed you—shoot!"

tive; and the law to shoot without question applied even to Legionnaires. But before I realized what was happening she had spurred her mount into a gallop with the cry: "Oh, English!" and was racing across the plains as if pursued by ten thousand devils. She certainly was pursued by one devil, for I was crazy with rage.

And all the time that laughing cry of hers, "Oh, English!" was singing in my mind. There was no doubt about it, she had spoken those words as one who knew English.

Which made the mad race all the more exciting, naturally. And she certainly gave me a healthy gallop. Long before I had caught up with her my rage had cooled and I was perspiring freely; so, too, was my Arab mount.

I RODE up to her until our saddles were almost touching. Then I leaned forward, trying to penetrate the thick white veil, but she drew back and held up her hand. It was, I saw, incased in a neat leather riding glove.

"We have met before," I said, taking in the highly polished top-boots and the scarlet breeches.

"I did not know then that you were English."

"How did you find out?" I asked, marveling at her accent.

"It was very easy, Mister Legionnaire. When I ran you down you said, 'What the hell!'"

"Did I? Yes, but—who are you?"

She laughed, a lovely laugh that caroled its way up and down the scale.

"Does it matter?"

"It matters a great deal. Do you understand? I should shoot you for riding down a French soldier."

"But you will not!"

"No?"

"No," impudently, "you will not shoot me."

"Why not?"

"I am your good friend. I have been searching for you!"

"The devil you have!"

"Yes. It is true. The devil I have!"

"But why?"

"You have too many whys, Mister Legionnaire."

"Where did you learn to speak English?"

"At the American mission in Beirut."

"Oh. So you were educated there?"

"Yes. Three-four years. And my brothers, they too, educated there."

"Were those your brothers who were with you at the village of Mesme?"

"Two of my brothers. One more is in America."

"Really! What for?"

"To learn American business."

"What are you—you and your brothers?"

"Now, Mister Legionnaire, you have too many whats!"

"Arabian?" I persisted.

"No! No! No! Not Arabian!"

"Turkomans? Greek? Bedouin? Spanish? French?"

"No! No! No!"

"Portuguese?"

"No! No! No!"

"Raise your veil and then I shall know."

"No, no, no, no, no!"

"You have too many noes, Mam'selle Mystery."

And she laughed again, a soft lovely caroling. Could she be old and ugly behind that veil and yet possess such a soft, sweet voice?

"You will not raise your veil—then take off your glove."

She displayed a small, beautifully molded hand, the beringed fingers manicured and pink-tipped. She could not be old to possess such a soft, almost childlike hand. I counted ten rings, exquisitely chased and jeweled.

We looked at each other—at least, I stared at the thick white veil and wondered. I felt a sudden mad impulse to snatch at the white material and tear it away. But I thought better of it. I am glad now that I did not give way to that impulse. It would have ruined everything. By this time I was too deeply enthralled, too fascinated by the mystery of her. Who was she? What was she? Should I tear away that veil merely to find an ordinary European woman masquerading? Or some appallingly disfigured girl?

"I know what you are thinking—that I am old and very ugly."

"No. Not with hands like this."

"Ah! But the English are not cold!"

"Tell me who you are."

"If I told you, would you come to my house—eat and drink with me? Or are you afraid?"

"I am not afraid," I said rashly. "Of course I should come."

"Even when I tell you who my people are?"

"Who *are* your people?"

"Promise, Englishman, promise!"

"I promise."

"An Englishman does not break his word?"

"No."

"Never?"

"Never. But you are very exasperating. Tell me!"

THERE was a long, long silence. I waited. I was determined not to ask again. I just stared at that thick white veil, wondering what was happening behind it. An irritating situation indeed!

Then she said it:

"My people are the Druses."

"Good God! But don't you understand? We are enemies. The French are at war with your people!"

"But you are English. You have no quarrel with the Druses."

"I have no nationality. I am a Legionnaire. Don't you understand? If I were found with you I should be shot, shot as a traitor!"

"And who shall find, Mister Legionnaire, who shall find?"

"The Partisans, if we are not very careful. Those devils are everywhere."

"Partisans! *Toha!* Dogs! Sons of Allah who have become Christians! *Toha!*"

"And you have been educated by Christians too."

"Yes, it is true. I like the Christians who are American and who are English. The Druses have no quarrel with them. The Druses are happy for the education of the Christians; but they are still Druses, are they not? They do not make the pretense. They say, 'I like your Christian education—but I am Druse. I am always Druse!'"

"I understand. But I am a Legionnaire."

"No, no! A little time you are Legionnaire. But all the time, in your heart, you are English, yes?"

I nodded. What could I say to such logical reasoning on the part of this educated maid from the Jebel Druses mountains?

"What is your name?"

"Princess Mamsoud."

"No!" I gasped in sheer astonishment, for I knew that no Druse would lie about his race, caste, or name.

"What is it you mean—*no?*"

"I was surprised, that is all."

"And you believe?"

"But of course!"

"Now tell me your name?"

"John."

"Ah!" she laughed. "That is it—John Bull, yes?"

I NODDED, and thought it quite a good one.

"And you have promised to come to my house. You will come?"

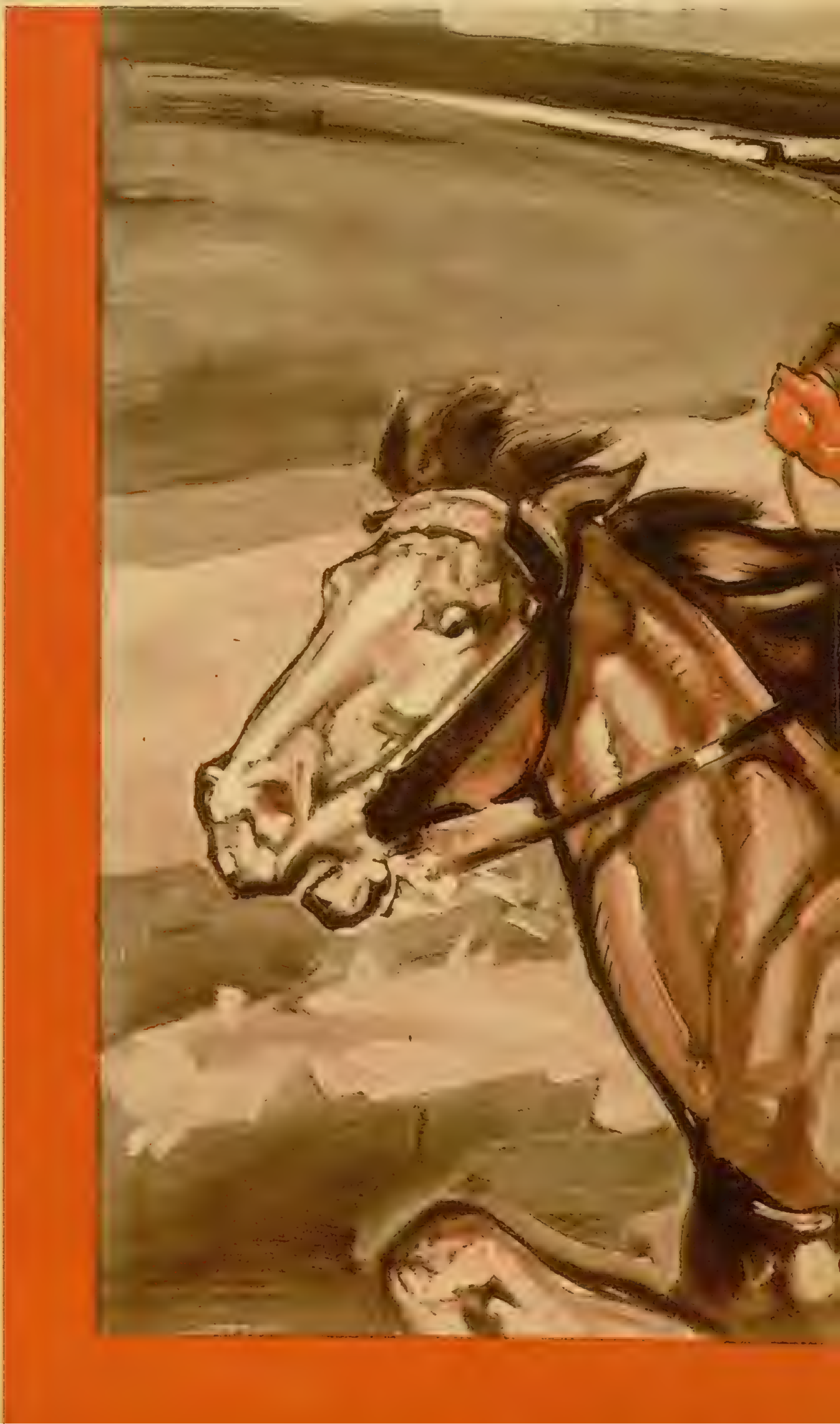
"But I do not know your house. And there are your brothers. They would not welcome a Legionnaire."

"They would not know. I show you—one-two mile now. You come to my house tonight, yes? Are you afraid?"

"I am not afraid. And you will raise your veil—for me?"

"I promise, John Bull. You shall see. Now come! I show you where is my house, and none shall see you."

I have done a few crazy things, quite apart from joining the French Foreign Legion, but following that girl—I had made up my mind that she *was* a girl—may be classed as about the craziest. It should be remembered, however, that I was very familiar with all manner of Eastern types of houses, having been invited into some of them, and having thrust myself into scores of others.



With the cry, "Oh, English!" she raced across the plains as if pursued by ten thousand devils. She certainly was pursued by one, for I was crazy with rage.

This, though, was in vastly different case. I might well end the escapade with a knife in my back. Not that that worried me a great deal. A Legionnaire lives so near to the verge, has to risk so many things—murder, sudden death, mutilation—has to endure so many hardships, so much callousness and cruelty, that he becomes something more than hardened. He becomes a fatalist.

No. It was not the knife in the back and no chance to retaliate. It was the fact that I might be making a fool of myself, might be allowing a woman to lead me into a trap. I had been led before by women. One led me into the Legion—or, at all events, pushed me there. Still, I was, and am, incurably romantic, not to say human. What would you? A couple of years or so in the Legion at that time, and nothing to look at save cheap and dirty Europeans and cheaper and dirtier natives!

Princess Nashalla Mamsoud was the daughter of a Syrian prince, and a direct descendant of Sultan Hatrash of the Jebel Druses. Hers was a noble family; as noble, that is, as any of the race could be. Certainly she was wealthy. I came to know, later, something of the extent of her wealth; and even I, knowing something of what the Easterner can do in the matter of wealthy display of ornaments, jewels, and the like, had occasion to gasp.

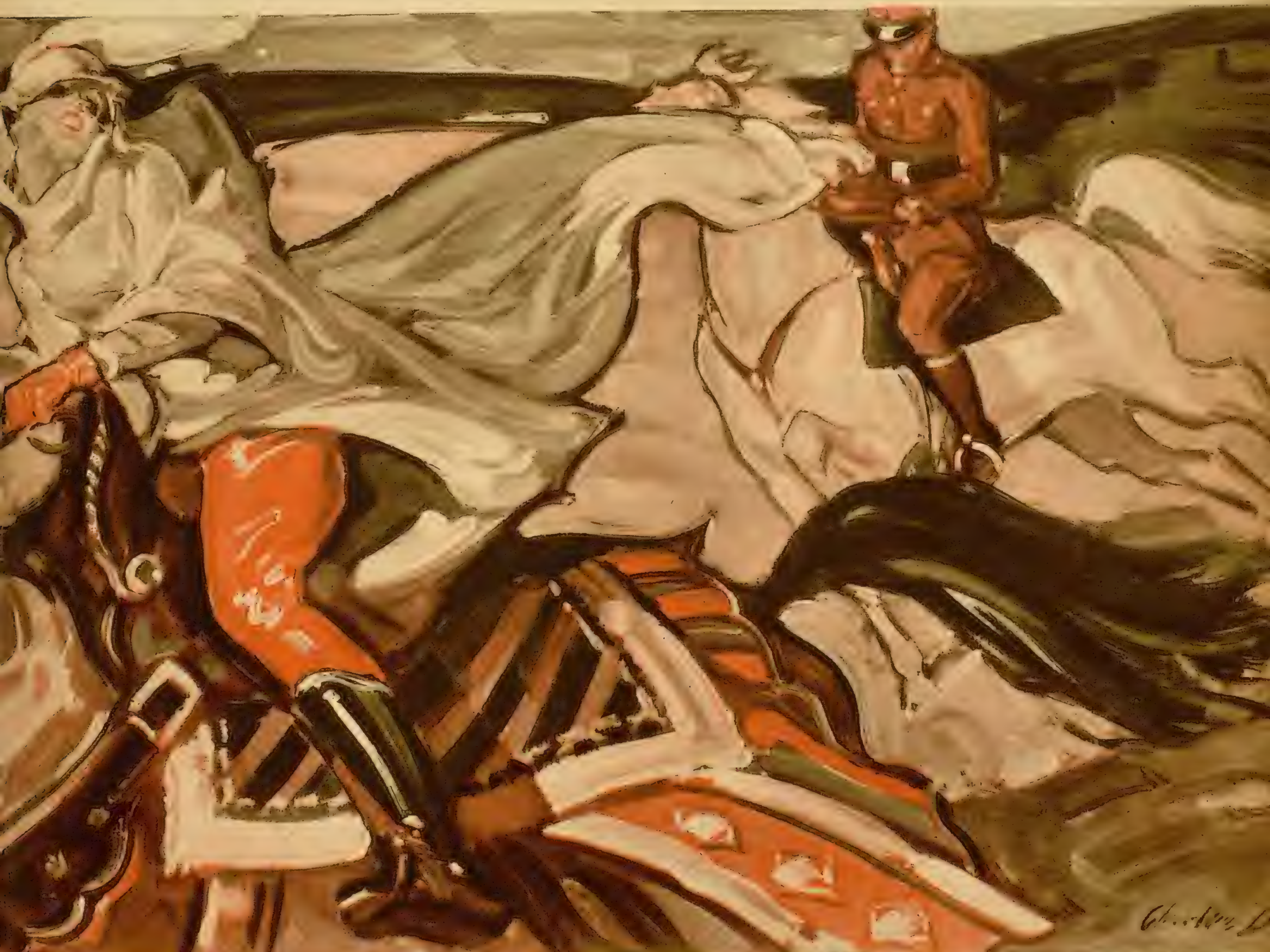
Well, not to put too fine a point on it, I visited Nashalla toward midnight of that day. Everything had been arranged. I wore a burnoose over my uniform and sandals on my feet, these being handed to me at the house of one of Nashalla's servants when I reached the native quarter. We then wended our way through a labyrinth of dirty alleys and passages until we came to the courtyard of the princess's private apartments. I was left crouching in an archway, feeling all sorts of a fool, while the servant, a trusted Negro, went forward to investigate.

Apparently it was not going to be too easy. He must have been reconnoitering for fifteen to twenty minutes, though it looked like as many hours to me, before he returned to say that all was well. The quarter was pitch black, for the overhanging buildings obscured what little light came from the night sky. In that mysterious dimness I had to hang on to the belt of my companion, for it was impossible to keep him in sight otherwise.

We came to a heavily studded door in what appeared to be a blank wall. My guide whispered a few words to a couple of armed natives who passed us through. Keeping close to the wall, we shuffled round the courtyard, finally coming to another door, which led into the building proper. Here again there was a whispered consultation, and then I found myself inside a room with my guide, my hand closed over my Mauser. I stood with my back to the door, watching him as he proceeded to light the candles.

AS the room gradually brightened I became aware of its furnishings. The floor was covered in a thick pile of rugs that deadened the sounds of movement. A low settee smothered in gay cushions stood near one wall, and beside it was an ebony table holding bowls of fruit and flowers and sweets. But it was the walls of the room that held my attention. I had seen some wonderful things in the East but never interior walls quite like those. They were covered with colored tiles cunningly set to form pictures, and the dancing light and shadow from the candles seemed to give those pictures weird life and movement.

On one wall a whole army of Druses appeared to be



moving across a real desert, while the candlelights picked out the colorings of their clothes and arms and the trappings of the horses. Another wall was blatantly sexual, holding the sort of picture that could be tolerated nowhere except in the East. Still another was set with a picture of one of the famous fountains I had seen in Damascus. This wall was partly obscured by heavy curtains.

The Negro indicated the settee, and I sat down deeply into a pile of cushions. Nestling under one of the cushions was a huge box of cigarettes and, since I had already made a fool of myself, I took another risk and started to smoke one. In just those surroundings it tasted beautifully cool and sweet. The Negro muttered something unintelligible to me and disappeared through the curtains. Presently he returned, passed through the room and out at the door by which we had entered.

As soon as he had gone the curtains parted again. Princess Nashalla stood there, looking to my excited eyes like some vision from an unreal world. She still wore the thick white veil, but had discarded the top-boots and the scarlet breeches. Now she was dressed in a long robe of white silk that made her seem exceptionally tall and graceful. She came soundlessly toward the settee and sat down beside me. The white silks fell apart, revealing pink heelless slippers and satin legs of the same color. Her ringed hands closed over mine.

"You have courage, John Bull."

Her tones were low and soft and intimately sweet.

"You thought I should not come?"

She shook her head. "I knew that you would come."

A pause. She drew my hands forward until they were clasped behind her, and I was appreciably nearer the soft silks. Even now I can smell that delicious perfume. It was the most delightful thing that has ever assailed my nostrils. I do not know what it was, and I don't suppose I ever shall. It was almost overpowering, coming up from the warmth of her, drugging the senses.

"Will you not take off your veil?"

She did so, with my face a few inches from her own. Heavens! It was the face of a child almost. Sixteen she had said, but maybe she had been trying to forget her girlhood. Her hair was dark, not black, with partially hidden flames of color. Her eyes were deep and dark, alluring, gay and sad by turns. She had the full red mouth of a child and the eyes of someone very old and very wise. She might well have passed for a daughter of Europe rather than a native of the Near East, for her skin was too fair, too apricot-colored.

The lifting of that veil had come as a shock to me. I had seen just such features and coloring on the streets of London, nay, darker, more olive-tinted features. And I fancy there was just the faintest glimmer of disappointment in that revealing of a face, since it was not in the least as I had visualized it during the whole of that blessed day.

NEVERTHELESS the girl was a lovely allurement. The generous red lips of the childish mouth were ripe for kisses. I cannot say how long we sat there, gazing at each other, I taking in the wonder and beauty of this creature who had come to me, a Legionnaire, out of the plains. Slowly the full lips parted, showing beautifully even ivory-white teeth. The smile filled her dark eyes, lighted her features.

Yes, I thought, she knows I am deeply impressed, knows why I am staring, speechless. I admit the beauty, but it is beauty not of the East. It is the beauty of southern Europe.

An amazing people, those Druses. And, after all, southern Europe is not a far cry from Syria.

"Now," she whispered, "are you happy?"

"Happier than I have ever been before or ever shall be again."

She pouted. "But why not again—and again? Why not always happy—now?"

My God! A Legionnaire always happy! I was suddenly overwhelmed with a bitter depression. I realized how utterly impossible was this strange affair. In a few hours I should be back in the garrison, back among the foul-mouthed, butchering scum who were my comrades, a Hell Hound of France who was paid three ha'pence a day to slaughter this girl's kinsmen. Could this, by any stretch of imagination, be called a happy state of affairs?

Evidently my fatalism was not so deeply ingrained as hers, for I could still be troubled by the thoughts of tomorrow. That tomorrow butted in, shattering the ecstasy of those moments, causing a cold fury to sweep over me. For I knew, even in that first encounter, that it was to be no ordinary sex adventure. This was different. The spice of danger, the risks, the hazards—they were nothing at all then.

Always happy! In a lust of blood and drink and cheap women!

SHE was watching my face now, a frown of perplexity rippling the broad level brows.

"Oh, why are you not happy with me, John Bull?"

I laughed suddenly.

"I was thinking how impossible it all is—this meeting with you, here! Soon I must return to the Legion. In a few days I may go with the Legion to some place, perhaps Rasheiya, and there I shall kill your countrymen!"

"Oh, John Bull! John Bull! Do not speak of these things! Am I not beautiful, that you should talk of killing? Are you not happy to be thus—with me—in my home?"

"It is because I am so happy here with you, I must go."

"No, no, no, no!"

And she clung to me, her soft mouth pressed against my face.

"I would speak much with you—about the Legion."

"Yes?"

"Do not go now. Wait! Wait! Do not go back to the Legion! Not tonight, nor tomorrow, nor ever again! Stay with me!"

"But that is impossible! I should be found and shot!"

"No, no, you would not be found. My brothers know! I have spoken of you, the Englishman, John Bull, to my brothers!"

"The devil you have!"

I jumped to my feet and made for the door. I drew my Mauser and turned to face her.

She tore the white silks from her shoulders, exposing the soft breasts.

"If you think I have betrayed you—shoot!"

I shoved the pistol back again, feeling I had made a frightful exhibition of myself.

"But your brothers?" I queried, wiping the perspiration from my face.

"Are you afraid of my brothers, John Bull?"

"No. I am not afraid of any man—out in the open."

She drew me down to the couch.

"I have spoken with them. I have said you are English and my very good friend. They understand. Why do you not understand?"

"I do understand you—now. I am sorry. Of course I trust you. But I do not know your brothers."

"Will you shake the hands of my brothers if I bring them?"

"When? Now?"

She nodded, smiling.

"No," I said, "not this night."

God in heaven! How could I shake the hand of a Druse? The situation was becoming more and more impossible. I wanted this girl—wanted her like hell! And I knew it for an insane want. Try as I would, I could not adopt the wine-shop manner with her. Nor could I associate her with the Druses, the enemies of the French, and therefore the enemies of a Legionnaire. What was the good of calling me English, and John Bull, John Bull, John Bull all the time? I never knew whether to laugh or to weep every time she said that ridiculous name.

But deep down in me was the feeling that this girl was not really of the Druses. Did I not know the appearance of a Druse woman? How long was it since I had taken pot shots at them as they hung feet uppermost?

"Then you will go back to the Legion this night?"

"I must."

"Why? Would you not leave the Legion?—escape?"

"And fight for the

(Continued on page thirty-two)

SOPHIE
KERR

URSULA
PARROTT

POLAN
BANKS

BEGINNING

Next Week

LIBERTY–PARAMOUNT
ALL–STAR SERIAL

The Woman Accused

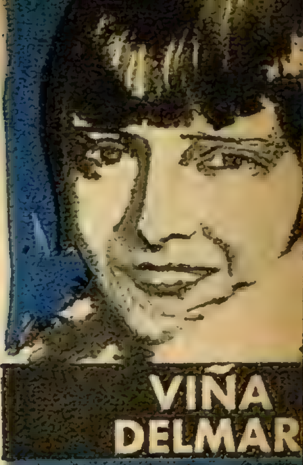
Written by Ten of the World's Greatest Authors

- ★ RUPERT HUGHES
- ★ ZANE GREY
- ★ IRVIN S. COBB
- ★ J. P. McEVOY
- ★ POLAN BANKS
- ★ VICKI BAUM
- ★ VIÑA DELMAR
- ★ GERTRUDE ATHERTON
- ★ URSULA PARROTT
- ★ SOPHIE KERR

A GRIPPING novel of a woman who was an innocent victim of a series of misfortunes that culminated in a murder on the eve of her marriage to the man she loved—

The plot is based on an original story by Polan Banks. A synopsis was submitted to these celebrated authors and they were asked to write one chapter each. The result is one of the most dramatic and extraordinary stories ever written.

Liberty takes pleasure in presenting this striking feature to its readers in five parts of two chapters each. Read the story—then see the picture.


VIÑA
DELMAR

RUPERT
HUGHE

GERTRUD
ATHERTO

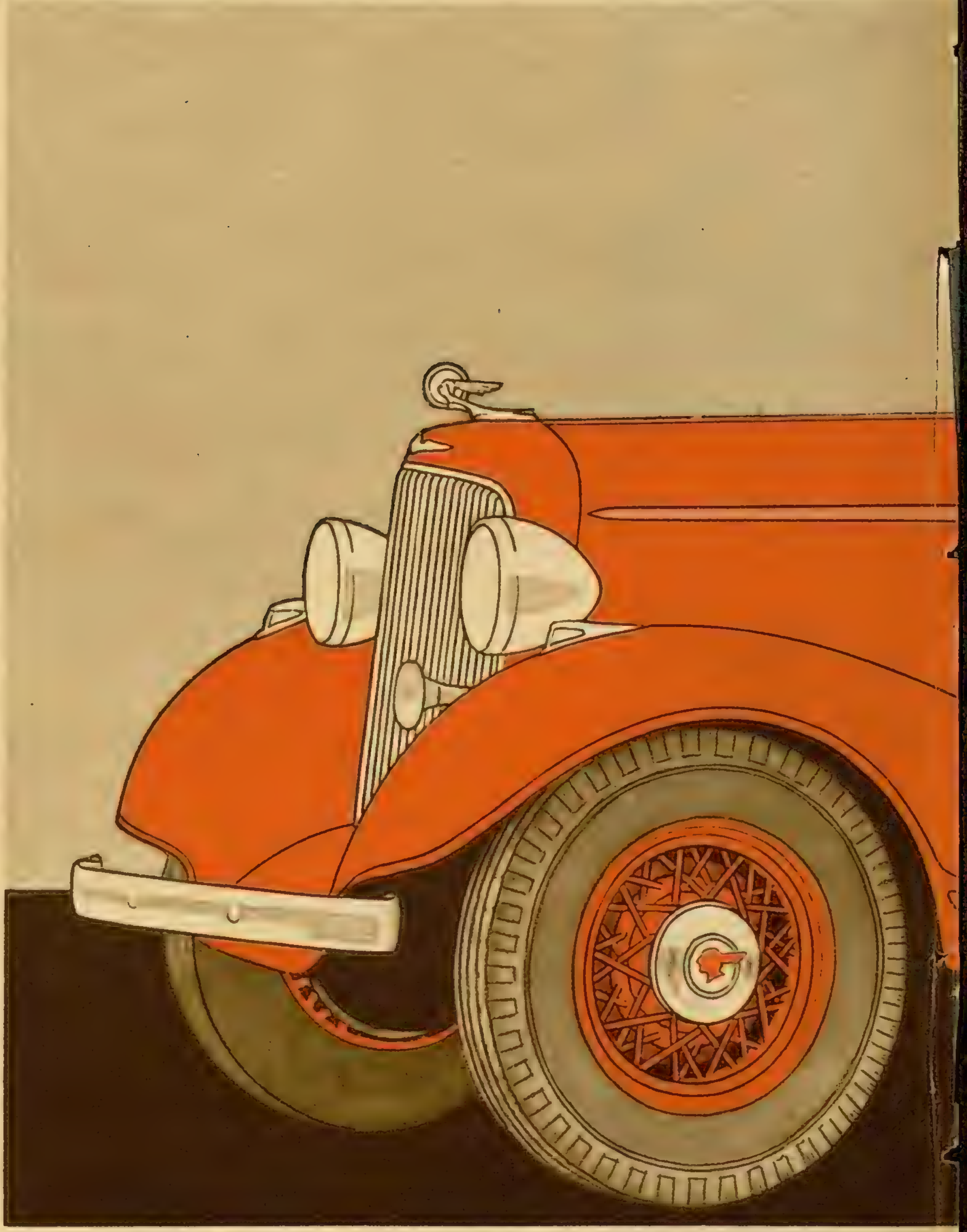
IRVIN S
COBB

THERE IS A NEW CAR

IT'S A BIG

LOOK -- DRIVE -- COMPARE

CHECK THESE FEATURES	Pontiac Straight 8	OTHER CARS		
		CAR No. 1	CAR No. 2	CAR No. 3
STRAIGHT EIGHT ENGINE	YES			
FISHER NO-DRAFT VENTILATION (Individually Controlled)	YES			
WHEELBASE	115 *inches*			
WEIGHT	3265 *pounds*			
HORSEPOWER	77			
SPEED	78			
FULL-PRESSURE LUBRICATION (Rifle-drilled Connecting Rods)	YES			
DELIVERED PRICE (Your favorite model)				



CHIEF OF VALUES

Here's something new in the low price field—a big, new Pontiac—a full-sized Straight Eight—with 115-inch wheelbase—3265 pounds of weight—a big car at a "little" car price.

It's not "like" an Eight, or "smooth as" an Eight—it is an Eight—a Straight 8! When you drive this Pontiac, you'll get the surprise of your life. It's naturally smooth and quiet, and the engine is cushioned in rubber to remove every trace of vibration. 77 horsepower. 78 actual miles an hour. Yet this big Pontiac Straight Eight gives you the fuel economy you'd only expec from smaller cars.

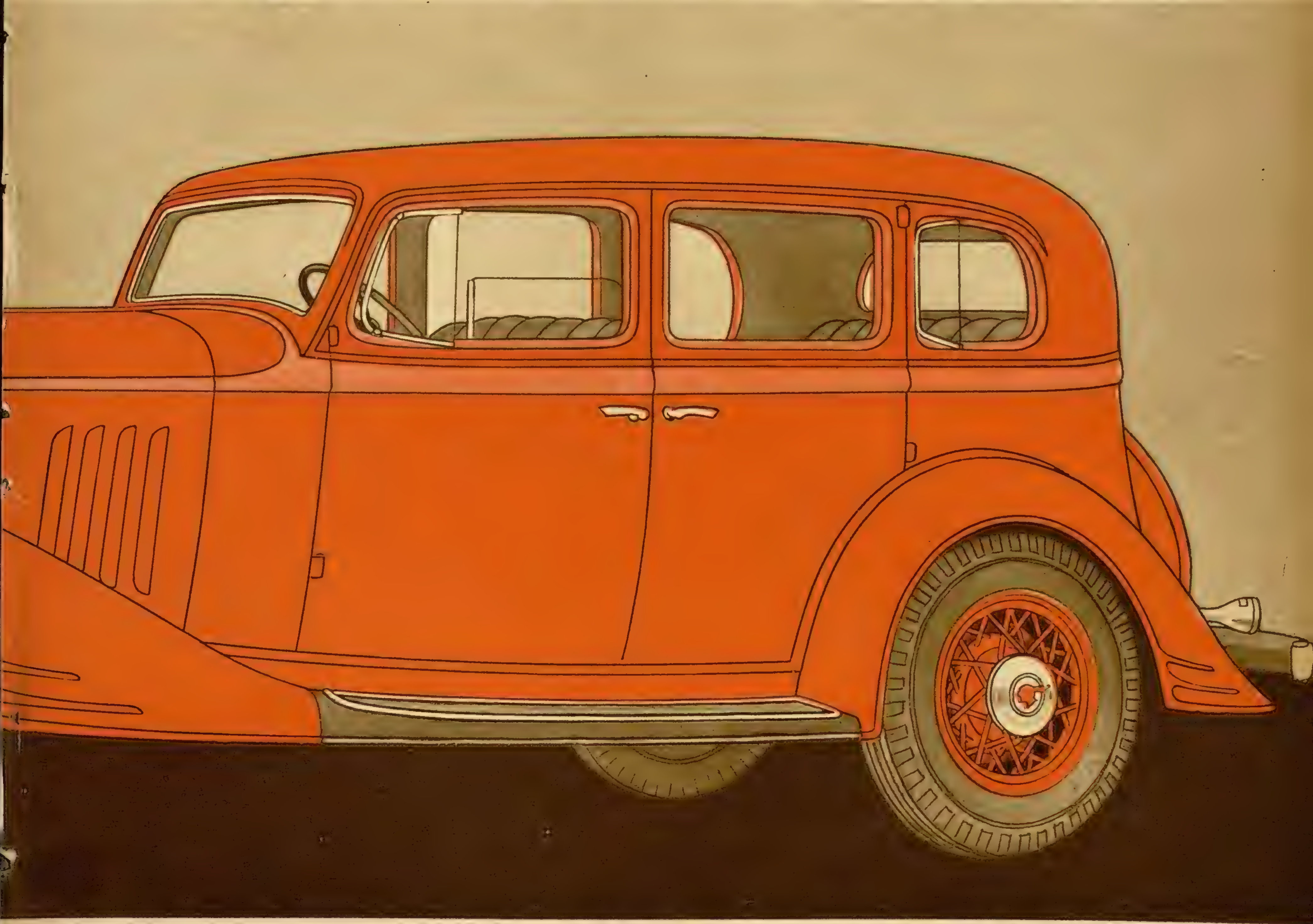
New Fisher Bodies are longer and roomier. Equippe with Fisher No-Draft Individually Controlled Ventilatior —to prevent drafts, chill, discomfort, and the danger-ous annoyance of steamed or frosted windshield.

Be comfortable this year. Even if you buy at economy prices, you don't have to put up with "little" car standard today. Try all the low priced cars—use the simple char above as your guide to Value—and choose the one that gives you most for your money—General Motors new Straight 8—Pontiac!

N THE LOW PRICE FIELD

traight 8 . . $585

AND UP—F. O. B.
PONTIAC, MICH.



The Car illustrated is the 4-door Sedan—price $695 f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich. Special equipment extra.

PONTIAC STRAIGHT 8

ENGINE CUSHIONED IN RUBBER

FISHER NO-DRAFT INDIVIDUALLY CONTROLLED VENTILATION

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

Druses?" I sneered.

"No, no! No more fighting. Come with me to America!"

"What!"

I shook her until she said it again, laughing and gasping.

"My brothers would help us. I have spoken with them. We could go with them to Palestine. You would wear the burnoose, just as they. No one would stop the Jebel Druses, not even the Partisans. We could travel in Palestine—just you, John Bull, and Princess Mamsoud. Then we should go to America. Did I not tell you that one of my brothers is in America?"

I stared at her in amazement.

"But this is madness!"

It was her turn to stare.

"Madness? Is it madness to be happy? Are you not happy with me?"

"I am too happy with you. Do you not understand? We should need much money to travel to Europe, to sail in ships."

She laughed. "But I have much money, too much, too much!"

The situation was becoming more and more impossible. I felt a growing sense of unreality, as if it were some crazy play in which I was taking the major rôle.

She left the room, asking me to wait. In a few moments she was back again, carrying a map. It was an American map, evidently one she had had at the mission in Beirut, and she insisted on showing me the route from Beirut to New York, the way her brother had gone. Obviously she had made up her mind to go to America. She had all the details worked out. She knew what it would cost. Apparently her brother kept her well informed, and he had certainly fired her imagination.

"You will come with me, John Bull?" she begged, smiling up into my face.

"I have no money."

"And I have much money!"

She took my hand and made as if to draw me toward the curtains.

"Come! Let me show that I have much money, much jewelry!"

"No," I said. "I will come again tomorrow night. You shall show me then. And we shall talk about this."

"You *will* come? And you will marry me—here in my house—tomorrow night?"

"I will come tomorrow night," I said.

And she had to be satisfied with that.

I DID not visit Nashalla the following night, nor the night after, nor the one after that. I was a sick man. I was indeed a sorry sight for so lovely a creature as Nashalla to contemplate. I had endured a particularly damnable dose of flogging. Instead of seeking out that vision of loveliness I lay writhing with a lacerated back, the flesh of which was almost in ribbons. McCann, splendid fellow, was as solicitous as any trained nurse. He did all he could to clean the salt from the cuts, to bring some relief against the excruciating pain.

Instead of visiting that loveliest and sweetest of women, for she had become all that to me, I lay writhing and cursing. Instead of those anticipatory pleasures—the planning and scheming for escape and flight to America—I cursed the French authorities until I could curse no more. I could be as foul-mouthed as any other Legionnaire. And I was. How I blasphemed them and all they stood for! McCann has said in all seriousness that it did him good to sit and listen to it.

And I can still do it. I hope I have made that clear. My hatred of those French, born in those fiendish and ghastly conditions, has not abated one iota. I hate and loathe and despise them as much today, in this centenary year of their hellish Legion, as ever I did while a Hell Hound in their pay. I am not suggesting that my puny hate is likely to cause them any sleepless nights. Authorities who can perpetuate and encourage such diabolical systems as the French Foreign Legion and Devil's Island are hardly capable of appreciating deep human emotions, of which hate is an essential one.

I can imagine their amusement.

Nevertheless hate has its uses. It is a spur to the emotions, to the mind, to the memory. It brings a clarity to the truth that will not be gainsaid. I had been flogged before. I was flogged again and again before I finally escaped. It was not a particular flogging that bred hate. It was an accumulation of floggings and cruelties and barbarities.

I single out this flogging because it was undeserved, even according to Legion laws, which is saying a lot. Moreover, it was a deliberate playing into the hands of one who had long sought to spend his muscular strength on my back—to wit, one Sergeant Lopez of French-Polish origin. His opportunity came during the temporary absence of Captain Dupont.

THIS N. C. O., as much a victim of the system as I, no doubt, had waited by my bunk for nearly five hours, and when I arrived, fresh from the loveliness of Princess Mamsoud, he was overjoyed at having to throw me into prison for being absent without leave. He was even more overjoyed when I was awarded a flogging, and he the administrator. He could never understand why McCann and I were favored by Captain Dupont on sundry occasions, by that same Skipper who was callous and brutal to all men. Had he been through as many "tough breaks" as the Skipper, Mac, and I, he might have understood that even so brutal a man as Captain Dupont could appreciate tried fighters.

And so this sergeant, who had the figure and the strength and the brains of a gorilla, made the most of his opportunity. In flogging me until I lost consciousness he was quite within his rights, and he certainly exercised those rights. He did not fail to express his sympathy for me as he wielded his whip so expertly. He thought it a shame that any girl of the wine shops should have kept me until within a few minutes of morning parade.

He died later, as will be seen, in mysterious circumstances. Meanwhile, he had his day. Even dirty dogs have.

I do not hate him, poor devil! How hate a dead man? He was but part of an organization that is rotten from top to bottom. The system bred and fostered such brutes —and continues to do so.

Hence, four days passed before I again ventured into the native quarter as far as the house of Nashalla's trusted Negro servant. No one knew where I had been on the previous occasion, not even McCann. It was assumed that I had been indulging too heavily at one of the wine shops, and I let it go at that. McCann, of course, was mighty curious. It was the first time during our companionship in the Legion that I had gone off alone and in such a secretive fashion.

"Well, Barrington, I guess you've got hold of some nice little private cup o' tea. But you're a secretive cuss, and I think you ought to let a pal in on a good thing."

"McCann, you're wrong. She's not a nice cup o' tea at all. She's straight."

"Yeah? An' all for a Legionnaire? Sure! I've heard of the brand before."

"You know what you felt about that girl at the Café Noir?"

"Don't mention that —— to me!" he spluttered. Evidently the incident still rankled.

"Well, Mac, I may be wrong, but that's how I feel about it."

"O. K. with me, boy. But, for the love of Mike, watch that son of a ——, Lopez. He's still thirsting for blood."

And then, I suppose, I spluttered.

"Anyway, now the Skipper's back, I don't think he's too happy, Mac."

"I guess he'd like to change his squadron—before it's too late," growled McCann mysteriously.

It was sheer madness, of course, but at that time I thought it worth risking even another flogging. After all, one does not pay court to a princess every day.

The amazing thing about this second visit was that, though I had not been able to warn Nashalla of my coming, I found the Negro waiting for me with burnoose and sandals, and when I had put them on we strode off without a word. She had guessed, then, that I should appear tonight?

"I knew you would come this night," she said, when we were seated together in that picturesque abode.

"How did you know?"

"I knew that you were beaten with the whip, and I knew that you would not tell of your visit here."

I sat up and stared at this sorceress.

"How did you learn these things?"

"The Druses know many things about the Legion. They talk of these things in the bazaars, of how the French beat their Legionnaires."

Her soft arms crept round my neck.

"Will you not kill the Sergeant Lopez?" she whispered.

"No," I said. "How can I do that? It was the officer's command that I should be flogged."

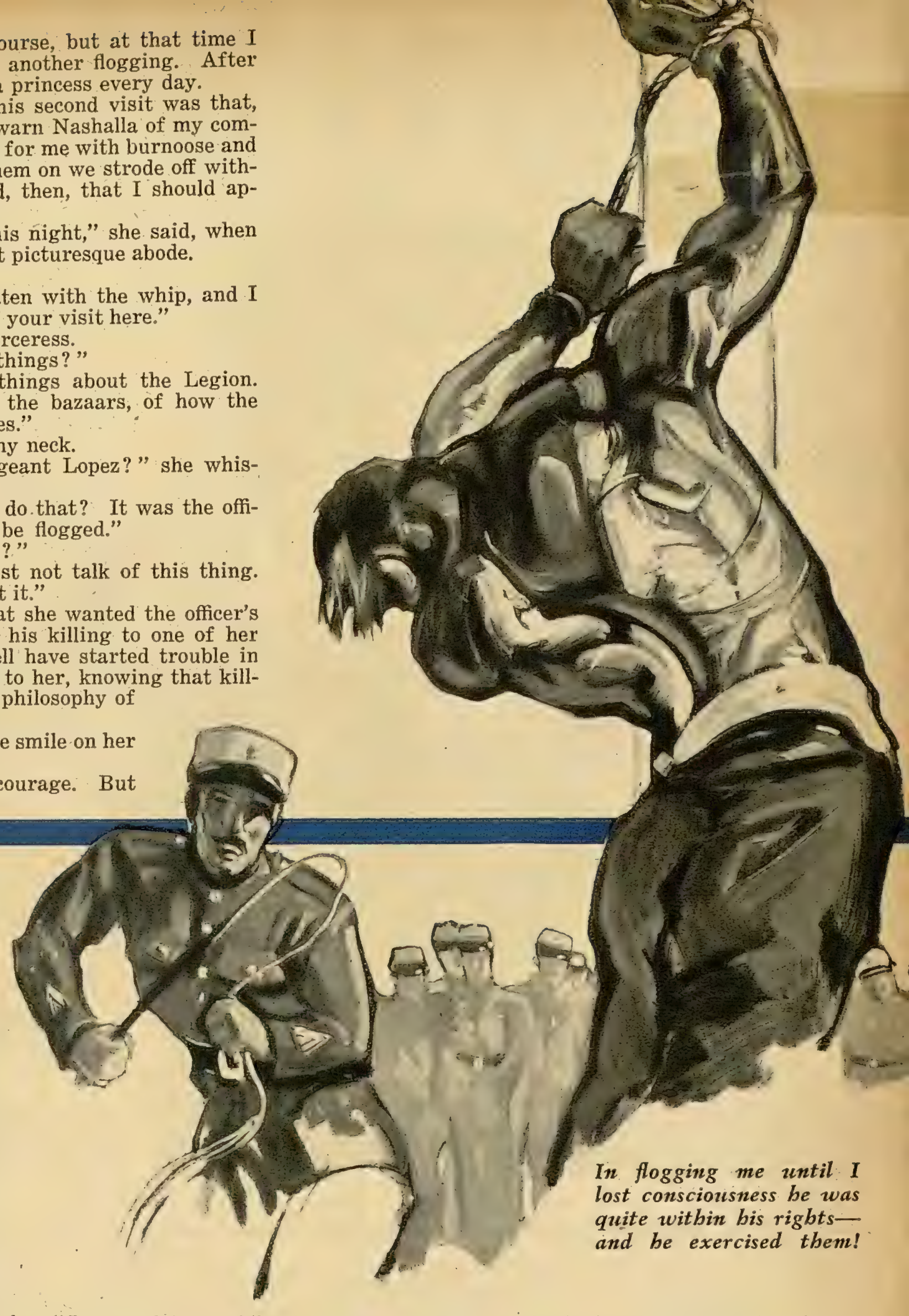
"Will you not kill the officer?"

"Listen, Nashalla. We must not talk of this thing. It is finished. You must forget it."

I had a strong suspicion that she wanted the officer's name so that she might offer his killing to one of her kinsmen. And that might well have started trouble in Homs. I tried to explain this to her, knowing that killing was a small matter in the philosophy of the Druses.

She shook her head, a strange smile on her face.

"You English have much courage. But you are sometimes strange."



In flogging me until I lost consciousness he was quite within his rights—and he exercised them!

Then she began to talk of marriage and of our flight to America. She seemed to have no doubt now that I should fall in with her wishes, though she did not press the matter, nor did she expect me to marry her "this night." Without saying so in so many words she managed to convey her appreciation of my condition. She guessed that I was still sick and sore. And I certainly was. One cannot get over that sort of punishment in a day or two. All the same, knowing something of her race, I could not help marveling at her display of sympathetic understanding.

"But come!" she cried eagerly. "Let me show you!"

She took my hand and led me from the room, along a dimly lit passage, and down a steep flight of steps. When we reached the bottom we were met by an old crone of a woman, who came shuffling toward us, a huge bunch of keys jangling by her side, a lamp in her hand. The old dame was unveiled, her face a mass of wrinkles, yellow and dry as parchment, the eyes deeply sunken. She looked like a hundred years or more, and she was bent almost double.

A weird scene indeed! The one so young and lovely and desirable, the other so old and shrunken and lifeless!

With much fumbling and muttering, the old woman selected a key from the huge bunch fastened to her girdle, opened a great heavy door, pushed us inside, and locked it again.

"Well," I laughed, "I hope that old dame will let us out again. She didn't seem very pleased to have us down here!"

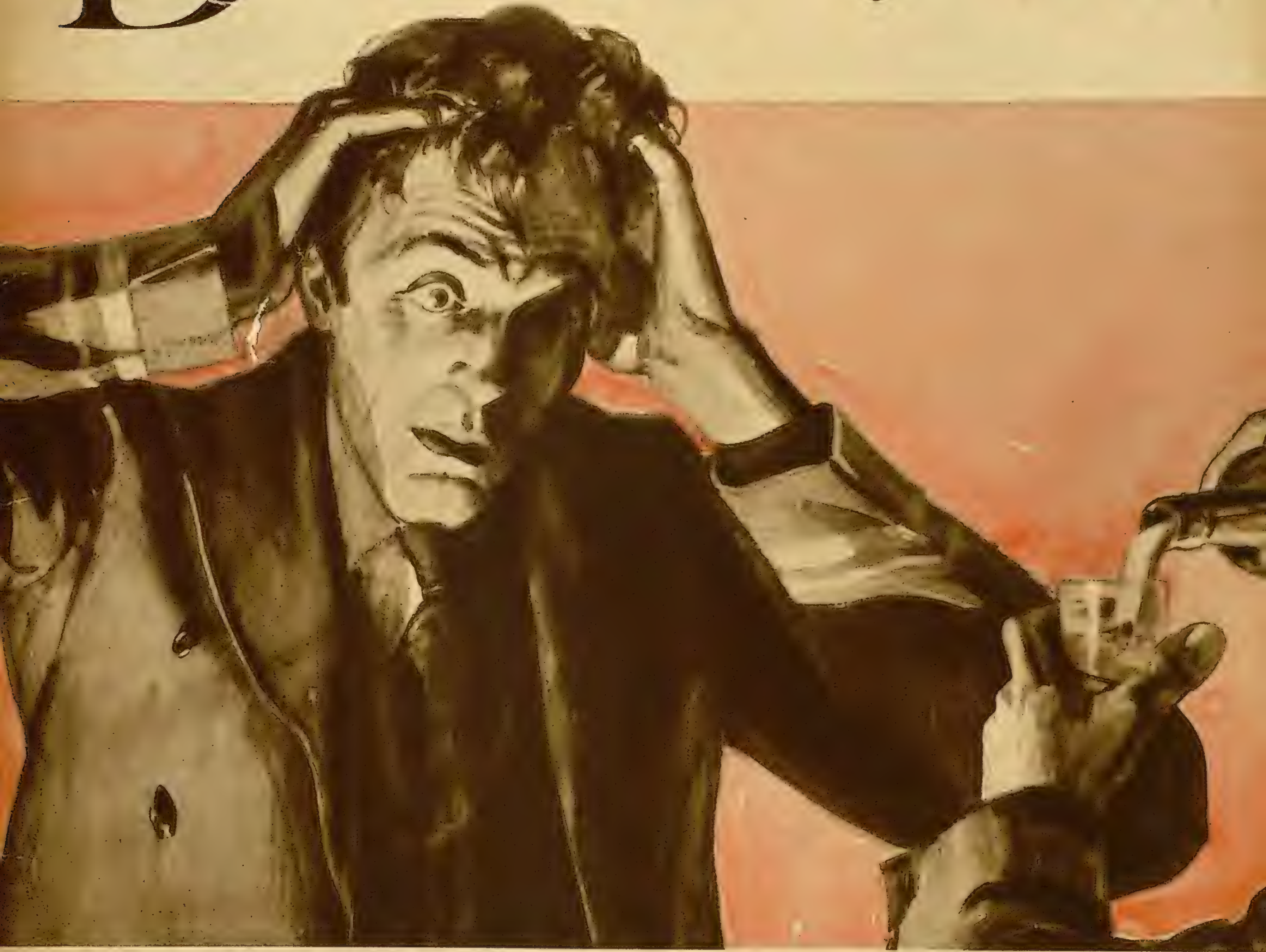
"Look, John Bull. That is why she is a so suspicious old woman!"

I was looking. I was staring in astonishment. My eyes were popping out of my head at the sight before me. The floor of that vault was literally covered with sacks and chests, and some of the sacks were open, spilling gems.

We were in a sort of jewel storehouse. I have never seen so many precious stones in my life.

How Legionnaire 1384, on the eve of his planned desertion and elopement with Nashalla, was snatched away by orders that sent the Fifth Squadron to Rasheiya, there to take part in "one of the bloodiest battles in Legion history," will appear in next week's installment of Hell Hounds! Other high lights will be fate's squaring of accounts with Sergeant Lopez; the solution, during a lull in the battle, of a murder mystery within the Legion; and a comrade's dark proposition to 1384 and McCann that they desert with him and become rich.

DARK *of the*



"Fill 'em up, McGinty!" Don shouted. He ran his hands through his unruly hair, sat

Blood in the Wheelhouse— McGinty Resigns—The Chase at Sea—Don Saves Betty

By DOROTHY WAYMAN

Pictures by

(Reading time: 25 minutes 50 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Don Mitchell, who joined the Coast Guard to avenge his brother, killed by rumrunners. He meets Betty Laurie—daughter of "Buck," notorious smuggler, whom he suspects of the murder—and falls in love. Inez Pendleton, his former fiancée, is still in love with Don. He locates the bootlegger's landing place and is fired on from ambush. Plans are made to capture the rumrunners on the first dark night. The liquor-laden speed boat passes the Coast Guard patrols and Don gives the order to follow. His only fear is that Betty may be aboard her father's craft. As they close in the smuggler's boat bursts into flames.

PART FIVE—THE BATTLE

IMMEDIATELY there was a deafening detonation, and the sea and the sky and the woods were all ablaze. Fiery liquid rained out of the heavens, spattered on the deck of the patrol boat.

Ryan cried with pain.

Phillips slapped at his pea-jacket.

Darkness came down like a curtain.

"Stop engines," Don rang. "Reverse. Stop engines!"

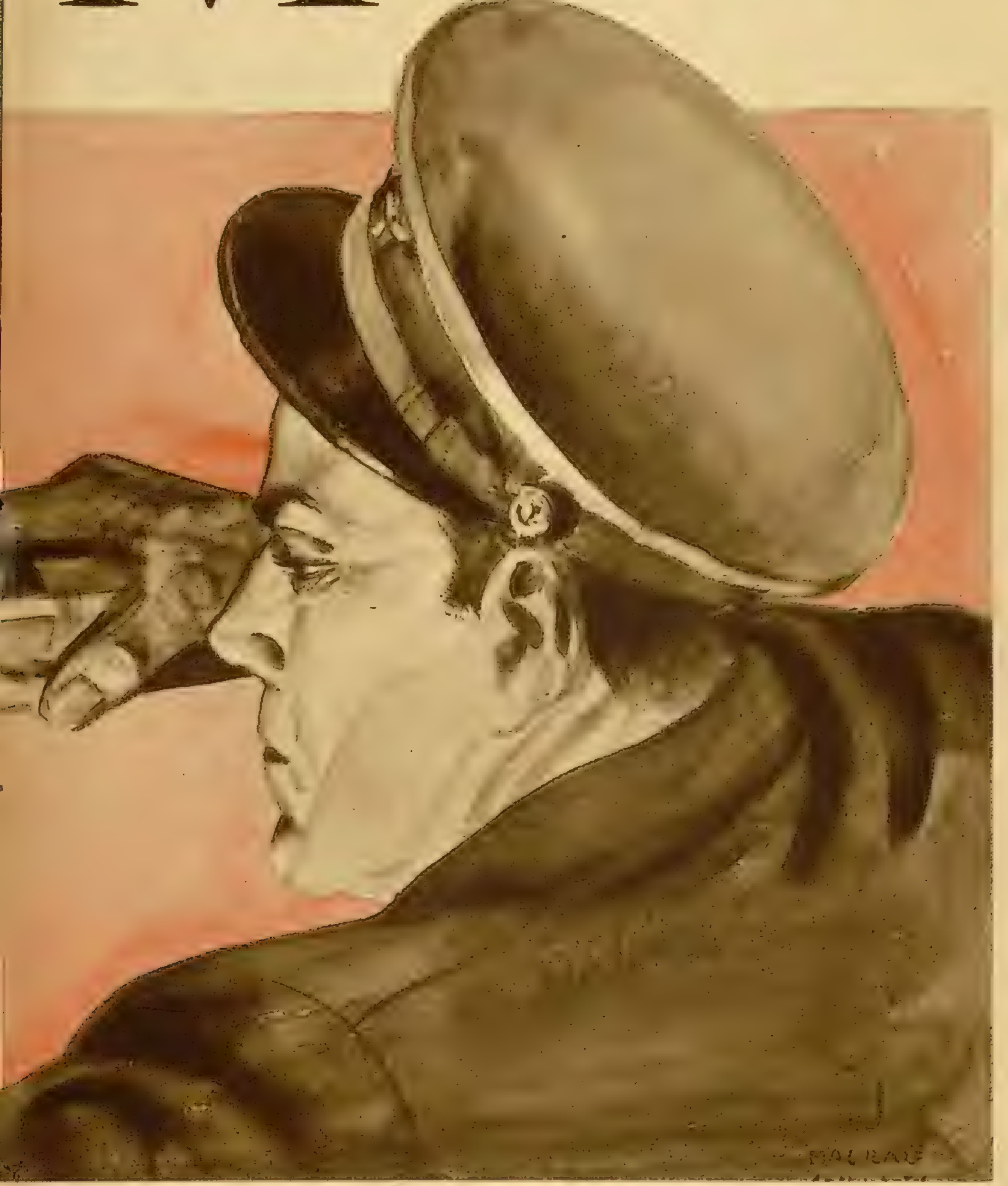
The patrol boat came up standing. Presently a voice hailed from alongside:

"Give me a hand up, boys. The water's cold."

Gunner Hopkins and Zylinsky ran to the rail. They reached down.

Captain Buck Laurie clambered on to the deck.

MOON



down again, and stared into the fireplace.

And
EDWARD DOHERTY

W. MacRae Gillies

" I'll have to ask you for transportation," he said, his teeth chattering through a smile. " My boat blew up."

" You damn' rumrunner," Hopkins greeted him. " You'll get transportation all right! To Atlanta."

" I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed," Laurie said, his smile nowise changed. " You have to have some evidence against a man to send him to jail. I've just been in hard luck—that's all. I'm only a lobster fisherman. Isn't this the Coast Guard? You're supposed to help fellows like me. Where do you keep your blankets, and your hot coffee? And I'll need dry socks at least."

" Anybody with you? " Don couldn't help shouting.

" Not a soul but myself. There were twenty lobster pots with me on the boat. That's all. And me likely to get pneumonia standing here answering questions! "

Despite his bitter hatred of the man, Don couldn't help admiring him. He had blown up his craft rather than be captured. He had destroyed a thirty-thousand-dollar boat and perhaps seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of liquor and had risked his life to foil his enemies. And now he calmly demanded help of them. Say what one might of him—he was a man!

" Good evening, lieutenant," Laurie said. " I'm obliged to you."

" Go below," Don answered gruffly.

The rumrunner's smile widened.

" Thank you. I see you know the channel. Don't wonder, though. You can turn here. Plenty of water."

Mitchell took the boat out through the channel, watching for McGinty, who might come crashing into him unless he got a signal.

" Vessel to port, sir," Ryan hailed from the deck presently. " I think it's McGinty."

McGinty it was. He laid his boat alongside Mitchell's and called through his megaphone:

" I followed the second boat, sir, and captured her. I gave her a burst of tracers, but she dumped her load at sea and ran."

" Any prisoners? " Don asked.

" No. But it was the same outfit we passed in the fog two weeks ago, with a girl at the wheel."

" They got away! "

" Like a sailor's dollar in port. But there was blood in the wheelhouse, sir. We hit somebody with those tracers. I'm afraid it was the girl."

" FILL 'em up, McGinty! " Don shouted. He laughed and got out of his chair to sing:

" Fill 'em up, McGinty;
And here's bottoms up to you."

He ran his hands through his unruly hair, sat down again, and stared into the fireplace.

" Thinking of her," he mumbled. " Always thinking of her! I must quit thinking of her. I didn't kill her—McGinty killed her. McGinty killed her, and I gave her father a dry pair of socks! "

McGinty placed a drink in the officer's hands. Don gulped it greedily.

" It's all right, Squinty," he said. " Just doing our duty as Coast Guard officers and gentlemen. Keeping the country dry for the W. C. T. U. Not your fault—not mine. Here's to the Navy. Good old Navy! And, Squinty, forget I called you Squinty, will you, Squinty? Officers shouldn't call men Squinty. Can you sing? "

He stood, holding his glass, singing the Navy song:

" Stand, Navy, down the field,
Sails set to the sky.
We'll never change our course,
So, Army, you steer shy-y-y! "

McGinty couldn't resist it. He joined in the song:

" Roll up the score, Navy. Anchors aweigh!
Sail, Navy, down the field,
And sink the Army, sink the Army gray! "

When he came to the last line the boatswain jumped up and down in a burlesque dance, and followed it with a sailor's hornpipe.

" Drink! " shouted Don.

They clinked their glasses together. They drank.

"You swab," Don said, "you were a lousy marine!"

"The hell I was. Those are fighting words, lieutenant. Don't call me no marine."

"I know you're no marine," Don said.

He put his arm around the boatswain's shoulders.

"If you weren't a marine, sing this with me."

McGinty waited until Don began, then joined in right heartily:

"From the School of Application
To the shores of Subig Bay,
We've avoided exertation
In the most ingenious way.
Admiration of our mattresses
Is the finest thing we've seen;
For it answers to the question,
Why the hell is a marine?"

"Hurray!" Don shouted. "Drink!"

They waved their glasses as they started on the second verse. Their voices, trained to shout down a gale, seemed to shake the room. The flames leaped up.

"It was out there on the Albany
In the Asiatic fleet.
The marines were so damn' lazy
They could only sleep and eat."

Don paused, puzzled, not hearing McGinty's voice. He had been singing to the rafters, head thrown back, eyes shut tight. Now he opened his eyes. McGinty was not there.

"Squinty!" he shouted. "Are you running out on me?"

Suddenly the glass dropped from his hand. He staggered to the nearest chair and sat heavily.

It seemed to him that Betty Laurie was standing there before him, staring at him with contempt, with anger, and with fear.

"Drunk!" he said. "Drunk again. All on account of you! To hell with you, Betty Laurie. Go 'way and let me alone. I eat you. I drink you. I think you. I dream you. Must you haunt me too?"

He closed his eyes and threw his head back on the top of his chair, and laughed.

"Where is my father?"

Don laughed drunkenly.

"Drunk and delirious. I see her. She's dressed in oilskins, damn her beautiful body to hell! Her yellow hair is wet, salt wet. Her face is wet. I kissed her once, when she was all wet. Sure I see her. And I hear her too."

His mood changed, and his tone.

"For God's sake, Betty, go away! Let me alone. Can't you see I can't bear to have you around?"

He put his hands over his eyes.

"All my life," he said, "I'll see you like this, dripping salt water on my carpet, dripping blood in a wheelhouse. All my life I'll love you and hate you. All my life I'll hate myself."

Betty shook him fiercely, wetting him.

"You drunken beast," she cried, "what have you done with my father?"

"McGinty," Don said. "He saw you coming. He ran. He was afraid of you too, Betty Laurie. But don't haunt him. He was only obeying orders. He didn't kill you. I did."

TEARS of rage and shame and fear sprang into Betty's eyes.

"Are you too drunk to hear what I'm saying?"

Again she shook him.

"What's happened to my father? You must wake up. You must tell me!"

She looked at him with dismay, took her hands off him, stood a moment as though she wanted to strike him, then tore off her oilskins and rushed into his kitchen and began to make strong coffee.

She watched him from the doorway as the coffee brewed. Her face softened a little at his helplessness, his apparent misery. She had turned the gas on full force, but the coffee, it seemed to her, took hours to boil. She tasted it when it was done. It was scalding hot. She poured a little cold water into it, tasted it again. She came back into the living room and made him drink.

At first she had to put it into his mouth in spoonfuls. Presently he was drinking from the cup. Suddenly he took the cup from her and drained it, and opened his eyes and saw her.

"You're—not hurt?"

She was on her knees in front of him, a spoon in her right hand.

"Where is my father?" she asked.

She stood up, looking at him sternly.

"You're alive—and well! McGinty didn't shoot you!"

"Tell me about my father."

"He's all right. He blew up the boat and jumped."

"I know. I saw that. But—"

"They arrested him. The charge is running without lights." Don couldn't help smiling. "But he says there was something wrong with the batteries. That not only affected the lighting apparatus but caused the explosion. Please pour me another cup. I'm drunk. I'm cold sober now, yet I'm drunk. And—won't you drink with me? You're wet and cold, and tired too, I'll bet."

She filled his cup and her own.

"I'm glad you weren't hurt," Don said earnestly. "Who was it? The little round red-faced man I saw on your father's boat? Oh, don't tell me! I'm not spying now."

BETTY finished her coffee and thrust her arms into her oilskin coat.

"I must go," she said.

Don shot up.

"Not yet, please," he said. "I'm ashamed to have you find me like this. I'll never take another drink so long as I live! I drank tonight because I thought you were dead. I wanted to drive your face out of my mind. Betty, I'm like to die of you. I love you. I love you with every mad wild ounce of me. I've fought against it. But I still love you. I love you and I hate you!"

"Don't make love to me," Betty said, with no show of emotion. "Save it for the girl who shares your bath robe."

"You don't understand," he said. "She came here to take care of me. I asked her to come. That was the night I learned who your father was. I asked her to come and bring me some whisky. She went into my bedroom—after I'd gone to sleep on the couch. And—"

Don checked himself. He realized what he was saying. He was going to tell Betty that Inez had inveigled him into becoming her fiancé! Good God! He couldn't do that.

He had fallen into a trap. He had made love to Betty—and now he couldn't let her know that he didn't love Inez. He must let her believe what she would. A man doesn't get engaged to any girl and then go around telling people that he doesn't love the girl, that she compromised herself to get him.

"Betty, I'm on a spot," he said. "I can't explain. I—"

Betty tossed her head.

"I'm not interested in your personal affairs, lieutenant. But I don't think it's good taste for you to make love to me under the circumstances. Of course I came here voluntarily, and I subjected myself to this. But may I ask why you hate my father so?"

"I'll tell you some day. And maybe you'll hate him too. Maybe I'll tell why I hate you. I'll tell you now."

Restraint left him; reason left him; everything left him but his love for the girl in front of him.

He took her savagely into his arms and kissed her again and again.

"I hate you because you belong to me and I can't have you," he said. "I hate you because I love you and you're Buck's daughter. I hate you because you will not stay ashore—you make me dread the night I'll see you out at sea."

Betty wrenched herself loose and struck. Don saw the blow coming, and welcomed it. He didn't feel it. He fell and lay quite still. Betty stood over him, quivering with anger. But she was frightened when he did not move.

She knelt down and listened to his heart beat. She was reassured. She took a blanket from the couch, spread it beside him, rolled him over and wrapped the blanket around him. He was all right now. He would sleep. She started toward the door.

Halfway there she turned. Reluctantly she took off the oilskin slicker and threw it on the floor. She took a pillow from the couch and slipped it beneath Don's head.

Again she dropped to her knees beside him. She looked long at his face, a peaceful face now, a gentle face yet strong, at his curly hair, at his huge hands.

Suddenly she took one of his hands in hers and kissed it swiftly. And the tears gushed from her.

"Oh, damn you!" she said. "Damn you, damn you, damn you!"

The fire died down after a time. The room grew chill. Betty got up from the floor and went through the house looking for Don's red bath robe. . . . .

It was many weeks before Don saw Betty again, though he hunted through Cape Cod everywhere for her. October and November passed as swiftly as the flocks of wild geese that streaked through the skies dripping weird nostalgic music on the earth. December was cheerless, foggy, and chill. There was no sign of her on land or sea.

Don slept badly. He smoked too much. He seldom laughed. His men complained that he was a sorehead. And one day McGinty resigned. Don felt all alone in the world then. True, there was Inez; and Inez still expected him to marry her. But he believed he never could marry her.

"It wouldn't be right," he told himself a thousand times. "I'm too much in love with Betty Laurie to marry anyone else."

Then too he blamed Inez for "putting him on the spot." She had complicated matters so that he couldn't make love to Betty, couldn't even explain to her.

He felt that he might have stood all this grief had McGinty stayed in the service.

IT was some consolation to work—and, when not working, to tinker with the boat McGinty had captured.

He had spent much time on her since the government had claimed her, overseeing her engines, making changes in her wheelhouse, shifting her batteries, giving her a new coat of paint.

"A sweet job," McGinty had said. "If we shift her batteries, sir, to give her more speed, she'll be the fastest thing in the water."

And she was fast. She could do thirty-eight knots an hour.

It was such a trivial thing that had induced McGinty to resign. He had asked for a permanent rating and had been denied.

"They don't want a regular guy to make permanent," McGinty had explained, "because it would show up the commissioned officers. And look who's preferred for permanent. Corderlo! A blackguard of a Portygee. Galloping ghosts! I'm through."

"Sorry," Don had said. "Going to run rum?"

"Sure"—and McGinty had thrust out his hand. "What else is there to do? Sure I'll run rum, lieutenant—and take a chance you and me never meet out there."

Don felt it was almost desertion. Yet he could not blame the man.

They had been on the captured boat when they said good-by, with a nod of the head and shake of the hand.

They had finished mounting the machine guns fore and aft, and installed the radio apparatus. Then McGinty had bitten into a fresh plug, and packed his things, and gone.

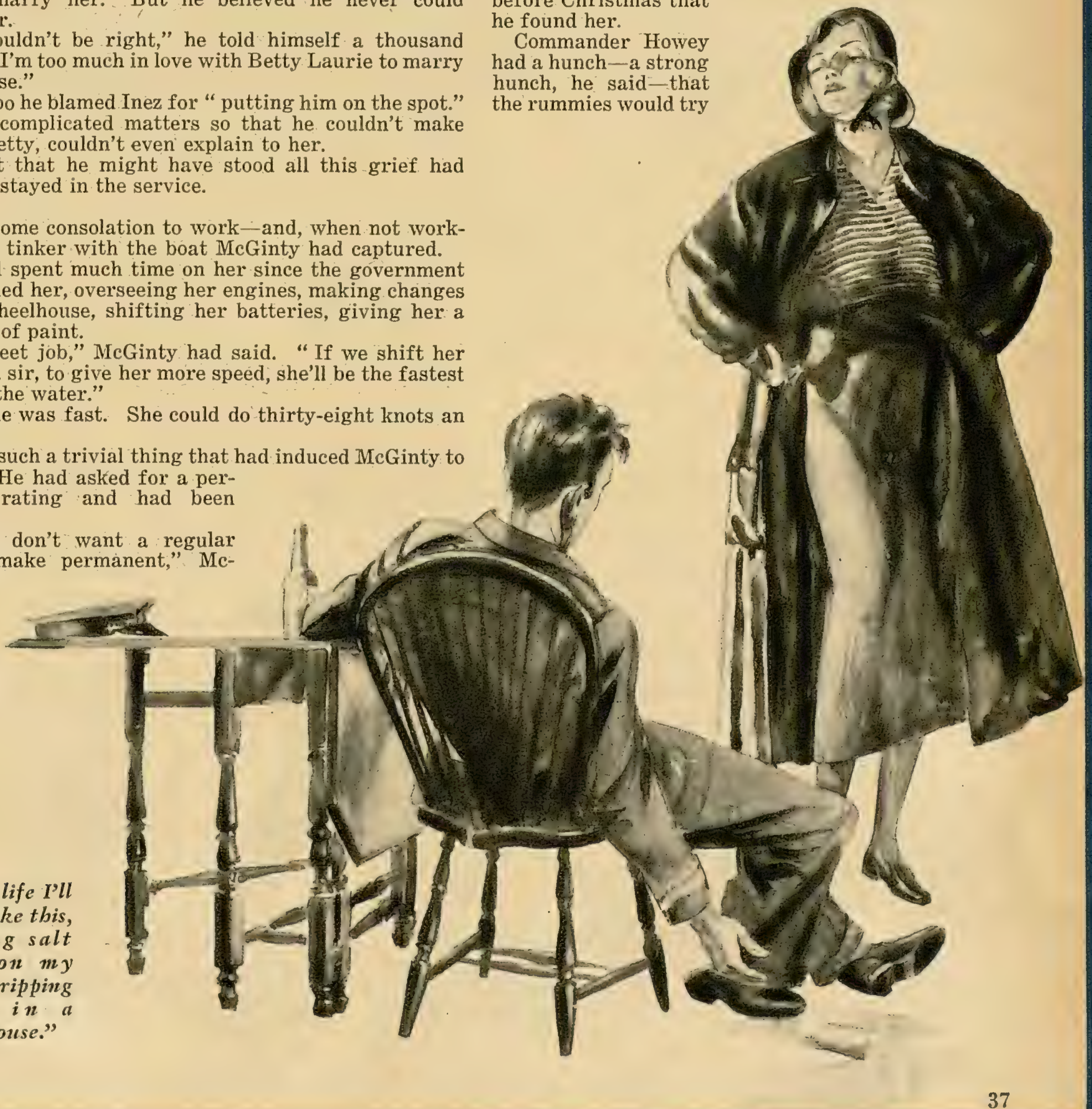
Since that day a one-pounder had been fastened to the deck and the hatches had been filled with ammunition.

The boat had proved its value once when it went to the rescue of the liner Selig Adler and took off a crew of seven. It had showed its speed on two occasions when it easily overhauled fast rum boats.

Don spent as much time in the boat as he could. He sensed that it wouldn't be on land he would find Buck's daughter, but on her father's boat.

It was a few days before Christmas that he found her.

Commander Howey had a hunch—a strong hunch, he said—that the rummies would try



"All my life I'll see you like this, dripping salt water on my carpet, dripping blood in a wheelhouse."

to land their holiday liquor at Horseneck Beach. Don believed it possible, and gave instructions to Cahoon, McGinty's successor.

It was just a little before three o'clock in the morning that Don, alert and anxious on deck, heard the sighing of motors—motors with silencers on the exhaust.

" Stations, everybody! " he called. " Up anchor. Stand by. Ready with the lights. Gunner, give her three blanks first. If she doesn't stop, shoot to kill."

The swishing sound of a speed boat cutting through the waters grew clearer and clearer.

" She'll come close to our starboard bow, sir," Cahoon said.

" Get under way. Slow. Let him get ahead of us—then open her wide and chase him to hell if you have to."

A boat went roaring by.

" Lights! " shouted Don.

This was the thing he loved—action, danger, the chase. It shut out tamer things—love, pain, and bitter memories.

The Coast Guard boat's great beam cut through the darkness, fingering the craft ahead. Another light shot upward, revealing the Coast Guard pennant.

" Three blanks, gunner," Don said.

His voice was calm, but fierce emotions rioted within him. That boat wouldn't stop. Don felt it. Its deck was piled too high with liquor sacks. It would be impossible to dump it all. To stop meant to lose the liquor and the boat. To stop was to go to jail.

The gun spoke once, twice, thrice; and as though the shots were a signal for a race, the rum boat spurted ahead.

" Crowd her," Don called. " Crowd her! Keep that light on her, Phillips. Don't let her lose you by an inch."

Neither boat seemed to have any advantage. The pursued, heavily laden, could not shake off her pursuer.

" How fast are we going, boatswain? "

" Thirty-five, sir. But she's warming up."

The fugitive made a wide circle, headed back to sea. Don circled sharply, and gained.

" Give him three more blanks," he ordered.

The gunfire didn't stop the boat. And now Don, looking through his glasses, saw a figure climbing over the sacks of liquor to the stern. He had a rifle. He was kneeling.

" Fire! " Don shouted.

A SHELL went whistling toward the rummy. It overshot the mark.

The Coast Guard was gaining moment by moment.

Another shell was fired. It was short.

The figure with the rifle came a little clearer into focus, but Don could not identify him.

" That may be Buck," he thought. But he had entertained that thought so many times on so many dark nights in the last year that he was skeptical.

He saw the rifle flash. Glass cracked on the deck. Splinters of glass flew. One of them cut Don's cheek.

" The pennant light's out," Phillips called.

" Man the machine guns! Fire into those liquor sacks."

Close and closer they drew to the rummy. The rifleman left his post and ran for the wheelhouse. If he were Buck he had escaped the blast of machine-gun fire.

But the boat had caught that volley. Glowing tracer bullets were showering the burlap sacks, breaking bottles, setting the liquor afire. The heat of the burning alcohol caused other bottles to burst. Above the roar of motors and machine guns Don heard the popping of many corks.

The entire after part of the boat was blazing now; but she sped on, a meteor roaring through the black sea, flames licking at the black sky. Don held his breath in admiration, then gave the order that somehow he had feared he must give.

" Gunner, fire on the wheelhouse! "

THE one-pounder went into action again, adding its voice to the machine guns. Red-hot slugs went through the armor plate. Don saw them go.

The machine guns stopped.

" Starboard gun jammed," a voice called.

Don sprang to it, examined it, found it useless.

" Keep that port gun going! " he roared, and ran to see why it had stopped firing.

" My hands are blistered," Ryan said.

Don shoved him roughly away and took the gun. It was hot but he didn't mind. He emptied the drum, slipped in another, fired again, and stopped long enough to put his glasses to his eyes. The boat was slowing.

" Cease firing."

The man at the one-pounder called a cheerful " Aye, aye, sir," and lit a cigarette.

" Run her alongside," Don directed Cahoon.

There might be a chance to put out those flames and to salvage some evidence.

The rumrunner had stopped. She rolled, helpless, awaiting her end. The Coast Guard craft drifted close to her, the men trying not to mind the smoke and the reek of burning alcohol and burlap and paint.

Don stood on the bow. It would be impossible, he decided, to board her. The heat was too intense, the danger of explosion too imminent. He could see no sign of life, except a crumpled figure on deck.

" Stand by," he bade Cahoon. " If any of them jump we may be able to pick them up."

He waited but nobody jumped. That machine-gun fire must have killed or wounded them all!

" That's a woman," a voice called, a voice close to Don's shoulder. Don turned, saw Zylinsky peering through his glasses.

He put his own glasses to his eyes, spun the adjuster with trembling fingers, let them drop.

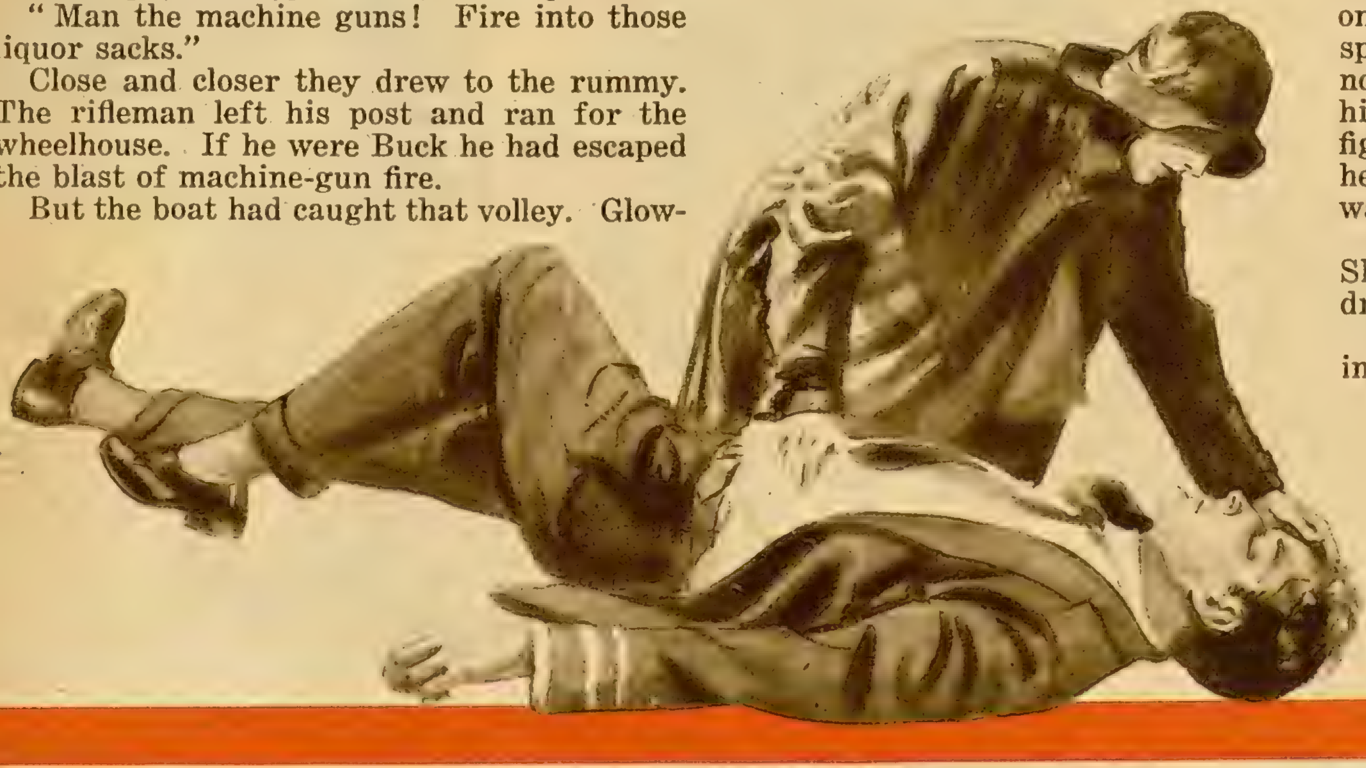
" Lay her alongside," he cried to Cahoon. He unfastened his life belt and ripped off his leather jacket. He kicked off his shoes.

Cahoon skillfully ran under the counter of the blazing rumrunner. The heat was searing, the stench all but unbearable.

Don leaped, landing forward of the wheelhouse. Cahoon went on by. The deck burned the soles of Don's feet. Flames assailed him on all sides. Burning liquor spattered him but he felt nothing. Swiftly he made his way to that crumpled figure. Tenderly he turned her, looked into her face. It was Betty.

He took her into his arms. She was limp, still. Blood dripped on his hands.

He staggered back, waiting for Cahoon to swing



She knelt down and listened to his heart beat. He was all right. He would sleep.

around and take him off. The wheelhouse door burned through and tongues of flame leaped at him. He reeled away, but not until he had seen McGinty.

McGinty was propped against the wheel. There was a smile on his face, a bullet hole in his temple. At his feet sprawled the body of a man with a rifle in his hands.

For only a moment Don gazed on this ghastly vision. The next moment he realized it was no longer possible to remain on the boat. But he could not help staying long enough to cry out:

"So long, Squinty. Your own boat, your own friends—forgive us!" He leaped into the sea and swam.

. . . . .

Don Mitchell realized he must be getting well. He was growing crankier every day. Little things disturbed him, made him growl. He was used to pain. He was cheerful when the doctor changed his bandages—though he could not help but wince at times. He had grown used to the fact that he must lie in bed all day. He read for hours—newspapers, detective-story magazines, books Inez had sent him.

Frequently he had the bed adjusted so that he was almost sitting up, and he would stare for hours through his window at the sea, wondering about the ships upon it, and the men on them.

Slowly they went across the narrow pane. A barge once took half an hour to cross that ridiculous space.

Inez came frequently. Betty he had seen but once. She came into the ward quietly. He had not seen her at first; he was lying back on his pillow, eyes half opened, watching a rusty freighter creep across the pane.

There was a mist in her eyes, where he had never seen mist before.

"It is too dreadful to think of you here," she said quietly. She had put one white hand on the counterpane.

Don smiled at her.

"I'll be out of here soon," he said. "I'm glad these bandages hide most of my face. It looks like the devil. You're all right?"

"All right. But if your boatswain hadn't poured that whisky on my arm, the doctors said, I might have died."

"You weren't burned at all, they tell me."

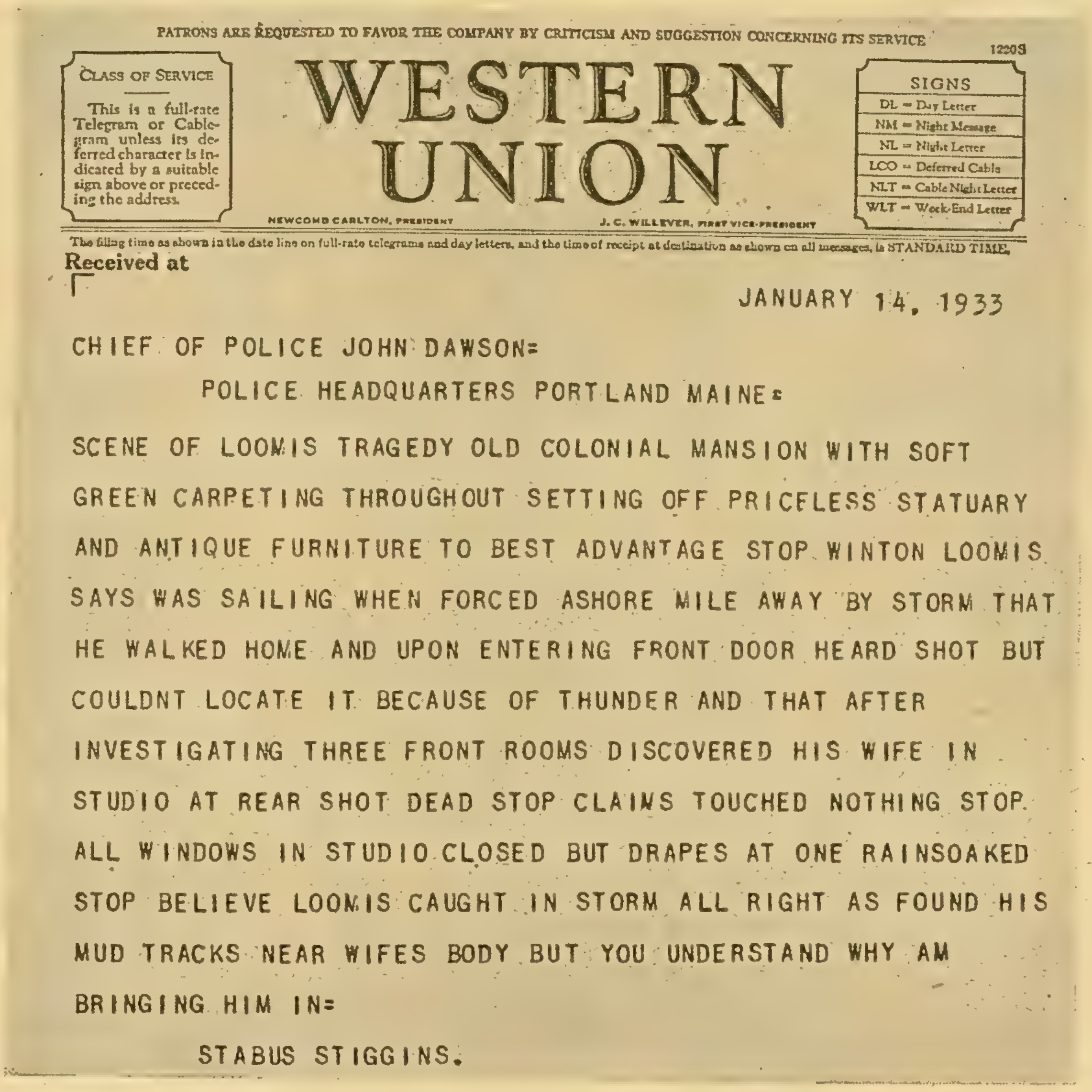
"Not at all. I don't know why, unless it was that the spray kept me wet while I lay there. I was only wounded. But if it hadn't been for you—"

It seemed to Don that she was about to lose control of herself.

He moved a bandaged hand toward hers and laughed. "That's all right. It was nothing."

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although absolutely clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?



PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

1220S

CLASS OF SERVICE
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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

JANUARY 14, 1933

CHIEF OF POLICE JOHN DAWSON=
POLICE HEADQUARTERS PORTLAND MAINE=

SCENE OF LOOMIS TRAGEDY OLD COLONIAL MANSION WITH SOFT GREEN CARPETING THROUGHOUT SETTING OFF PRICELESS STATUARY AND ANTIQUE FURNITURE TO BEST ADVANTAGE STOP WINTON LOOMIS SAYS WAS SAILING WHEN FORCED ASHORE MILE AWAY BY STORM THAT HE WALKED HOME AND UPON ENTERING FRONT DOOR HEARD SHOT BUT COULDNT LOCATE IT BECAUSE OF THUNDER AND THAT AFTER INVESTIGATING THREE FRONT ROOMS DISCOVERED HIS WIFE IN STUDIO AT REAR SHOT DEAD STOP CLAIMS TOUCHED NOTHING STOP ALL WINDOWS IN STUDIO CLOSED BUT DRAPES AT ONE RAINSOAKED STOP BELIEVE LOOMIS CAUGHT IN STORM ALL RIGHT AS FOUND HIS MUD TRACKS NEAR WIFES BODY BUT YOU UNDERSTAND WHY AM BRINGING HIM IN=

STABUS STIGGINS.

The solution will appear in next week's issue.

"How many times you have saved me! And I have hated you so! Oh, you don't know. You can't realize."

The bandaged hand waved all that aside as unimportant.

"I burned my hands on the rail, I guess. Of course the deck blistered my feet, since I had no boots on. But how I got the burns on my face I don't know. Do you?"

She shook her yellow head.

"I don't know," she said. "I heard you coming. I heard you calling me. I tried to get up and go to you—and that's all I know."

"You're not being held on any charges?"

"No. The Coast Guard made no charges. I don't know if you had anything to do with that or not."

"No," Don said. "Mrs. Stuart's father fixed that."

"And I've hated her too."

"She knows," Don said, "that I love you."

"Oh!"

"She's willing to give me up. She heard me raving one night—about you. She's—she's great, Betty."

"Do you, Don?"

Her voice was so low he almost didn't hear her.

"Do I—love you? From the first minute I saw you."

"And I love you too," she confessed. "I never thought I'd tell you. You see—my father—"

"Let's not talk of him now. I don't hate him. Not as I used to. I turned my gun on him that night, not on you. I burned him up with his boat. It's still very real, though it never happened. Can you understand?"

Sudden tears came now.

"Are we always to be like this? We meet suddenly. You save me from sharks, from the sea, from the fire. We make bitter love to each other, you and I—bitter, bitter love. I can't stand it! You and my father must settle this thing that is between you. Until you do—"

"Until we do," Don finished, "and when we do—and perhaps all my life after we do—I shall hate him. Once I swore I would never rest until I'd killed him. Now—"

"Good-by, Don," she said out of a sudden hard silence.

"Good-by," he said. "It is like us, too, that when I learn you love me I can't put my arms around you, can't even lift my head to kiss you, can't speak of anything but hate."

She bent and kissed him quickly on the mouth and left him. He watched her walk to the door. She did not turn.

In next week's concluding installment you will learn how Don Mitchell meets his brother's killer in a thrilling encounter at sea.

Eugene Pallette and Lee Tracy in The Half Naked Truth, a picture showing the ups and the downs of a press agent.

Thrills and

(Reading time: 8 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE cycle of mystery and horror films still rolls along. The popular appetite for the weird and wild has caused the studios to ransack the world for shock and thrill stories.

We had a dose of plain human monstrosities in Freaks.

We got the dual-personality stuff—half saint and half madman—in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; a swell monster in Dracula; and a combination of modern laboratory mysteries and Hindu mysticism in Chandu—all of them giving us delicious thrills or the willies.

We now go back to the parent of all our modern psychic excitements in Universal's big superproduction The Mummy, starring for the first time Boris Karloff.

Karloff looks like an Oriental mystic but is just a nice kindly Englishman.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE MUMMY

CAST

Im-Ho-Tep, Boris Karloff; Helen Grosvenor, Zita Johann; Frank Whemple, David Manners; Professor Muller, Edward Van Sloan; Sir Joseph Whemple, Arthur Byron; Norton, Bramwell Fletcher; Nubian, Noble Johnson; Professor Pearson, Leonard Mudie; Frau Muller, Katheryn Bryon; Doctor, Eddie Kane; Inspector, Tony Marlow.

Directed by Karl Freund.
Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

If you believe in astrology, clairvoyance, and curses, you are going to get a wallop out of this picture. And if you don't believe in any of that stuff, you are going to get a wallop anyway, simply because the darn' thing is so well done.

Boris Karloff was a priest in the Temple of Isis thirty-seven hundred years ago. He fell in love with a vestal virgin, Zita Johann, and was mummified alive and buried with a parchment curse. He is dug up by British archæologists, and Bramwell Fletcher brings Boris to life. He, Bramwell, is killed for his pains.

Boris meets a beautiful half-Egyptian girl—again Zita Johann—and the ancient romance is relived, with the darned old curse raising heck with everybody. The conflict centers around Boris, Zita, and David Manners, her present-day sweetie.

Karloff's make-up as a living mummy is the gol-darnedest thing you ever saw—wonderful! And while his acting is stoically repressed, he invests the character with an uncanny charm.

★ ★ ★ THE HALF NAKED TRUTH

CAST

Teresita, Lupe Velez; Bates, Lee Tracy; Achilles, Eugene Pallette; Farrell, Frank Morgan; Gladys, Shirley Chambers; Farrell's Press Agent, Thomas Jackson; Lew, James Donlan; Colonel Willikens, Robert McKenzie; the Sheriff, Charles Dow Clark.

Directed by Gregory La Cava.
Produced by RKO.

Above and beyond everything else Americans love success. That's why, despite the doubtful ethics of his varied screen professions, Lee Tracy has become the celluloid symbol of the brash, go-get-'em young man who overwhelms all opposition.

We have seen him thus as a reporter and a columnist, and now as the apotheosis of that most outrageous of bell ringers, the press agent. Starting with a little carnival company playing the sticks, he ballyhoos his little troupe—Lupe Velez, Egyptian dancer, and Gene Pallette, handcuff escapist—to New York, where he pulls a series of stunts ranging from

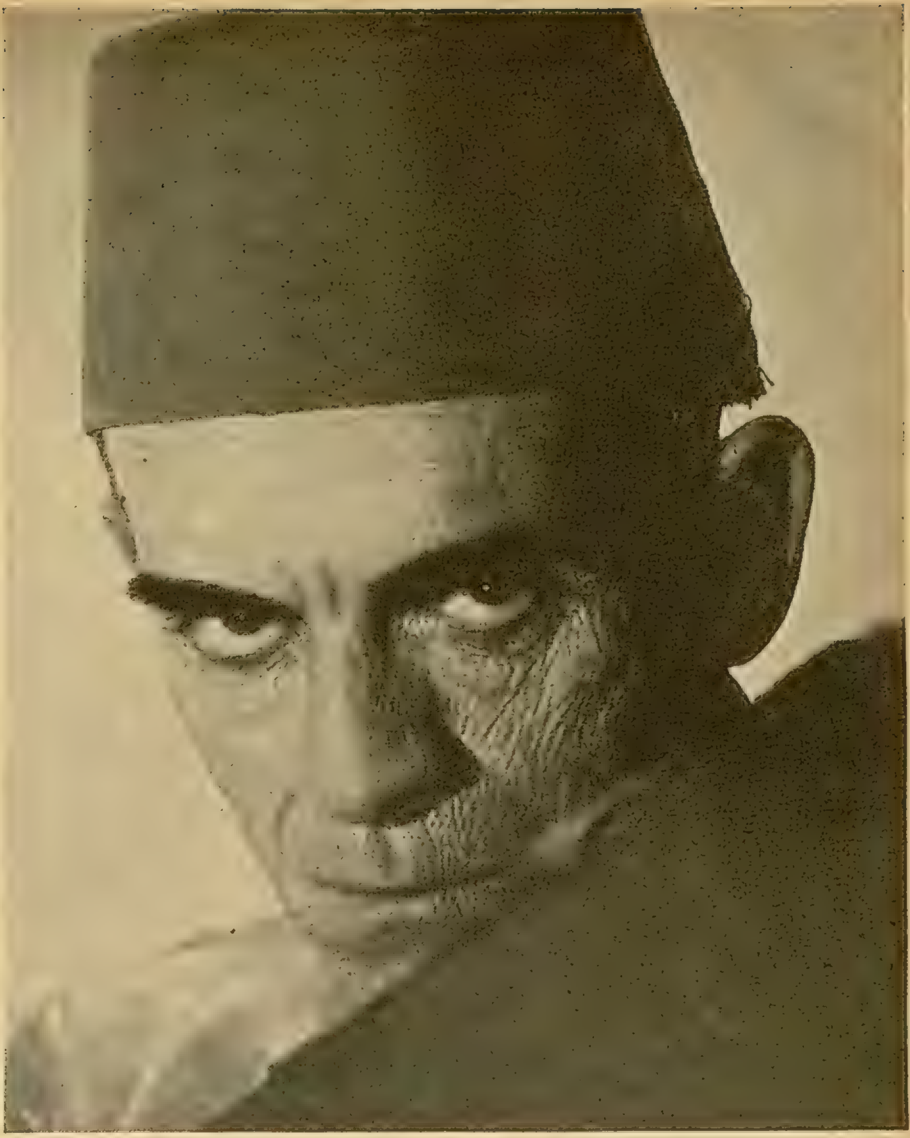
The Devil Is Driving, with Edmund Lowe and Wynne Gibson, shows us a view of the auto-stealing racket.

Boris Karloff Stars in a New Shocker; Lee Tracy's Latest Vehicle, an Underworld Talkie, and a Race Picture

By

ROB WAGNER

Chills!



Another thriller—The Mummy—with Boris Karloff in the title rôle.

Lupe dining with a lion in the Ritz-Plaza to a parade of nudists down Broadway. Lee Tracy is at his best; Lupe Velez is hotcha enough for the jazziest sophomore; Frank Morgan does a nance impresario with fine humor and good taste; and Gene Pallette adds a quiet note of comedy.

★ ★ THE DEVIL IS DRIVING

CAST

Gabby, Edmund Lowe; Silver, Wynne Gibson; Beef Evans, James Gleason; Nancy Evans, Lois Wilson; Buddy, Dickie Moore; Jenkins, Allan Dinehart; the Dummy, George Rosener; Mac, Guinn Williams; Bill Jones, Charlie Williams; Dolan, John Kelly; Ticker, Francis McDonald; Fritz, Tom Kennedy; the General, Little Billy.

Directed by Ben Stoloff.
Produced by Paramount.

Motion pictures are gradually putting us hep to every angle of the crime racket. This story is laid in one of those huge downtown garages where cars are ramped up eight and ten floors. The crooks get an order for a sedan; they go forth, steal one, hurry it up to the paint shop on the top floor, and in ten minutes disguise it beyond recognition.

On the roof of the garage is a penthouse speakeasy, and the curious marriage of these two establishments furnishes fast-moving drama in which naughty Eddie Lowe, a rough garage mechanic, and Wynne Gibson, still naughtier a speakeasy lady, smartcrack each other into true love. Jimmie Gleason furnishes additional laughs, Lois Wilson the beauty note, and Dickie Moore the heart interest.

★ FAST LIFE

CAST

Sandy, William Haines; Shirley, Madge Evans; Burton, Conrad Nagel; Jameson, Arthur Byron; Bumpy, Cliff Edwards; Halstead, Warburton Gamble; Mr. Williams, Kenneth Thomson; Van Vriken, Albert Gran; Sherman, Ben Hendricks.

Directed by Harry Pollard.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

There seems to be but one formula for a race story—poor boy goes to work in speed king's factory, invents gadget, and falls in love with daughter; enter heavy who separates lovers and steals invention; comes big race; looks bad for speed king, but hero boy jumps in, drives to victory, saves speed king's fortune, and wins gal.

That formula was used in practically every auto-race film. In this picture speed boats are substituted for automobiles. Result: After the first reel a child can guess the answer.

Madge Evans, Conrad Nagle, and William Haines in a scene from Fast Life.

William Haines is again pushed back into his old character of the fresh smart-Aleck lad—loved by the gals and hated by the men. Too bad; for in real life Bill Haines is a very personable chap. Conrad Nagel is seen in his perennial prig part. Madge Evans is the gal. Cliff Edwards, as a dumb-bell foil for Bill, furnishes the comedy relief.

The old story is punctuated with incredible situations. Yet the preview audience laughed, so who am I?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past six months

★★★★—Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy.

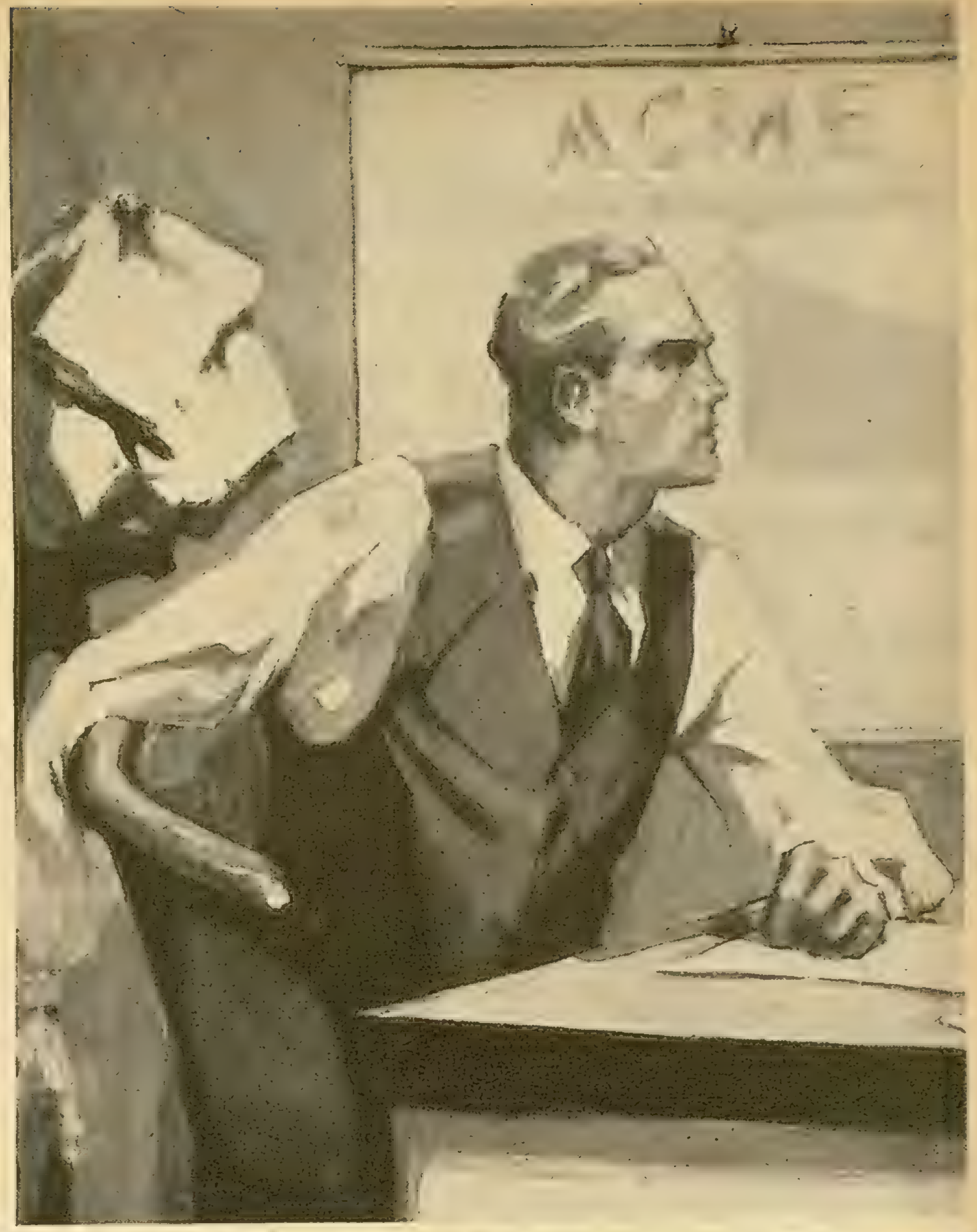
★★★—Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse.

A PRIZE FIRST STORY

By ALFRED FERNELIUS

The Light of Battle

Pictures by CARL PFEUFER



The big Finn glanced at his companions for support.

(Reading time: 27 minutes 45 seconds.)

MATTHEW W. NICHOLS, the tall and taciturn press boss at the Acme Steel Products Corporation, barely had time to glance at the production sheet on his worn desk when big Otto Kurki, the Finn, followed by three other towering press hands, clumped into his office, otherwise known as the galley.

The press boss raised his graying head from the sheet. "What is it, Otto?" he inquired.

The big Finn glanced at his companions as if for support. "Vat for they again cut the prise on the piecevork, Nick?" he asked.

The rickety swivel chair beneath the boss joined in the protest with a complaining squeak as he swung about. "I can't say, Otto," he replied. "Probably it's the depression."

Otto coughed. "Vell, Nick," he began, "the men have hold the meeting, and they have make me and these other guys the committee, vat you call it. And they tell me, 'Otto, you go and tell those vite-collar boys no cut the prise, or ve go on the shtrike.' But I say to them, I say, 'I been vorking for ten year for old Nick,' I say, 'and old Nick,' I say, 'is on the lavel. First, ve go and see him,' I say—" He stopped and stared at the machinist's chart over the boss's head. "So here ve are, Nick."

The corner of Nick's mouth quirked upward. Slowly the resulting expression spread over his seamy face and broke into a grin. "So I see," he observed.

Now, the Acme Steel was one of those modest concerns, found scattered along the water front in Detroit, which cling to the fringes of the profitable automotive industry. It carried about five hundred men on its pay roll, most of whom were hand-picked by the pressroom boss.

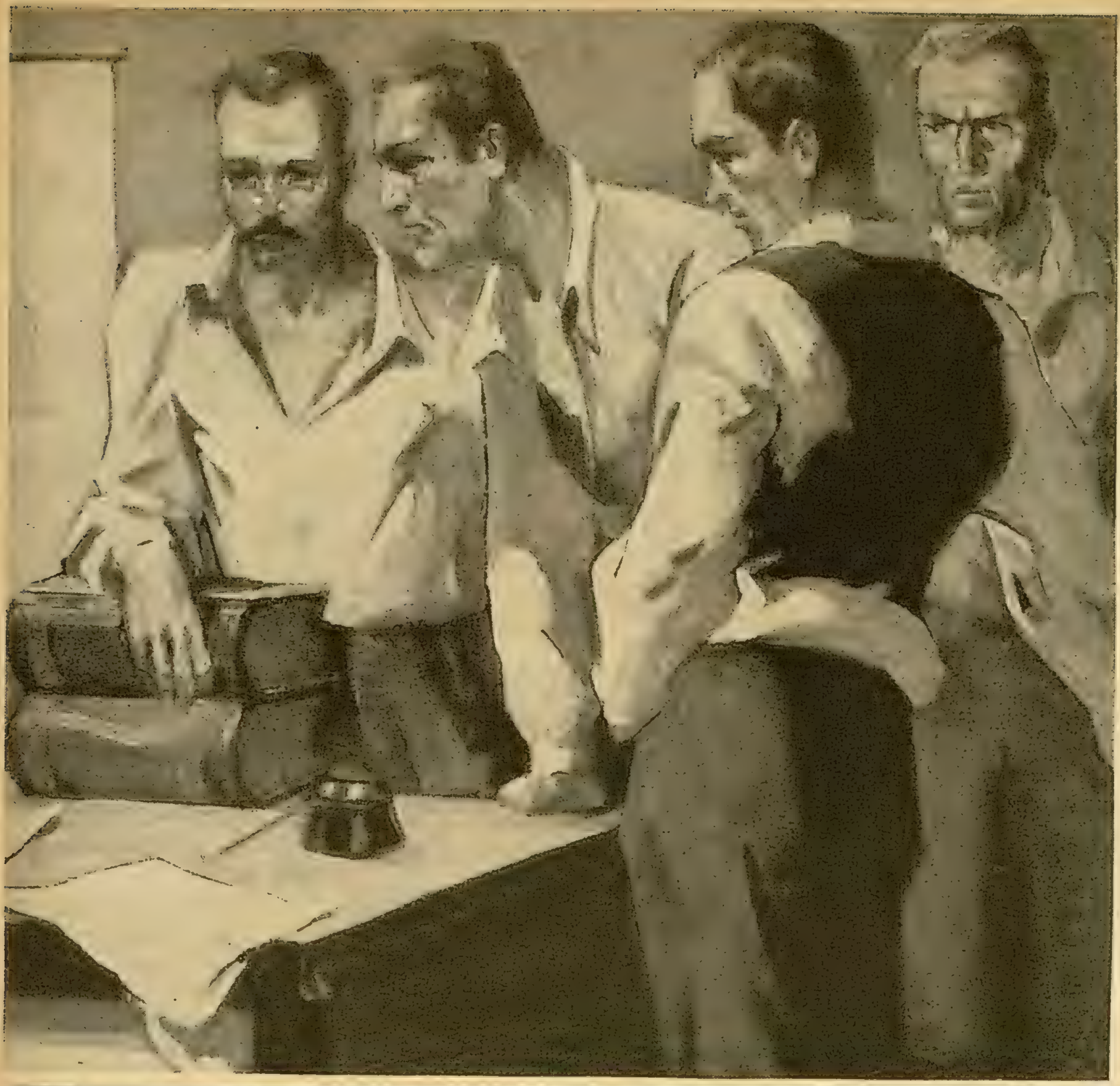
"Tell the men to wait a few days," he instructed the big Finn. "I'll see what I can do."

"You bet, Nick," said Otto. And the committee, vat you call it, clumped out of the galley.

An hour later the press boss walked into the office of Sam McLain, venerable president of the Acme. The president laid his pen away, removed and polished his glasses, and replaced them on his presidential nose.

"Well, Nick, what's on your mind this morning?"

"That last cut is going to raise hob in the pressroom. Wouldn't be surprised if we had a strike on our hands."



"Vat for they again cut the prise on the piecevork, Nick?" he asked.

In Which a White-Collar Chairman Accepts a Challenge and Learns to Respect His Men

"Strike! How can there be a strike with the streets full of idle men?"

"That," responded the press boss dryly, "is probably why Peterman and the others thought they could get away with another cut."

THE president drummed his fingers on the desk top thoughtfully. His position in the firm he had founded had been largely honorary for a number of years. Financial difficulties had forced him to sell controlling interest in the company to Roaring Dick Peterman, whose mission in life was stock manipulation in a conservative way. However, as chairman of the Acme board, he dictated not only the policies of the board but of the pressroom as well.

"The fact is, Nick," said the president, "that Peterman and the others were hit pretty hard by that last slump in the market."

"Well, Sam, one thing is certain! If there's a strike in the pressroom, that Keller job will not be completed by April first."

The president polished his glasses again worriedly. "Nick, do you think you could stall the men off until April first?"

"To be absolutely frank," grumbled the press boss, "I don't like the idea of transferring gambling debts on to the shoulders of honest men. We can't afford to lose the Keller business, so I'd suggest that you call a special session of the board and put it up to them."

"Well, well. Pretty smart, aren't you?" said old Sam. "But, Nick, I'm afraid you won't get away with it. You've passed the buck to me before. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I'll arrange the battle, if you want to do your own fighting."

"I've been hankering to sink my teeth into Peterman and his yes men for some time," grumbled the press boss. "Why, if any of those boys ever strayed into the pressroom they'd get lost. Not that they would be of any use down there, but, at that, they might learn something about the business they're trying to manage," he growled, and went out.

ON the following afternoon Richard Peterman, tall, heavily built, and noticeably paunched, greeted the press boss at the Acme Steel with a hearty "Hello, Nick, you old crow," as the sparish superintendent came into the board room and seated himself at the table around which were duly gathered the other three members of the board and Sam McLain. "How's everything down in the pressroom?"

"Not so good."

"Sam tells me that gang of hunkies you've got down there are threatening to run the place." The chairman blew a cloud of smoke at the ceiling and hooked his arm over the back of his chair.

"Might not be a bad idea," growled the press boss.

Jacob Tingley, who looked like an art critic and wore a braid on his critic-ish glasses, leaned back in his chair judicially. "Do you know what I think is the matter down there, Nick? It's the confounded radicals."

"You might throw in a couple of Ku Kluxers for good measure," came back the press boss dryly.

The chairman laughed. "I suppose that last rate cut is causing the trouble, eh, Nick? But, hang it all, our men are some of the best-paid men in the business."

"They should be," said the press boss. "They're some of the best pressmen."

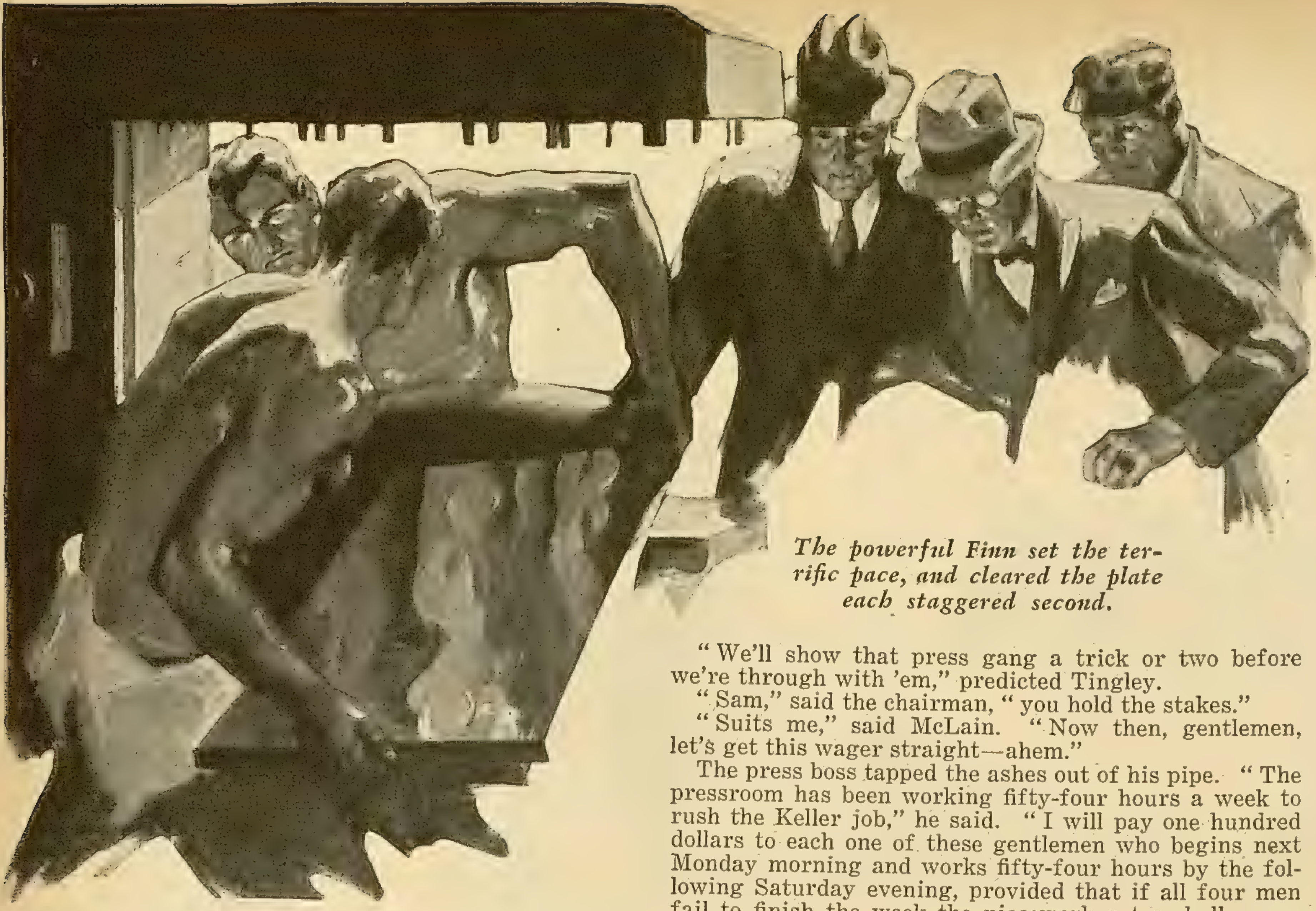
Walter Greenleaf, senior member of the board, who was lanky and sad like a Kentucky hound, yawned. "When is this strike slated to begin?" he asked.

"That depends on you gentlemen."

"Now, look here, Nick. Why can't you stall them off until the Keller job is finished?" demanded the chairman peremptorily. "Everybody in the business is cutting wages."

The press boss fumbled through his pockets, produced a curved-stem pipe, filled it thoughtfully from a leather pouch, applied a match to it leisurely, and extinguished the match with a puff of sooty smoke. "Well," he said, "I can try it." He settled the crown with his thumb. "You realize, of course, that if there's a strike in the pressroom the Keller contract will go haywire."

The slight, well dressed fourth member, Phil Pemberthy, brought his well manicured fist down on the table.



The powerful Finn set the terrific pace, and cleared the plate each staggered second.

"Your men must be idiots to plan a strike at a time like this," he fumed. "Why, we can replace the whole gang in a week if necessary."

"Perhaps so," puffed the press boss unperturbed. "But we can't complete delivery on the Keller contract by April first with green men. Furthermore, every man in the gang is a topnotch producer, and entitled to top wages."

"But top wages today are not what they were six months ago," said the chairman pointedly. "Labor always expects to share in the profits and let the boss shoulder the losses."

"Exactly what losses do you mean?" asked the press boss.

"More than half of the industrial plants in the country are idle," Greenleaf said.

"How about the men who worked in 'em?"

"That's neither here nor there," snapped the chairman. "Our men have not been idle."

"Then there shouldn't be any losses."

"But, damn it," roared Peterman, "we can't have the pressroom dictating the policies of the company! And as far as we're concerned the rates will stand, if we have to come down there and run the presses ourselves."

"And may the Lord have mercy on the presses."

"Is that so?" The chairman bristled so that the words sounded like the spitting of an angry cat. And McLain said, "Tut, tut."

"Why, you old hoot owl, I'll just bet you I can put in a day's work alongside of the best hunky you have in the shop."

"You!" said Nick, and chuckled so dryly that the cackles seemed to curl up along the edges like dry leaves. "A week in the pressroom would put all four of you into bed for a month." The Acme board sat bolt upright. "I'll just bet each one of you one hundred dollars against a ten-per-cent raise for the pressroom that you won't last one week."

"Done!" cracked the chairman like a rifle.

"Bosh," said Pemberthy. "It's a lot of foolishness."

"Be a sport, Phil," said the chairman.

This shot was well aimed; and Pemberthy was sunk.

"We'll show that press gang a trick or two before we're through with 'em," predicted Tingley.

"Sam," said the chairman, "you hold the stakes."

"Suits me," said McLain. "Now then, gentlemen, let's get this wager straight—ahem."

The press boss tapped the ashes out of his pipe. "The pressroom has been working fifty-four hours a week to rush the Keller job," he said. "I will pay one hundred dollars to each one of these gentlemen who begins next Monday morning and works fifty-four hours by the following Saturday evening, provided that if all four men fail to finish the week the piecework rates shall go up ten per cent."

"How about the amount of work?" asked the stakeholder.

"That will be taken care of," replied the press boss grimly.

"Is that agreed, everybody?"

"Right," said the chairman.

The press boss was on his feet. "Don't forget, gentlemen, the pressroom is not on banking schedule. Seven o'clock we start." He walked out.

"Well, boys, we've bagged the old gray fox this time," announced Peterman. "Darn' old reprobate. Why, he lost everything but his shirt in the market himself."

PROMPTLY at seven o'clock on Monday morning the Acme board of yawning directors, all dressed in brand-new overalls and headed by the chairman, pushed open the wooden door of the superintendent's office in the pressroom and filed in.

The press boss sized up the lot. "If I were you," he said to Tingley, "I'd remove that braid from those glasses and leave that derby here in the office. They don't go well with those pants. Besides, you might get mobbed down below."

Peterman laughed and prepared to light a cigar.

"No smoking in the pressroom at any time," reminded the press boss. "Orders from the management, you know."

The management put the cigar back into his pocket.

"Wait here a minute." The boss went out. And the board members promptly lit cigars.

The chairman glanced about. "This office is a disgrace to an up-to-date concern," he said. "What do you say we pool our winnings on this deal and fix it up?"

"Not a bad idea," said Greenleaf.

The press boss hunted up Joe Reynolds, the broad and hammered-down floor boss, to whom he explained the whole situation. "And, Joe," he finished, "don't let 'em do too much damage, and try not to let 'em get injured. But make 'em work. Understand? Sam and I will answer for your job."

"O. K., Nick," said Joe doubtfully.

"Well, lead us to it," boomed the chairman when Nick stepped back into the smoke-filled galley.

"Report to Reynolds down below," ordered the boss shortly. "And, incidentally, we do our smoking in the privy down here in the pressroom."

He grinned happily in the doorway as he watched them barge down the aisle. Then he sent for Otto.

"Otto," he said, when the big Finn came in, "I'm not sure, but I think the piecework price goes up ten per cent next week."

"You bet, Nick. That's *kukkeli kuu.*"

"What's that?"

"For the Finn langwich that means O.K.," explained Otto, hurrying away.

WELL, a modern sheet-metal press is designed primarily for fast production. Feeding steel into its crunching, snorting jaws is hard work, particularly when one is not accustomed to it.

By ten o'clock beads of perspiration rolled down the greasy faces of the new press hands. Fragile backs, unused to anything more strenuous than golf, began to ache, and soft hands to blister.

At twelve o'clock, mopping sweaty brows, they sauntered to one of the lunch wagons, where they bought lunches and, following the informal example set by other pressmen, sat down on a stack of metal to eat.

"Say, Katz"—it was big Otto's loud voice, "Nick tol' me this morning he t'ink the piecework prise go up next veek for ten per sant."

The hungry board postponed lunch temporarily.

"Nick don't often tell no lies," said the man Katz.

"Vat you t'ink, Yeager, maybe those vite-collar boys are learning some brains?"

Yeager selected a sandwich, bit into it, swallowed, and waved the other half at Otto. "Yeah, you watch 'em cut the price when that Keller stuff is delivered."

"That's why," said Katz, "they can't take no gamble on that stuff."

The board resumed lunching but remained silent.

"I see they hired in some men this mornin'," continued Katz.

Yeager selected another sandwich. "Yeah, but they don't look like no press hands to me. Look more like some o' those eggs what lost their eyeteeth in the stock market and have to go to work for a livin'."

"Maybe times getting better. No?"

"Naw; they probably got a drag with the mucky-mucks up in the office. Them capitalists got the country on the bum for good. If some o' them white-collar bozos tried handlin' one o' them presses for a while, they'd lay off some o' that price cuttin'."

"I t'ink so."

For a time only eating was audible. Then:

"What say we go and have a smoke?" proposed Yeager. The men walked away.

Peterman brushed the crumbs from his lap. "Suppose we take a walk to the office and have a smoke?" he said. . . .

At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning Phil Pemberthy limped along the main aisle toward the galley.

"Well?" said the press boss when he saw him.

"Er—Reynolds sent me. I was late," stated Phil.

Nick picked up the receiver of the shop telephone at his elbow and spun the dial.

"Why were you late?"

Pemberthy had dropped a cadwalloper on his foot. Now, as he shifted his weight to that foot, he winced. "I was so darn' stiff I couldn't get out of bed this morning."

Nick turned to the telephone. "Hello, Sam? Nick talking. Pemberthy just showed up. What'll I do with him? . . . Right. Just a second."

"Here." He shoved the phone to Pemberthy, who said, "Hello," and then listened for a moment.

"I know," he said, "the agreement was fifty-four hours." He then hung the receiver back on the hook.

"Thank the Lord," he said to Nick. "I'm fired."

On his way out he obeyed an impulse, which is, perhaps, a part of human nature. He stopped to watch his colleagues at work.

And when they discovered him, they obeyed another impulse and gathered around him.

The chairman looked disgusted. "What's the matter with you? Quit?"

"Nope. Fired."

The hammered-down floor boss appeared as if by magic and barked, "What the hell is this? A directors' meeting?"

Pemberthy made for the door. Peterman looked hard at stubby Joe and said something as he went back to work with the others.

AFTER this, things went along smoothly enough until three o'clock in the afternoon, when the floor boss walked into the galley and leaned against the desk with his hands on his hips.

"One of 'em is sitting down and won't budge, Nick."

"Give him the works, Joe," snapped Nick. "Drive him."

"I did. He told me to go to the devil."

Suddenly the door opened. Framed in the doorway was a dirty shopworn edition of Jake Tingley. He stepped into the galley holding his raw-looking hands awkwardly away from his body, while the end of a filthy bandage, unraveling from one of his thumbs, trailed in behind him.

"I'm through," he croaked. "This whole business is a lot of miserable nonsense."

The press boss grinned. "Why, Jake," he said, "you sound like a confounded radical."

Tingley slammed the door viciously as he went.

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"Can you imagine those dumbheads trying to handle sheet steel with bare hands?" said the floor boss confidentially.

After Tingley quit, the sad and lanky Greenleaf began to manifest a tendency to throw things around. It was not until Wednesday morning, however, that this tendency became pronounced. He slammed things about all morning. Moreover, he appeared to be addressing audible ill-natured remarks to wrenches and other objects. From time to time he held his hands up and glared at them. The knuckles were skinned and the nails ragged and discolored. It all came to a head just as the lunch gong rang at noon. Greenleaf stepped back as the din died away, and looked at his hands once more. Then he glanced about him. Propped against a bench was a sledge hammer. In an instant Greenleaf had grasped the sledge by its long handle and had the business end swinging in a wide arc above his head. Then he threw it. It landed with a glorious crash in a pile of newly pressed panels.

ALFRED FERNELIUS, the author of this story, was born in Calumet, Michigan, and in his thirty-three years of life has been a bell hop, laborer, trombone player, taxi driver, skilled mechanic, and radio broadcaster. He still hopes to become an actor, lawyer, and author. He admits a liking for Shakespeare, Plato, and Bernard Shaw, and confesses that he writes deplorable verse.

The chunky floor boss came running down the aisle. "What's wrong here?" he demanded of the chairman, who had silently viewed the entire procedure.

Peterman pointed, first at the lanky retreating back of Walter Greenleaf, then at the sledge handle protruding from the pile of panels, but remained silent.

Reynolds started for the galley. "Three down and one to go, Nick," he said, as he opened his lunch kit. "Another one just kicked the bucket."

As for Peterman, he went outside and purchased a pair of heavy leather gloves. After all, it takes brains to be even a press hand.

Along in the afternoon the press boss was to be observed standing behind the chairman's back. He pursed his lips thoughtfully as he studied the stop watch in his hand. For Peterman was clicking off standard production with the effortless swing of an experienced hand. He then went back to the galley and sent for Reynolds. "About this man Peterman," he said, when the floor boss came in. "He's going on the Kingsford in the morning. Team him with Novak, and break him in. I want to see if he has anything."

The Kingsford automatic press is rated as a man-eater in pressroom circles. Simply thrust about two square yards of sheet steel into its gaping maw, and it forms, blanks, beads, flanges, trims, pierces, and belches forth the entire side panel of an automobile body, ready for assembly; all in two seconds, at top speed. It is equipped with an automatic safety and timing device, consisting of a safety plate, thirty-six inches wide, which encircles the entire base. A few ounces of pressure anywhere on this plate locks the whole mechanism instantly. However, if the timing device is set at a five-second stroke, which is par in any man's shop, and one or both of the operators fail to clear the safety plate within five seconds of the previous stroke, a warning light flashes; thus combining any desired speed with perfect safety.

ON Thursday morning, just before the beginning of the shift, the floor boss conducted the chairman to the new Kingsford in the Acme pressroom, like a tubby tugboat with a magnificent liner in tow.

Reynolds introduced Peterman to Mr. Novak, who was removing his shirt, preparatory for the day's work.

"You no work it the Kingsford machine before, eh, Pete?" asked Mr. Novak, who appraised men entirely by their build, and had mentally decided that Pete looked as if he might make a good Kingsford hand.

Pete shook his head.

"Look, I show it you. I put it in the steel. So. Now I walk it back; you walk it back. Yes? Machine, she come down. Then she come up. So. Now you take it the panel. You hang her up on the hook. Yes? That's all. Easy, eh, Pete?" Mr. Novak held his hands out, palms upward, and shrugged his shoulders. "Now I show it you the safety plate, Pete. You stand it too close to the machine, and she no come down. See? You take it the panel and you walk it back queek. You no walk it queek, maybe Joe she come down and raise hell." Mr. Novak patted Pete on the back.

"We now take it very slow till you learn it how," said Mr. Novak, as the gong rang.

At ten o'clock, however, the floor boss came over and kicked the Kingsford stroke to eight seconds, three seconds short of par, while the chairman removed his shirt and hung it up to dry.

At five o'clock that evening Mr. Novak patted a very tired Pete on the back. "You learn it queek, Pete. Today we take it easy. Tomorrow we work it hard."

On Friday morning Reynolds stepped the stroke interval to six seconds, and later to five.

In the afternoon the press boss was again to be seen, thoughtfully scratching his head, in the vicinity of the Kingsford—the same head upon which the chairman was heaping a variety of choice mental imprecations as he worked savagely to keep that warning light from flashing, albeit showing no outward signs of his mental state.

Then the press boss went back to the galley and finally played his ace. He sent for the star of his brawny staff, big Otto Kurki, the Finn. By dint of much gesturing and painstaking explanation, he eventually succeeded in convincing the slow-witted pressman that the new Kingsford hand was really the big boss himself.

"NOW, you understand, Otto, if he quits or drops dead before five o'clock tomorrow, the piecework price goes up ten per cent."

The big Finn hitched upward on the belt around his narrow hips. "You bet, Nick," he said. "I fix that Mr. Pete, vat you call it, for ten per sant oright." . . .

When the chairman arrived on the job at ten minutes of seven on Saturday morning, Otto was there before him. He took one good look at the formidable shoulders resting on the naked trunk of the giant Finn, and forthwith peeled off both his shirt and undershirt. The bets, he realized, were now on the table.

The Finn's splendid muscles rippled smoothly as he strutted about, a trifle cockily, to see that all was in order. There was, moreover, an ironic gleam in his Nordic eye, and a challenging tilt to his turned-up Finlander nose, for he had just kicked the Kingsford stroke to four seconds. He removed his gloves and tossed them scornfully into a corner, as the grease-coated steel was difficult to grip, while the alligator hide on his calloused paws could easily have withstood the handling of wildcats. Finally he spat ostentatiously into his palm, which means "Let's go" in Finnish as well as other languages.

Try as he might, the chairman now found it impossible to keep the warning light from flashing. The Finn grinned jubilantly as he fed the hungry machine and dexterously cleared the safety plate every fourth second with time to spare.

The Creator, however, had a definite purpose in view when He designed a man so that his head came above his shoulders. The chairman brought his into action. By watching the Finn, he learned that while he was taking two steps forward and two back, Otto was taking only one each way, and reaching over the remaining distance with his cranelike arms. Peterman tried this method with gratifying results; the light immediately ceased flashing.

At nine o'clock the chairman paused to blow his nose. The action was instantly recorded by an empty space on the conveyor at his back, while the Finn took advantage of the respite to step the stroke to three seconds. The chairman swore beneath his breath and improved his stride. Gradually he succeeded in matching the steady rhythm of the big Finn's swinging body. The naked trunks of the men began to glitter with sweat and turned dark blue in the glare of the Cooper-Hewitts. Ten o'clock came and went; then eleven. Stride for stride, the chairman continued to match the tireless pace-setting Finn.

Nick, again hovering in the background, seemed puzzled as the stop watch in his hand confirmed the grueling three-second stroke, and the light on the Kingsford did not flash.

"This man Peterman," he decided, "has something."

Meanwhile the local representative for the Kingsford Engineering Company telephoned the Acme Steel to inquire if the Kingsford machine he had sold them a short time ago would be in operation that afternoon. When informed that it would be, he requested and received permission to demonstrate it to a customer under actual operating conditions.

Toward one o'clock, when the chairman again arrived in the pressroom, every joint in his frame, which during the week had become much less noticeably paunched, was stiff and sore. But in his eyes smoldered the light of battle. The Finn was loudly punishing what he thought was the English language, and threatening by all that was holy to feed the truckers one by one into the Kingsford, if they failed to keep enough stock on the job.

Silently master and servant measured each other across the polished die on the press between them once more. Clang! went the gong, and Otto tossed two yards of twenty-gauge steel into the Kingsford as if it were so much cardboard. Then he signaled the stubby Joe, who threw the relentless Kingsford stroke into top speed. Shades of the Dempsey-Tunney dispute and the brawl at Waterloo! The battle was on in grim earnest. The chairman rallied desperately as the merciless light began to flash again. But always, now, he was just a fraction late on every stroke. Implacably the powerful Finn set the terrific pace, and cleared the plate each staggered second, as if he were a part of the plunging, crashing machine itself.

TWO o'clock stole by. Obviously, now, the pace was beginning to tell, for the prodigiously sweating chairman faltered once or twice as his hands slipped on the greasy metal. He snatched his gloves off and threw them aside. To his credit be it recorded that he gave no thought whatever to the cruel punishment thereafter sustained by his bare hands. Streaks of blood, blue as ink in the glare of the flaming mercury tubes, were left on his face as he brushed the streaming sweat out of his eyes with his bloody hands. A wisp of greasy hair was matted down between his blazing eyes. And his breath came in panting gasps as he nobly staged rally after rally in futile attempts to match the superb pace of the inexorable Finn.

It is doubtful, however, if the group of spectators who had silently gathered behind the chairman's perspiring back saw anything so fantastic. For even the most extraordinary spectacles have a way of changing their meanings to conform with the light you view them in. The Kingsford man, for example, merely saw his product well demonstrated. His customer, Mr. Keller, on the other hand,

"I am so happy my skin is now clear"

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saw a remarkable display of fast production by two powerful-looking press hands. While the press boss, who was guiding them, saw Richard Peterman in an entirely new light. As for the chairman himself, he saw only the light that still flashed at every stroke of the press.

But one of the qualities that go to make an outstanding man stand out is the ability to think fast when hard pressed. The chairman was so busy thinking his way out of a bad speculation that he even failed to see the admiring spectators. What he did see was a niche at the extreme base of the machine, which was designed to allow clearance for the anchor bolts fastening the press to its concrete foundation, and which was just wide enough for a toe hold. By placing one foot in the niche and the other far enough back to clear the plate, the chairman, in effect, fed the safety device to the dogs.

Moreover, by giving each panel a toss, and gripping it by the lower edge, the chairman found he could twist from the hips and reach the hook on the conveyor behind him without moving from his position. This, of course, saved time, and once again the warning light ceased flashing. True, he fully realized that he was momentarily in danger of having his hands snapped off like toothpicks in the crashing press. But then, a man who sees things purely in the crimson light of battle is prone to disregard such minor details.

HOW successful the new method might have been, considering the additional strain placed on the chairman's already overtaxed and tortured muscles, God only knows. The press boss, however, wouldn't leave it to Him. For a moment or two he was struck immovable by the spectacle of a man who coolly and deliberately gambled life and limb in order to prove that he was capable of a day's work alongside of the best hunky in the shop. Then he leaped for the safety plate. "You blankety-blank gambling idiot!" he barked. "You win! Get the hell out of here to where you belong."

As the chairman stepped back, the sudden muscular reaction caused him to stagger and lurch heavily against Mr. Keller, who was standing behind him. The impact forced Mr. Keller to grab frantically for his glasses, which he managed to save, although his hat went rolling along the floor.

"Look here, my man," he snapped irritably, "why don't you look where you're going?"

The press boss, fearing an explosion which would blow the valuable Keller business up through the roof, quickly interposed. "Mr. Keller," he said, "I want you to meet Mr. Peterman, chairman of the Acme board."

Mr. Keller opened his mouth several times as if to acknowledge the introduction. Finally he murmured something. The chairman floundered for something to say. "I—well, I guess I'll go and wash up," he managed.

"You see, gentlemen," cut in the press boss, "Mr. Peterman has been demonstrating to the pressroom that the Kingsford can be successfully operated at a two-second stroke."

The Kingsford man looked at the chairman admiringly and exclaimed, "How splendid!" Mr. Keller offered him his hand. Peterman hastily wiped his own off on his overalls and then shook it.

The grease and dirt on the chairman's face broke into queer-looking creases. Evidently he was trying to grin. Then he started for the washroom.

The big Finn tapped the press boss on the shoulder. "Say, Nick," he said, "you got it that Mr. Pete, vat you call it, all wrong. *Saamari soikoon*, he ain't no vite-collar boy at all."

"Cost me a hundred bucks to learn that, Otto," grumbled the boss.

However, at its next regular meeting the Acme board unanimously voted a five-per-cent raise on all piecework rates in the pressroom, not to mention a complete renovation of the superintendent's office. It seems that even the cast-iron convictions of a board member will show a rusty coat of compromise when exposed to the corroding qualities of perspiration. And that's no moral.

THE END

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After Jack had recited the list of sicknesses he had suffered, Edward, not to be outdone, burst forth with:

"Well, I've had measles, and chickenpox, and mumps, and—warts!"—Mrs. Livingston Myers, 10 East Sixteenth Street, Portland, Oregon.

Pointed

MARTHA heard her aunt telling her mother she was going to have her gold wedding ring changed to a platinum band.

"Why are you going to do that, Aunt Emma?" she asked.

"Because it's the very latest thing in wedding rings."

"But," said Martha earnestly, "you aren't the very latest thing in brides!"—Mrs. Jeanette Ditto Bauer, 103 East Tenth Street, New York, N. Y.

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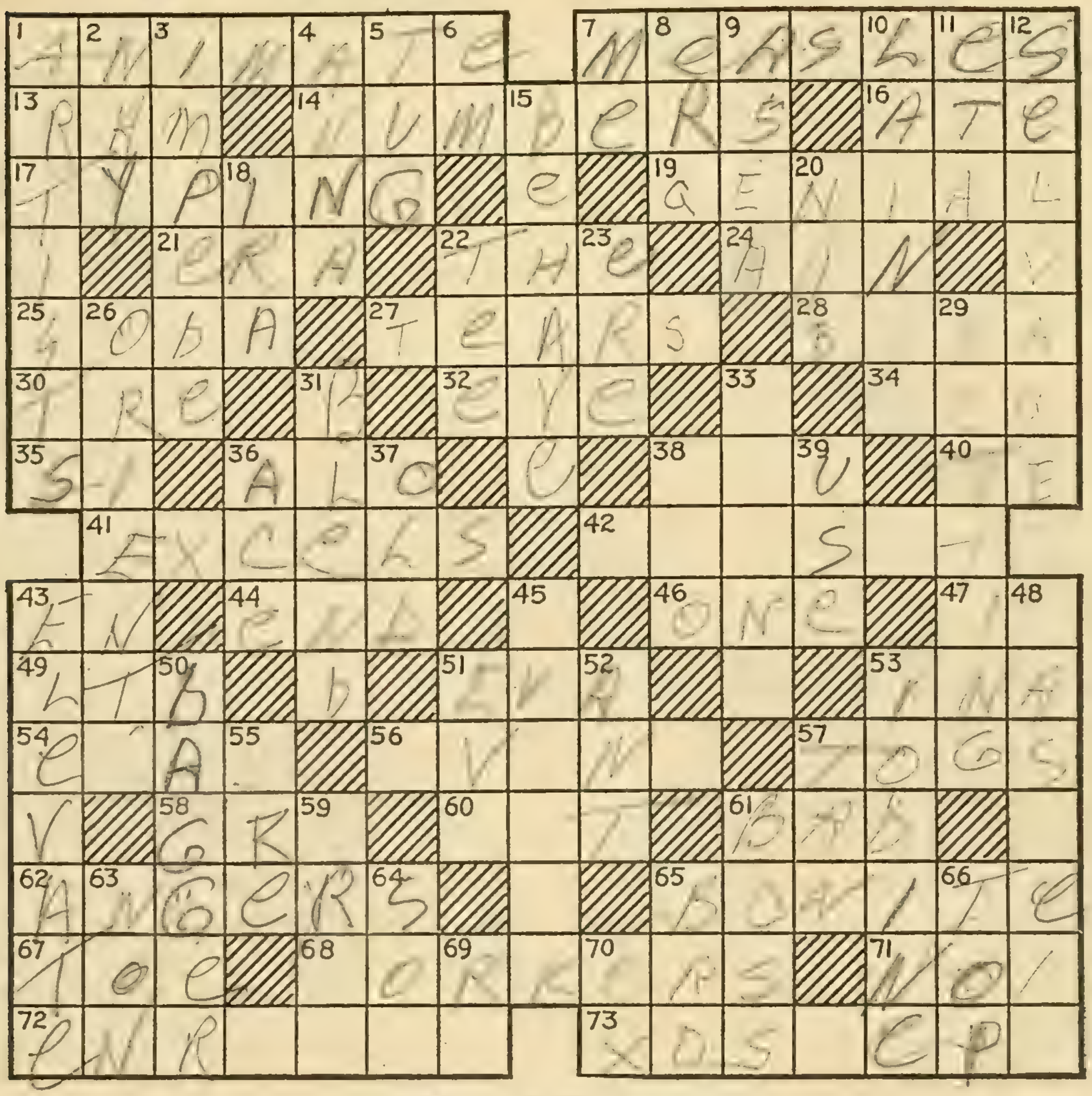
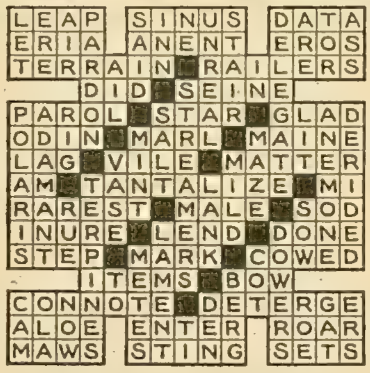


HORIZONTAL

1 Enliven
7 Contagious fever
13 Batter
14 Enumerates
16 Consumed
17 Secretarial work
19 Pleasant
21 Period
22 Definite article
24 Own (Scotch)
25 Alkaline compound
27 Saline liquid
28 Greek letter
30 Three (Italian)
32 Day before a festival
34 Torn cloth
35 Island near New York (abbr.)
36 Beer
38 Kind of cloth
40 Symbol for rare element
41 Surpasses
42 Learned man
43 Printer's measure
44 Final
46 Cardinal number
47 Germ plasm
49 Form of incorporation (abbr.)
51 Character in Uncle Tom's Cabin
53 Woman's name
54 Jacob's brother
56 Legumes
57 Clothes (slang)
58 Gross (abbr.)
60 Threaded metal block
61 Not good
62 Enrages
65 A fish
67 Front part of hoof
68 Strikers
71 Not
72 Corrodes
73 Minder of geese

VERTICAL

1 Skilled persons
2 No
3 Obstruct
4 Indian coin
5 Jerk
6 Printer's measure
7 Myself
8 Unit of work
9 Bewildered
10 Thong (falconry)
11 Greek letter
12 Edge
15 Act suitably
18 Man's name
20 Point
22 Small mound
23 Before
26 Faces the east
29 Lacework
31 Mix
33 A number
36 Playing card
37 Old age (poetic)
38 Rodent
39 Utensil
43 Raise
45 Away!
48 Base coward
50 Small sword
51 Evening (abbr.)
52 Insect
53 Antiseptic
55 Barren soil (Scotch)
57 Color
59 Eyes (poetic)
61 Master
63 Negative prefix
64 Collection
65 Brother (abbr.)
66 Peak of a hill
69 Denoting equality
70 For example (abbr.)



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LEAP SINUS DATA
ERIA ANENT EROS
TERRAIN■RAILERS
   DID■SEINE
PAROL■STAR■GLAD
ODIN■MARL■MAINE
LAG■VILE■MATTER
AM■TANTALIZE■MI
RAREST■MALE■SOD
INURE■LEND■DONE
STEP■MARK■COWED
   ITEMS■BOW
CONNOTE■DETERGE
ALOE ENTER ROAR
MAWS STING SETS
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 22

1—Oliver.

2—The first means to overspread or fill; the second, to supercool.

3—The electric eel.

4—On March 11, 1811, between Supreme Court Justice Thomas Todd and Lucy Payne Washington.

5—By an Egyptian soldier during the siege of the Turkish stronghold St. Jean d'Acre in 1833.

6—A dugout canoe.

7—Cirrus, cumulus, stratus, nimbus, cirro-stratus, cirro-cumulus, and cumulo-stratus.

8—About 1790.

9—The second.

10—Maude Adams.

11—The Great Wall of China.

12—Three.

13—Denmark.

14—Dr. René Théophile Hyacinthe Laënnec, in 1816.

15—A short, pithy, and instructive saying.

16—All but the tip of the tail, which is jet black.

17—The seat of the English Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords.

18—An alluvial deposit at the mouth of a river.

19—Major Charles W. Whittlesey.

20—A fake.

Answer to Adex question on page 22—*The value of cod-liver oil as a health-builder for people under-par comes from its richness in two factors—Vitamins A and D.*

SQUIBB
ADEX
Tablets
10 D

This winter you need not put off taking cod-liver oil because of the taste...

Under-par? Resistance low? Avail yourself of the famous benefits of an old health-builder—*good* cod-liver oil!

In previous years you may have hesitated to take it. Taste may have stood in your way.

But now the health-giving factors of cod-liver oil can easily and pleasantly be obtained. With *Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!*

A concentrate of the vitamins of cod-liver oil, each Adex tablet provides as much of the factors which promote good general resistance—Vitamins A and D—as *one-half teaspoonful* of cod-liver oil with Viosterol-10 D.

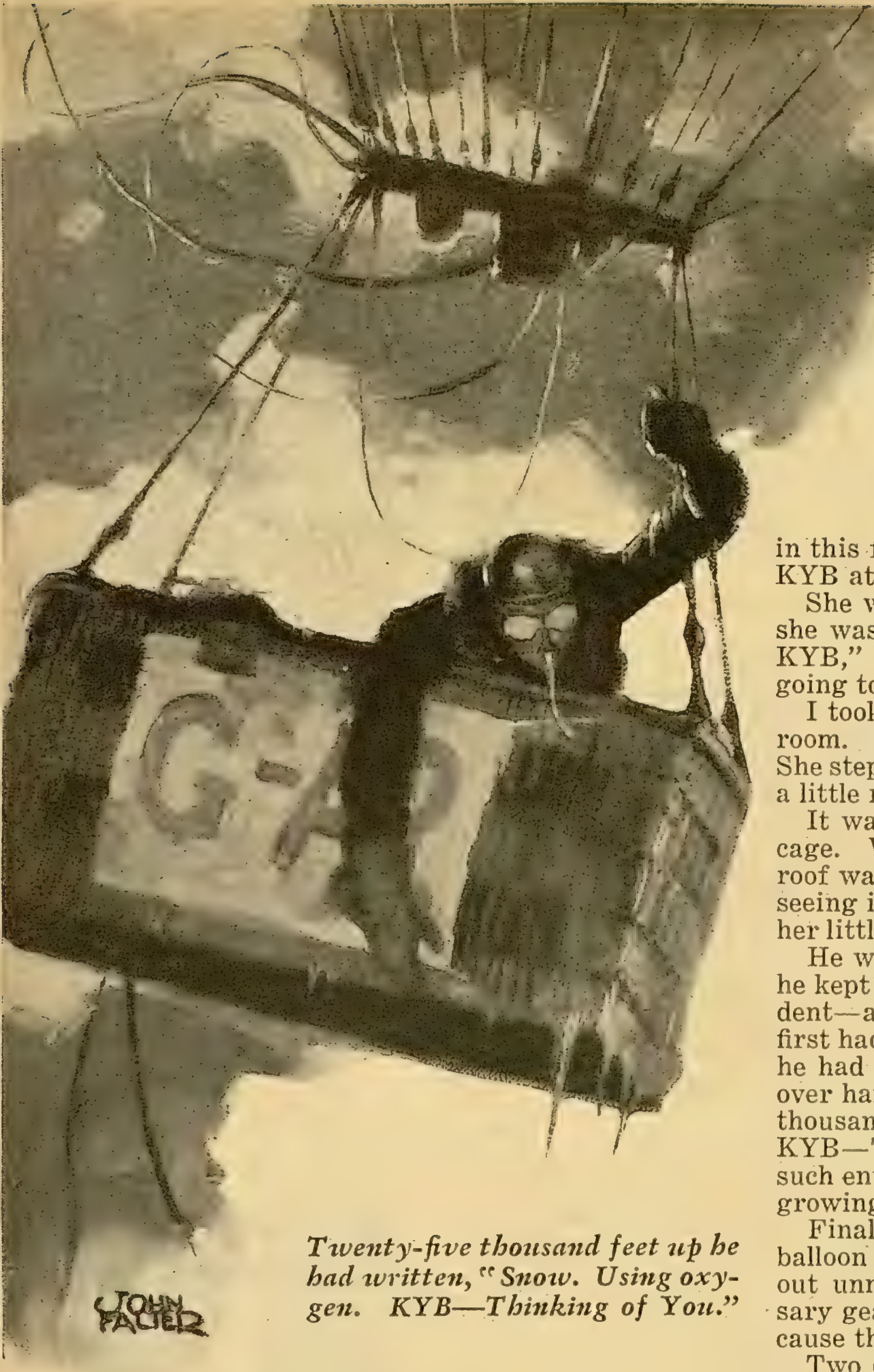
Let them help build you up. Don't delay! Begin with Adex now and keep on taking them *every day.* At any reliable drug store.

SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

By

The

Illustrations by
JOHN FALTER



Twenty-five thousand feet up he had written, "Snow. Using oxygen. KYB—Thinking of You."

(Reading time: 8 minutes 15 seconds.)

SHE came to us at Station KYB, young and fair and with wide violet eyes. She wanted to sing from KYB, that was all! Next Wednesday morning at ten. Skeptically, and a little wearily, we gave her a tryout. She stood straight and slim at the microphone and sang that great love song of Schubert's, Du Bist Die Ruh, and we were silent for quite a moment after that. Then we said that yes, she certainly could sing from KYB some time. But why next Wednesday morning at ten?

She placed a slim finger on red lips and said, "That's a secret; you must tell no one."

She left, and we sent Alan Dunn, our publicity man, on her trail. It did not take him long to find out about her. She was the wife of Lieutenant Jack Leverance of the United States Army Air Corps.

And next Wednesday, at eight thirty in the morning, Lieutenant Leverance was leaving this earth—temporarily—in a free balloon in an attempt to shatter all existing height records.

"He's going up with a lot of scientific jiggers," said Dunn, "because up there a fellow can't breathe. But also," he added triumphantly, "he's taking a small radio receiving set along!"

So we thought we knew pretty well now why Ruth Leverance wanted to sing from KYB Wednesday morning at ten. At ten Jack Leverance would be at the most dangerous moment of his attempt. And—partly, but not altogether, because we saw a pretty publicity stunt in this for KYB—we sent word that she could sing from KYB at ten.

She was trembling a little when she came in, and yet she was like a child. "I told him to keep tuned up on KYB," she said, "but he doesn't even guess what I am going to do!"

I took her to the microphone in the small glass-walled room. Her manner changed; she was no longer a child. She stepped to the microphone, her head high, her manner a little rapt, and began to sing.

It was queer, alone with her there in that little glass cage. We could not see the balloon, of course; a tight roof was over our heads. But all the same we were both seeing it I think. And up to its solitary passenger, from her little glass cage on earth, she poured her soul in song.

He was at that time—we know this from the log that he kept and which was found in the basket after the accident—almost at the apex of his flight. The balloon at first had gone up very fast. Five minutes after the start he had written in the log, "Ten thousand feet. Threw over hand rope. Hear KYB—Water Boy." Twenty-five thousand feet up he had written, "Snow. Using oxygen. KYB—Thinking of You." He had continued to jot down such entries as he rose, in handwriting that was palpably growing weaker.

Finally he had been close to the record height. The balloon now was rising but very slowly. He was bailing out unnecessary equipment and cutting away unnecessary gear with his sheath knife—the knife which was to cause the accident.

Two of his oxygen tanks were empty; he was breathing from the third and last. "Ten five," he wrote now, in a wide wandering script, eloquent of the effect of the terrible altitude. "Forty thousand feet. Sun clock frozen. Sky almost black . . ."

Then into the log went the record of KYB success:

"Ruth's voice!

"Ruth's voice, coming on KYB!

"Ruth singing! Schubert's song—our love song!"

With renewed ardor he had tried to claw himself up still higher. The last entry in the log book shows that. "Ten ten. Forty-two thousand feet! All records shattered! Am going still higher. Cutting away gear with my little knife. Ruth still singing to me!"

And she was! Down here in her glass cage, like a sweet bird. Music and love slung lavishly up the invisible ladder of our air waves to her young husband-lover alone there far up in the sky.

I noticed that Dunn was motioning to me, and I tiptoed out into the hall as she sang on, oblivious.

"Keep her singing," he said. "Don't let on. There's trouble."

I said, "What is the matter?"

"I've heard from the field," he said. "The balloon is in a clear sky again. It's in plain sight, and it isn't coming down. It's just drifting up there. The planes can't reach it. They report there's no sign of life from it. They figure the oxygen tanks must be about empty, and yet it isn't coming down. It's just drifting in a circle up there and there're no signs of life. Keep her singing—don't let on."

JAMES HOPPER

High CALL

The Story of a Wife's Devotion and a Cry that Cheated Death

But—she must have heard us without knowing it, or through the glass partition caught sight of our worried faces, or there may have been a general aura of alarm about. How else could she have known? For now, as I reëntered the small room, suddenly she stopped singing. She turned to me with dilated eyes. "Oh," she cried, "I don't think he hears me any more!"

She stood in the middle of the room, distraught. She made as if to go back to the microphone, and gave that up. Then she did go back to the microphone, and I said soothingly, "Yes, do that. Sing again."

But she was not singing. She was calling. "Jack!" she called into the microphone. And then, "Jack!"—low and yet with insistence, as one calls to another in the darkness of the night.

"Jack! Dear! Listen to me. It's I—Ruth!"

Both her hands went to her head in a gesture of despair. She mastered herself and began again. "Jack! Wake up! Do you hear me? Oh, don't sleep—don't sleep! Jack! Wake up!"

THEN low, yet very distinctly, as one speaks to a child on a steep roof, for instance, whom one must warn, yet in warning not startle, "Pull the—valve rope!"

I was unconsciously shrinking in my corner; my scalp felt cold. "Jack!" she began again. "Try! Oh, try! It's I—Ruth—your wife. Pull—the—valve rope!"

And this went on for what seemed hours, while as a matter of fact the watch on my wrist—mechanically I was still timing her—said that these hours were only minutes. "Jack, Jack, wake up!" And, "Please, try!" And "Jack! Pull—the—valve rope!"

Over and over again, like that.

Till finally she gave a deep sigh, and turned to me as if very tired. "I think—I think—he—" she faltered, and fell at my feet in a faint.

In the disorder that followed I knew that Alan Dunn was again buzzing in my ear. "The balloon is coming down now," he was saying. "They say it's coming down!"

It was. An hour later it was settling on the plain near Sparta, and farmers, securing it, were peering fearfully into the basket where a man lay as if dead. It was Lieutenant Jack Leverance, deeply unconscious.

While he was being rushed to the hospital, army experts were examining the balloon. They soon discovered what had happened. The calibrating instruments showed that the craft had gone up to forty-four thousand feet. At that moment, still struggling for a few more inches, the aëronaut, drugged with the altitude and the cold, with his sheath knife had accidentally slashed the tube connecting him to his oxygen tank—and to life.

Yet—unconscious as immediately he must have gone—he had in some mysterious way found strength to open the valve and start the balloon down before it was too late.

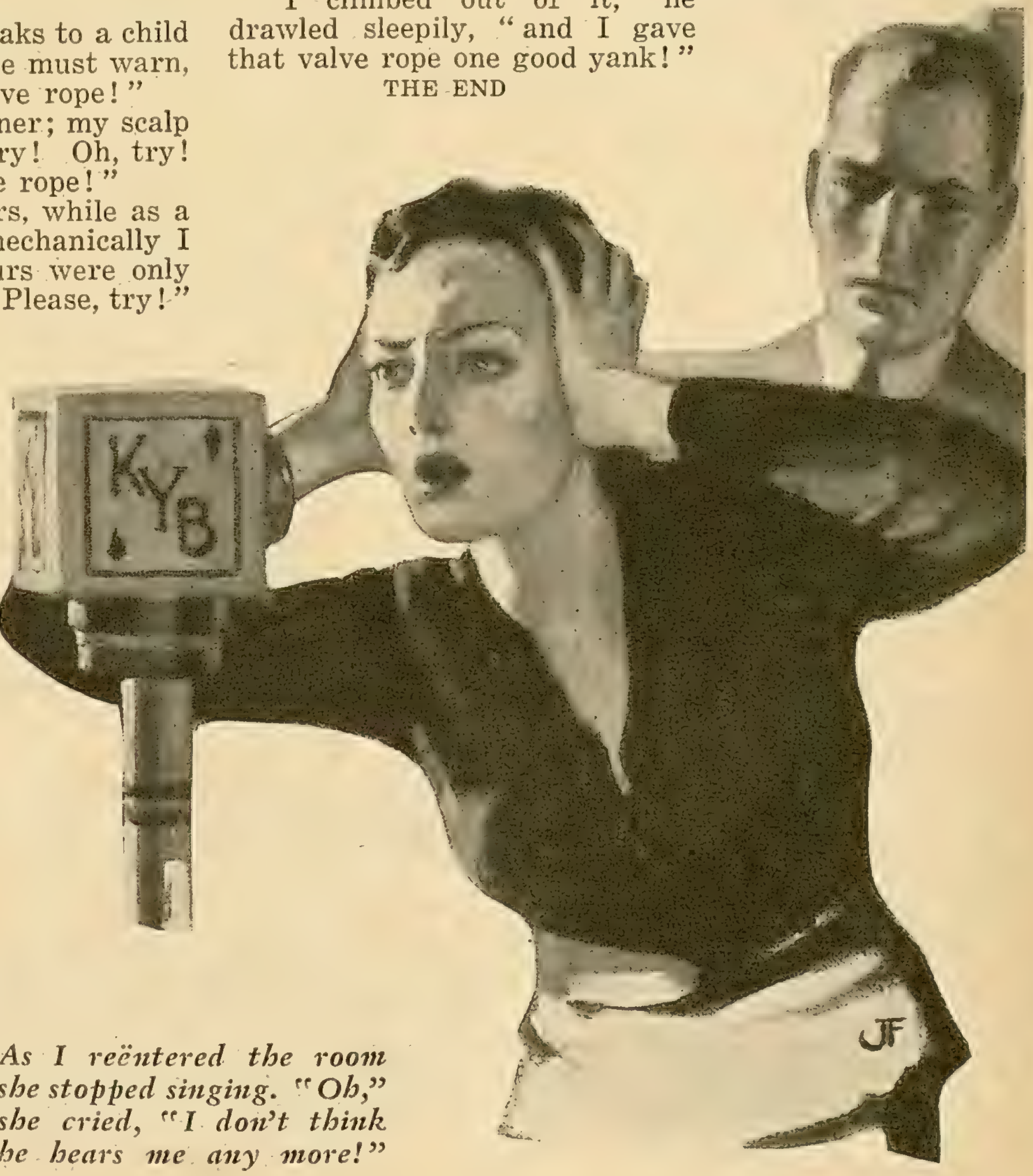
They could not make this out, these experts. They did not know what I knew.

Which meanwhile was being confirmed to me—by Jack Leverance himself, lying on his hospital cot.

He wasn't directing his speech at me, though; he was speaking entirely to Ruth Leverance, whom I had rushed there. She was kneeling; her golden head lay on his pillow by his red one. "I heard you," he was whispering to her. "I heard you, sweet, calling and calling. It was hard; I was sunk a million miles deep in sleep. But I could hear you calling."

His face lit with the slow smile famous in the army. "I climbed out of it," he drawled sleepily, "and I gave that valve rope one good yank!"

THE END



As I reëntered the room she stopped singing. "Oh," she cried, "I don't think he hears me any more!"

He Gave Us MICKEY

By JACK JAMISON

(Reading time: 8 minutes 55 seconds.)

THERE is a young man, in Hollywood of all places, who could be a millionaire if he liked, but who smiles and shrugs and says, " No; I'm having too much fun this way, thanks."

He is Walter Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies.

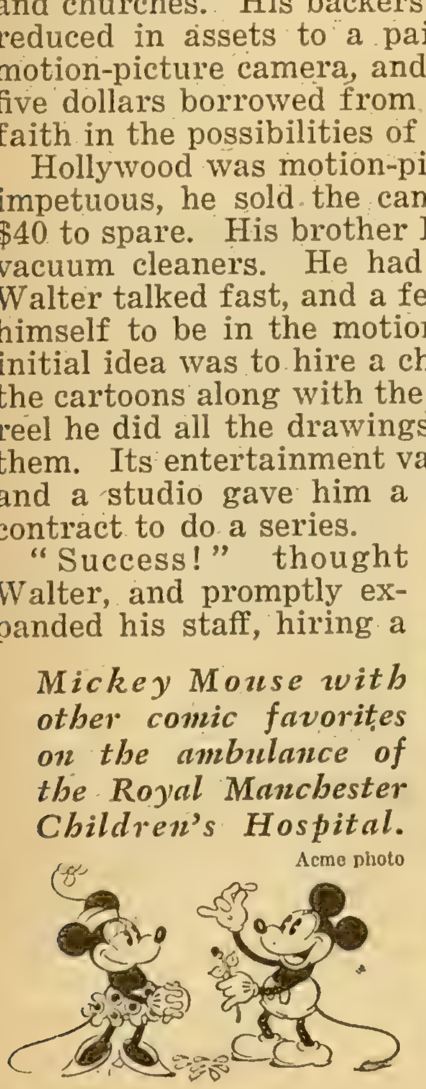
In 1919 a young Red Cross ambulance driver came home from France to Kansas City, Missouri. He became a ten-dollar-a-week apprentice in a commercial art firm. Let out when business was slow, he carried mail for Uncle Sam, and shortly teamed up with another youngster who liked pencils and paper. They drew pictures of oil wells.

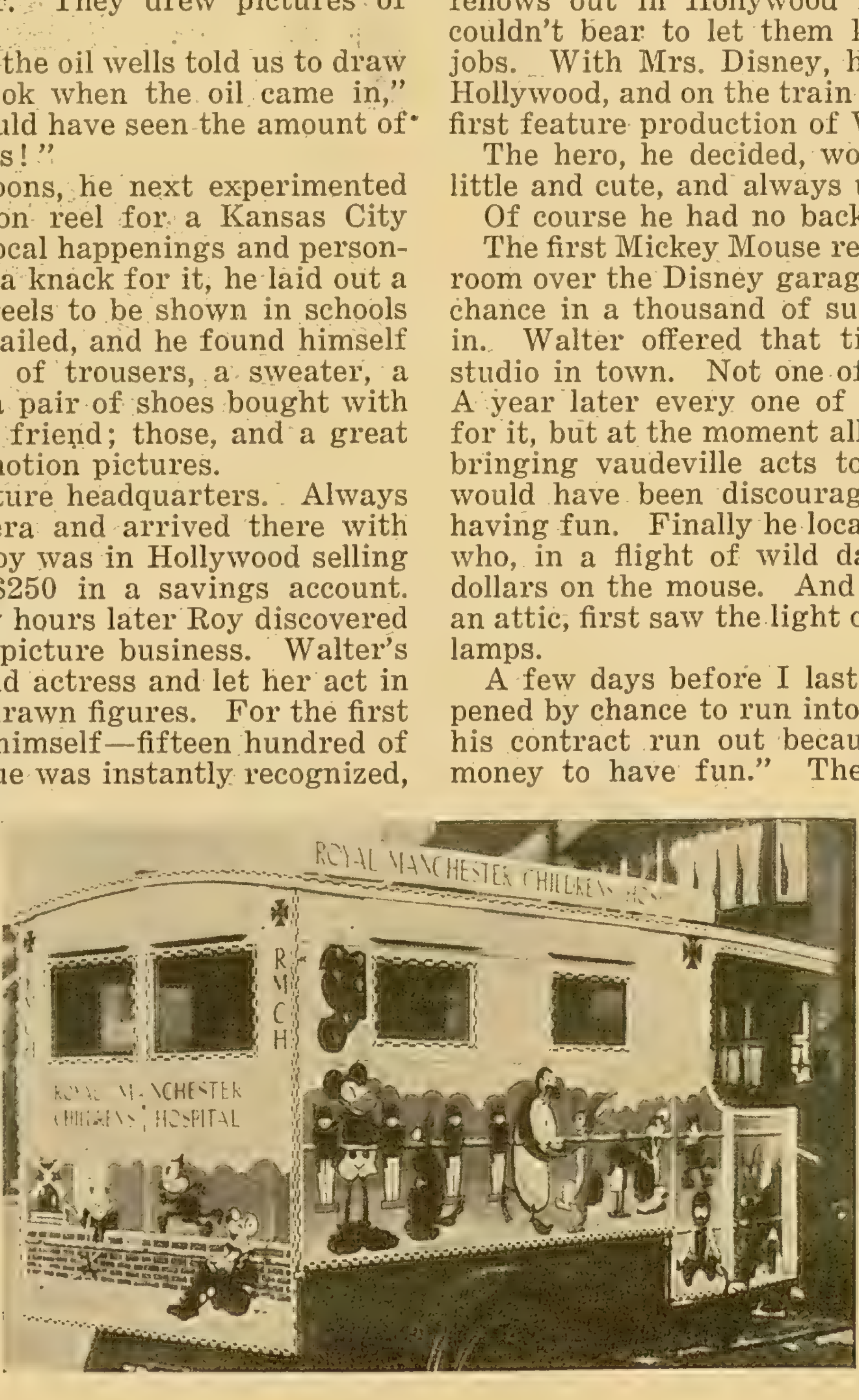
" The firm that was selling the oil wells told us to draw them the way they would look when the oil came in," Walter recollects. " You should have seen the amount of oil we got into those drawings! "

Always interested in cartoons, he next experimented with a motion-picture cartoon reel for a Kansas City chain of theaters, depicting local happenings and personalities. Finding that he had a knack for it, he laid out a series of fairy-tale cartoon reels to be shown in schools and churches. His backers failed, and he found himself reduced in assets to a pair of trousers, a sweater, a motion-picture camera, and a pair of shoes bought with five dollars borrowed from a friend; those, and a great faith in the possibilities of motion pictures.

Hollywood was motion-picture headquarters. Always impetuous, he sold the camera and arrived there with $40 to spare. His brother Roy was in Hollywood selling vacuum cleaners. He had $250 in a savings account. Walter talked fast, and a few hours later Roy discovered himself to be in the motion-picture business. Walter's initial idea was to hire a child actress and let her act in the cartoons along with the drawn figures. For the first reel he did all the drawings himself—fifteen hundred of them. Its entertainment value was instantly recognized, and a studio gave him a contract to do a series.

" Success! " thought Walter, and promptly expanded his staff, hiring a young lady to help him ink in his drawings. She was an exceedingly pretty girl—and, as day after day they bent their heads together over a drawing board, Walter became increasingly aware of the fact. The upshot was inevitable, because she had as much faith in his cartoons as he had. In short, he married her.





Mickey Mouse with other comic favorites on the ambulance of the Royal Manchester Children's Hospital.

Acme photo

Soon other people had to be hired, for Universal Studios invited the budding young concern to manufacture a cartoon having to do with a rabbit named Oswald. Walter thought rabbits were too meek and not up to enough devilment, but he made twenty-six Oswalds. The trouble, the studio found, was that he was always trying out new ideas and gadgets, wanting to spend money instead of just settle down into a rut and make it. They allowed his contract to lapse. He was in New York when he got the news, and his first thought was for the twenty young fellows out in Hollywood now working for him. He couldn't bear to let them know that they were out of jobs. With Mrs. Disney, he caught the first train for Hollywood, and on the train he wrote the scenario for the first feature production of Walt Disney Studios, Ltd.

The hero, he decided, would be a mouse. Mice were little and cute, and always up to mischief.

Of course he had no backing. But that was nothing.

The first Mickey Mouse reel was produced in a cramped room over the Disney garage. It had approximately one chance in a thousand of succeeding. Talkies had come in. Walter offered that tin can of celluloid to every studio in town. Not one of them showed interest in it. A year later every one of them was to bid frantically for it, but at the moment all they were interested in was bringing vaudeville acts to the screen. Anybody else would have been discouraged. Walt wasn't. He was having fun. Finally he located an independent producer who, in a flight of wild daring, agreed to risk a few dollars on the mouse. And that is how Mickey, born in an attic, first saw the light of the projection-machine arc lamps.

A few days before I last saw Walter Disney he happened by chance to run into the studio executive who let his contract run out because he " wasted the studio's money to have fun." They shook hands, and a deep silence fell. Finally, with a groan, the executive shook his head. " And I let you get away from me! " he commented.

For Mickey, today, is the most popular film star in the world. This is not exaggeration but the lit-

A Close-Up [illegible]alter Disney, Father of the Famous Movie Comic, Who Would Rather Have Fun Than Make Money

MOUSE

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Walt Disney with his world-famous creation.

eral truth. Whether as Miki Kuchi in Japan or Mikkel Mus in Denmark, he lays honest claim to more enthusiastic fans than Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, and Marie Dressler put together. More than a million American youngsters belong to Mickey Mouse clubs. A hundred manufacturers all over the globe—thirty in England alone—are kept busy turning out Mickey Mouse novelties; to name a few, souvenir spoons, all-day suckers, wall paper for nurseries, toys, drawing books, cards, pillows, pennants, jewelry, and, unbelievably enough, razor blades.

Children in Manchester, England, were afraid to ride in the black ambulance of the Royal Manchester Children's Hospital. It was decorated with paintings of Mickey and the other cartoon characters, and now the kids can't get tummyaches often enough.

IN Europe alone sixty newspapers beguile their readers with Mickey comic strips. Fan mail at the studio has reached a peak of eight thousand letters a week, the letters coming from every country and every town where there is a theater. Naturally, quite a few nickels are jingling into Mr. Disney's jeans today. The garret over the garage has been succeeded by a modern $150,000 studio housing a hundred employees who turn out one Mickey reel and one Silly Symphony a month. And yet—

A friend who used to know him in the old Kansas City days, when he was drawing pictures of hens and cows for farm journals, dropped in at the studio and asked him: "Well, Walt, how does it feel to be rich?"

"I don't know," Walter said, "and I don't care."

He doesn't. It's the simple truth. He lets someone else take care of all the figures. He doesn't want to know. He might begin to let his mind dwell upon figures rather than ideas, and that would spoil the fun.

The figures are interesting, just the same. Per foot of film, it costs as much to make a Mickey picture as it does to make a full-length feature film. Although he has invented any number of efficient labor-saving devices, Walt absolutely refuses to economize. For the comfort of his animators, the men who lay out the drawings, he has installed a variety of devices ranging from an air-washing system to ping-pong tables. He refuses to let them work at night, or overtime, lest they get tired. He keeps a much larger staff on hand than is really necessary, paying men well to do nothing but sit in a comfortable chair and play with new ideas and methods—"feeling around," he calls it. And, depression or no depression, he refuses to reduce his men's salaries. With a smile, Mrs. Disney accuses him of having more affection for his animators than he has for her, and of turning all his profits back into the studio. The latter he does. Today, as ten years ago, the Disneys live in a six-room English-style bungalow in which the greatest luxury is an electric refrigerator. The neighborhood is a quiet residential district close by the studio, so that Walt, if he gets a good idea at 3 A. M., can scramble out of bed and walk to his drawing board in three minutes.

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and executives, glittering wit[illegible]mium and enameled in bright o[illegible]e, or yellow, or orchid. Mr. and Mrs. Disney share a moderate-priced car of American manufacture, now in its third year. None of those executives would be likely to be much impressed by the young man slouched behind his own steering wheel. Walt is not what could be called a fancy dresser. His only extravagance along that line is sweaters, of which he owns dozens. If he has a coat, he doesn't know it —and as for neckties! It requires threats of fire and flood, assault and battery, desertion and divorce, for Mrs. Disney to get one around his neck.

And yet, nine out of ten of those personages in the huge automobiles Walt could buy or sell outright and not lose a cipher off his bank statement. I doubt if he's ever thought of that, either. He's having too much fun.

Walter Disney was born December 5, 1901, on Chicago's North Side, where his father was a building contractor in a small way. His mother was the daughter of a Warren, Ohio, school-teacher. The children were four boys and one girl. When Walter was five the family moved to a farm near Marceline, Missouri, and it was there that he acquired his love for animals. In the five years he spent on the farm he came to know horses, cows, ducks, chickens, all the regular roster of farm beasts, and all of them he made his pets.

His particular favorites were the colts and the pigs.

The family left the farm to try city life again in Kansas City when he was ten years old, and he got up every morning at three thirty, carried newspapers until six, went to school all day, and carried papers again in the evening, for six years. But it is really the farm that molded his character. All he recalls of his paper route is that he got to know every dog in the city. Always, in his mind, he was yearning back to the friendly animals of the farm.

There, at the age of five, he drew his first cartoon. His ink was rich, sticky black tar, and his paper was the white side of the farmhouse —"and I got my pants warmed with a razor strop," he remembers. There, when he was not much older, he drew his first animated cartoon. He discovered, as many a small boy has, that if he drew figures in graduated poses on the margins of a book, and then thumbed the pages rapidly, the figures would move. Shortly there was not a book in the house in which he had not scrawled sketches. They weren't bad sketches, either. At least, they were good enough so that his parents did not oppose his decision, when he made it a few years later, to study art.

Today, a strange combination of ingenuousness and ingeniousness, he lives, breathes, eats, and sleeps Mickey — and his notion of a holiday is to go off to a zoo with his personal eight-millimeter movie camera and photograph still more animals!

"I," laments Mrs. Disney, "am a mouse widow."

Not a golf widow. Walter joined a golf club once, paid ten dollars for the membership, lost his card the next day, and has never seen the course since.

THE END

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DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

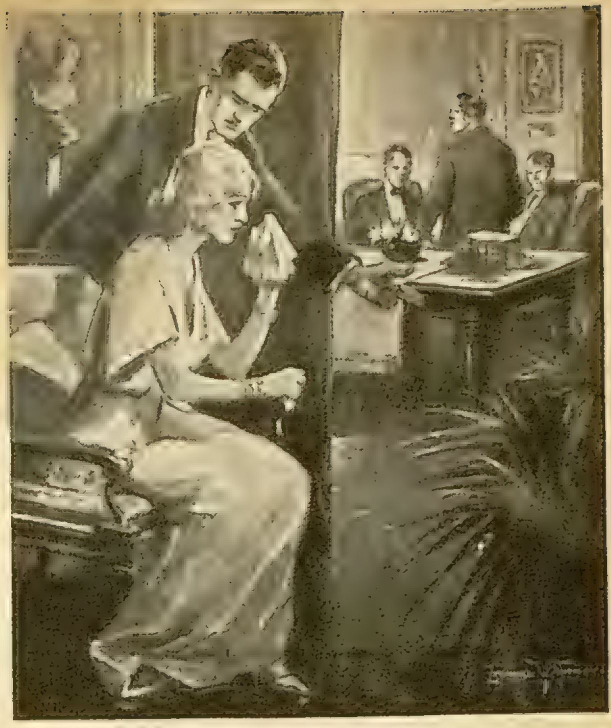
LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

As Black's laboratory door was found locked and bolted and no one could have left by windows, obviously Black committed suicide.

Either Way, IT *Works*

A Short Short Story

By MAX WYLIE



(Reading time: 4 minutes 58 seconds.)

AFTER Anthony Vance ran through the fortune of his first wife, he changed his name and his address, secured another fortune by marrying again, and lived very comfortably in Detroit for the better part of a year. To the debonair Anthony it was all a very simple matter. One married money in order to live well, and when one's resources were exhausted, one merely married again. Divorce wasn't to be considered. It was too expensive in the first place, and besides, it had an embarrassing habit of giving one a quantity of unnecessary publicity.

To the respectable citizenry of Detroit Anthony became known as Andrew Vaile, and as such he enjoyed the good repute of his wife and of his neighbors until along the early part of May. It was at this time that the first cloud appeared to darken an otherwise peaceful and contented existence, for Andrew was awakened late one morning by his Japanese valet and informed that there were three gentlemen waiting below stairs, gentlemen who did not seem disposed to leave until they had seen Mr. Vaile.

Andrew dressed leisurely and went down. The three gentlemen had the bad taste to be detectives, and they stated their disagreeable mission at once, not without apologies, for they all knew Mr. Vaile and respected him. It was their painful duty, so they said, to take him to court to answer to a charge of bigamy. Andrew neither blinked nor stammered. Instead he walked to the other side of the living room and reassuringly patted his hysterical wife on the head. He smiled winningly and finally succeeded in subduing the good woman's outburst.

"My dear," he said quietly, "the thing is altogether preposterous. It's merely some ridiculous blunder." And that was precisely what it turned out to be.

Andrew came home in a taxi after the case had been dismissed. He smiled complacently to himself as his mind dwelt for a delightful moment on the confusion that had overtaken his first wife when she had found herself quite unable to present the proper records of their marriage. There were no records, simply, not even in the municipal office where the brief ceremony had taken place. The court had had no choice in the matter. It was obviously a case of attempted blackmail, very badly bungled, and if defendant did not wish to file a countercharge, there was an end to it.

Andrew smiled again, anticipating the pleasure of immediate vindication in the Detroit newspapers, then half aloud he said, "It's a smart man that keeps a good friend in the Bureau of Vital Statistics." The old gang would have to hand it to him if they ever heard about this one, he kept thinking. Good old Willie Brandis, they'd say, just as suave and shifty as ever. They'd all say so, all but Fay Randall, that is. He thought of Fay for a moment, and winced in spite of himself. Well, he couldn't help it, he argued. Somebody had to take the rap and a man like himself was no good in the pen.

For the two weeks following the hearing Andrew Vaile and his wife enjoyed the happy routine of the sort of life that is the exclusive privilege of a wealthy residential neighborhood. They golfed and danced and motored, and spent the evenings at the theater or at bridge parties. On the morning of the twenty-second of May, however, there appeared a second cloud, and as Andrew read the paper he held in his hands, the cloud grew darker and darker. It is a severe tax on a man's composure to be faced with a charge of bigamy, but to have the charge repeated within a fortnight is enough to shatter the confidence of the most hardy.

Andrew appeared in court with distinct misgivings, misgivings which assumed the proportions of panic when Fay Randall produced documentary evidence to prove her marriage to him. The thing was an outrageous frame-up to begin with, and it would be simple enough to prove it as such, merely because he had actually never married her. So he thought as he sat there, nervously adjusting the silk handkerchief in his breast pocket.

He thought otherwise as he sat on the comfortless planks of a cell cot some weeks later, and looked dejectedly through the bars at the jagged shadows that fell across the corridor. His eyes squinted intently at the sound of steps outside. They were quick steps and they rang on the stone floor with a sharp, metallic incisiveness. Fay Randall appeared before his door, smiling provocatively.

"HELLO, Willie," she said in a tone of tantalizing lightness. "You sure look natural in this setting, I must say." Willie Brandis, the Andrew Vaile of Detroit, lurched forward and sprang at the bars, but Fay never moved. She just stood there smiling in at him.

"I thought I owed you something, Willie," she continued easily. "After my parole papers came through, the first thing I heard about was you getting yourself married again. It made me a little sore. Six years is a long stretch for a pretty girl like me, especially if she's sitting it out for a bum like you."

"You damn' framer!" he hissed. "Where did you get that fake license? When I get out of this jam—"

"When you get out of this jam, Willie, you'll be three years older. Sure I'm a framer, but what's that to you? When it's you and you got a wife you got to get rid of, you get the records destroyed. When I got to prove that a sap like you is my husband when he isn't my husband, I got to have something to prove it with, don't I?"

Willie Brandis alternately raged and pleaded, cursed and begged.

"Don't talk so rough, Mr. Brandis; it'll keep you awake at night." She turned to go, then looked back at him sideways. "Well, I got to run along. I'm going to get married this afternoon. I got a boy friend in the Bureau of Vital Statistics. Come and see us when you can spare the time, Willie."

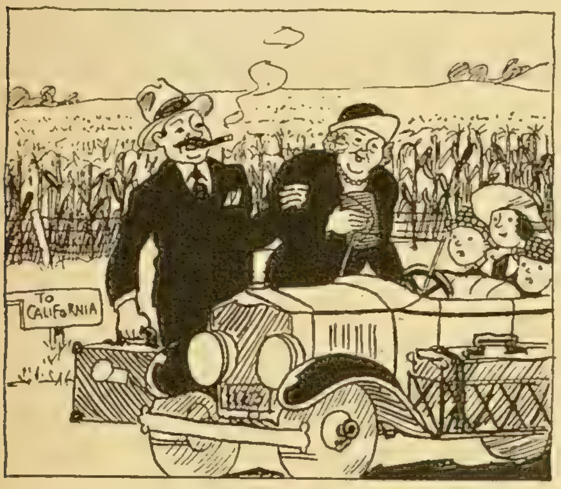
THE END

VOX

About the Iowa Racket

DUBUQUE, IOWA.—Speaking of profiteers—in the editorial entitled Quack Remedies for the Depression, in Liberty, December 10, I think your quack remedy for the depression is as good a remedy as I have seen thus far.

But getting back to profiteers, we have a racket out here in Iowa that I think makes the lowest worm of a middleman look like Mahatma Gandhi.



We Iowa farmers take a dollar's worth of corn and bury it in the rich chocolate loam of our prairies, and in a few months up comes two hundred dollars' worth of the pride of Iowa.

After a few seasons of this, about the time some big butter-and-egg man is thoughtfully falling out of the thirteenth-story window of an apartment building, we move to California and live happily ever after.

So my benighted clansman in St. Paul in the same Liberty tried to bridge over the middleman to buy eggs and got stung. Oh, well, some people try to cut out the middleman and others try to produce perpetual motion. You can't tell me that there is only one born every minute.—*W. W. Moffatt.*

A Cheer for a Change from Out in Kansas

WICHITA, KAN.—Referring to your editorial in the December 10 issue of Liberty, entitled Quack Remedies for the Depression, I wish you could find it possible to publish an editorial on the farm situation in every issue.

Your statement that " there will be no stabilization of prosperity until the farmer gets a reasonable price for his products " is surely a true prediction for the future. Your statement that " the permanency of this depression has been due largely to the avaricious middlemen. They buy at starvation prices and sell at the highest possible price," is indeed a summary of the past few years in regards to the farmers' products.—*F. A. Shaeffer.*

Look at This Week's Cover

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Alcibiades' One Ambition, in the December 17 Liberty, is one of the best-written stories that I have ever read in Liberty. Let's have some more by Ginty Beynon. Dark of the Moon promises to be a corker, and Hell Hounds! is even better than Shoot and Be Damned!

Let's have more covers by H. R. McBride. His covers are far more typical of Liberty's contents than the much-discussed " pictures " by Thrasher. The latter's stuff must cut your circulation in half. Any more of those nauseated looks on faces of empty-headed maidens and Liberty loses *one* nickel a week that I know of.—*Mark R. Code.*

Writing About the Senate Has Become as Dangerous as Big-Game Hunting

DEVILS LAKE, N. D.—Your article in your December 17 issue, Congress Cashes In, written by Charles Stevenson, is sure enough to make any taxpayer boil over, and continue to boil until this political graft by our wonderful senators and representatives is wiped out.

With everyone taxed to the limit, and conditions such that it is impossible for anyone to make a dollar, such grafting of the taxpayers' money by many who never had two dollars to rattle together until they went to Washington makes one think things are certainly rotten in the capital. I congratulate your Liberty in publishing such exposés.—*E. O. Dilling.*

OAK CLIFF, TEXAS.—As an American citizen and taxpayer, I want to and do thank you for your article entitled Congress Cashes In, by Charles Stevenson, appearing in the December 17 issue.

I wish you would send a marked copy of this issue to the President and Vice President, as well as to the President and Vice President elect, also to each United States senator, especially to the newly elected.

I certainly think it high time the people should be informed upon this outrage.—*Dr. D. H. Hancock.*

WHEELING, W. VA.—Was famished before picking up the Liberty, but reading Charles Stevenson's article, Congress Cashes In, was a meal in itself.

Articles like that open the eyes of the American voter. I'll let your readers be the judge and jury whether your magazine deserves the name of Liberty. With articles like Charles Stevenson's Congress Cashes In, you have my vote. —*Simon Rabinowitz.*

It Shows He's Smart

COLUMBIA, S. C.—I presented a copy of Liberty to my milkman, and he hasn't returned the silly thing. What am I to do? Don't you think that a new milkman would solve the problem?—*Horace D. Westbrooks.*

We Had the Same Idea

DANVILLE, ARK.—Having just read the concluding installment of Anthony Abbot's masterpiece of mystery, About the Murder of the Circus Queen, I feel that I am obligated to congratulate you for having given your readers an opportunity to delve into the solution of the murder of La Tour with Thatcher Colt.

B. F. Madole

I have been a reader of Liberty each week for the past several years, and as long as you continue to maintain the high standard for Liberty that you have maintained in the past, it is my intention to continue a reader. You offer the biggest bargain for a nickel that I know of. Here's to your continued success.—*B. F. Madole.*

Aw, Let 'Em Have Fun

CAMDEN, N. J.—I am a steady reader of Liberty and enjoy its stories and editorials very much, and would like to start a war on those who knock the best magazine they can buy.

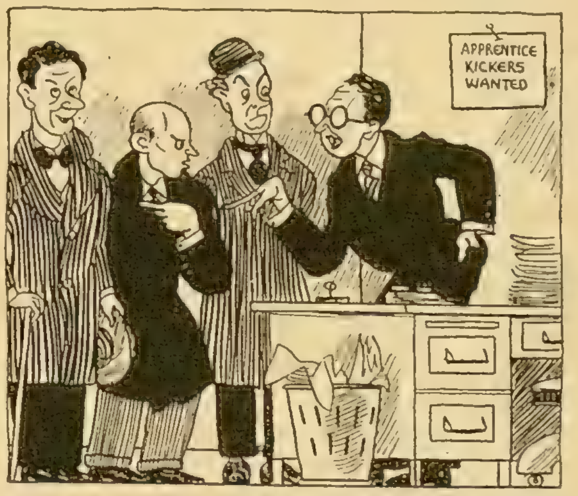
They don't have a good word for Liberty, yet waste their nickels buying it. —*Francis Hall.*

Mr. Bill Burton Has a New Idea to Keep Editors Busy

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Whenever I see anything I don't like in a magazine I always write and tell the editor about it.

This keeps me pretty busy. In fact, so much stuff has gotten into print that gives me a pain in the neck I've gotten behind a little with my kicking.

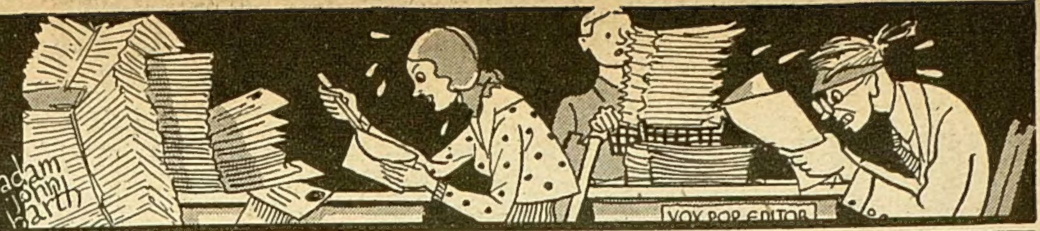
Unless publications in general, including yours, don't improve a whole lot I'm going to be forced to rent an office and hire seven or eight apprentice kickers, because I am simply not going to sit back here and let things go on like they are.



You fellows are certainly getting away with murder.

Well, I must close, as I've got a great big business deal on.—*Bill Burton.*

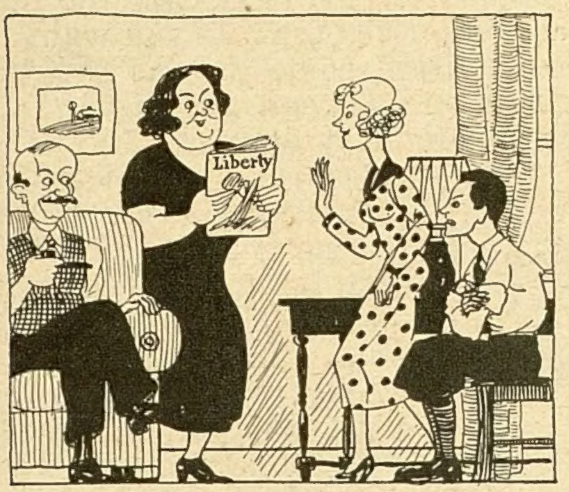
POP



Looks Like a Tough Break for You, Jimmy

SEARCY, ARK.—I've been reading Liberty ever since you started putting out the smaller page and I like it better every week. And I'm not the only one in this neighborhood who likes it, either.

Dad gets it first to read the editorial and work the cross word puzzle—and, by the way, why don't you make a puzzle that a fifteen-year-old boy can work?



Then here comes mother. She has to read To the Ladies! by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin; but what she gets out of it is more than I can see.

And just as I get about halfway through reading a story like Strictly Platonic, in the December 3 issue, here comes sis. She has to have your ole magazine to read the movie reviews. Then they hand it over to me; so I settle down to read it—only to find that it's all worn out!—*James Nebbut.*

A Texan Says a Few Words on Prohibition

DALLAS, TEX.—Is this another campaign of fear or stupidity on the part of the prohibitionists when they maintain that their continued and enforced efforts against any modification or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is to prevent ultimate return of the "hell hole of iniquity," the saloon?

Can they not realize now that a campaign of fear gets nowhere with the American people? And can they be so stupid as not to remember that saloons were legitimately licensed under federal law, and in the days of license fines and revokage were almost as drastic as punishment for counterfeiting?

Both of the major parties have declared against the return of the saloon; then is it not most reasonable to feel they will not be licensed, and therefore no probability of a return? Under some wisely devised method of liquor control the very reduction in prices will to a great extent eliminate that worst of evils, the speakeasy. If prices are lowered and quality improved the speakeasy cannot compete and stand the pay-off.

The rarest thing found these days is a prohibitionist tolerant enough to give an anti the right of an honest difference of opinion. They claim we are aligned with the despoilers of morals, but won't admit that bootleggers and the underworld are aligned with them.—*P. G. Claiborne.*

Here Are Two Readers Who Seem to Like Us

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—I subscribe to several weekly and monthly magazines, and although some have better stories than the average Liberty story I can truthfully say that your publication is the only one I actually read from cover to cover.

Although I have read Liberty for five years, I have never before seen such an ignorant article in any of its numbers as I'm Glad My Children Are Boys, in the November 19 issue. It is too ridiculous to deserve a discussion; but if the mother of every American boy raised her children like Mrs. Winn does, this nation could boast another world record: the most degenerate nation.—*E. R. Brodeen.*

E. R. Brodeen

CHICAGO, ILL.—The issue of Liberty for November 19 had a corking and somewhat humorous article entitled I'm Glad My Children Are Boys, by Margaret Douglas Winn. She tells her story in such convincing fashion that you find yourself nodding to yourself and agreeing with her on every point.—*Raymond Goldberg.*

Those Twenty Questions

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—You must have a very erroneous opinion of the type of people who read your weekly five-cent package of trash. I have been reading your magazine for some time, and never failed to try to answer some of your Twenty Questions, but so far have been able to answer no more than three or four any week.

Maybe I am the dumbest person in the world—your guess is as good as mine—but I'll wager most college professors could not answer more than sixty per cent.

Give your readers a break. They are not the most intelligent people in the world. This took time to write. Don't throw it in the basket the first time you look at it.—*J. Lawrence Mooney.*

The Amateur Athlete

MINERAL RIDGE, OHIO—It is seldom that an article in your magazine is commendable, but I think Amelia Earhart's Let the Best Man Win! in the December 3 issue deserves praise. Congratulations.—*Karl Amos Zipf.*

We Ask for Most Pictures as We Did for Yours

CLIFTON, N. J.—Will you please answer this one question for me? Why is it that every once in a while some apparently dissatisfied reader of your magazine (which, by the way, I consider as one of the best) sends in a fiery criticism of the quality of your publication, and then finally and completely gives himself away by sending along with his missive a photo of himself for publication in the same "rank mag"?

Frank Neuner

No doubt they probably purchased copies by the dozen because their "pitcher was in the paper." From an old reader.—*Frank Neuner.*

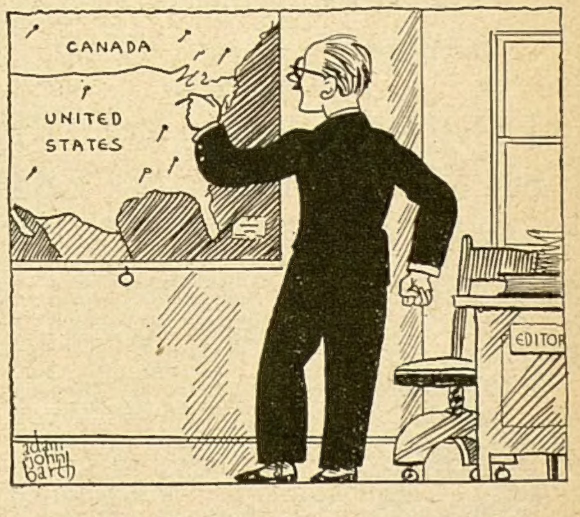
Just a Few Lines from the Neighbors' Children

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. — How you birds get us suckers to write to your magazine is more than I know. Possibly you realized that I was a sucker long before I did. At any rate, I pay three cents to have the last word, and spend five cents to see if you have guts enough to answer it, and spend three cents more to tell you I knew you hadn't!—*Fred C. Way.*

LINCOLN, NEB.—I wish you would quit printing Liberty. It is such a ornery contagious disease, every time I get one it wraps itself around me so I cannot work, eat, or sleep till I am through reading it and wait a week and get another attack.—*A. B.*

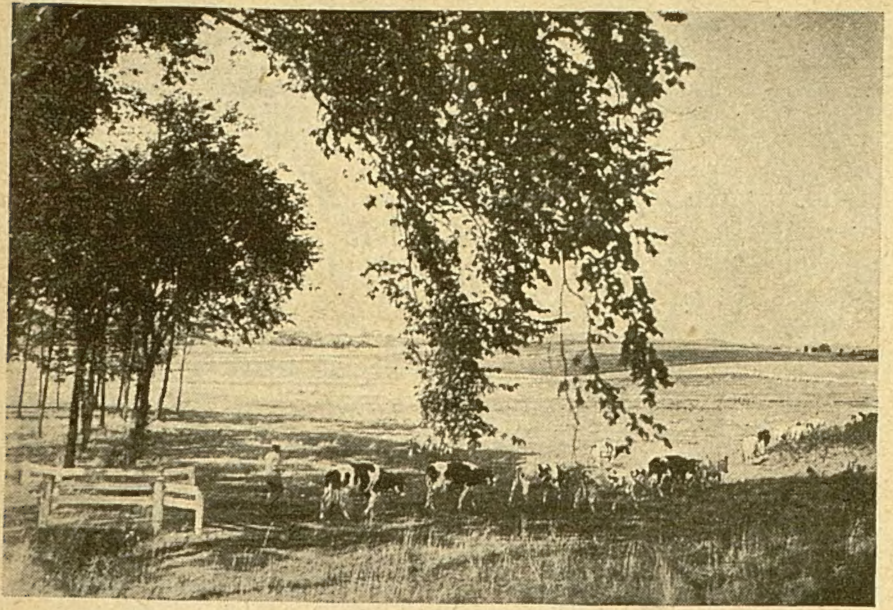
We Never Thought of This One

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—A young friend from the Pacific Coast, who has had a number of her stories published, writes me that Liberty chooses its material by the map.



If a story from, say, Minnesota is on the program for the particular issue, all the rest of the material is disregarded, regardless of its merit. No kidding—does it?—*A. J. Callam.*

THIRD WEEK'S CASH PRIZE WINNERS!



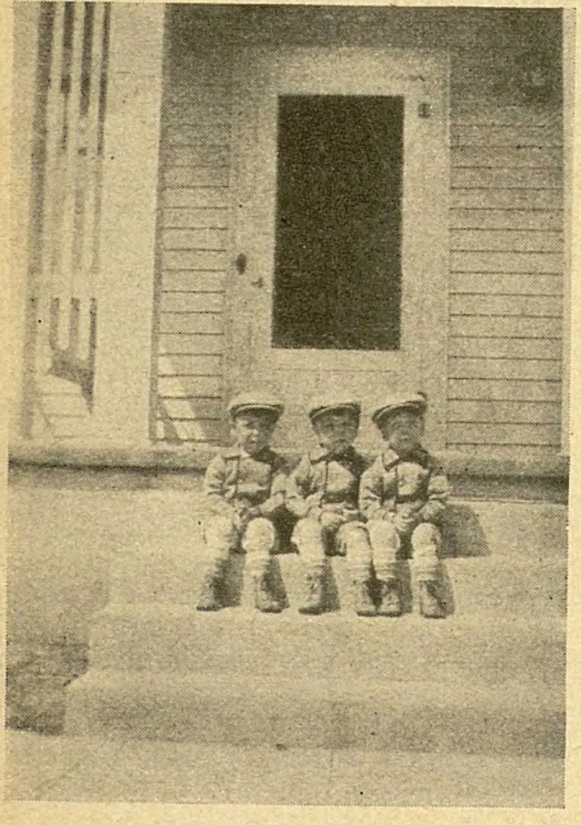
The second line of Gray's famous Elegy might aptly be quoted to caption this First Prize Snapshot by C. F. Steiger.

$5,000

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT

CONTEST

TIME is getting short. This is next to the last week of this cash prize offer. If you want to see your name listed some day as are the fifty-one prize winners on this page, get busy! This week's contest closes Monday, January 16. The rules give complete information on how to enter for one of Liberty's cash prizes. You can win twice with a single snapshot. You can win a weekly prize and also one of the $200 Grand Prizes with the same print. You can win a Grand Prize even though you miss out in the weekly awards. So send in your entry before it is too late. A snap of the shutter can bring you combined prizes of $300 cash. What easy money!



THEY WIN $10 EACH

First aid for dolly as snapped by B. D. Boss (right). Mrs. C. F. Palmer tells us that the boys are Rollo, Robert, and Richard.

DEC. 3 PRIZE WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

CHARLES F. STEIGER
Albuquerque, N. M.

TEN $10 PRIZES

Harry Bolton, Vancouver, B. C.; Bradley D. Boss, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. J. L. Capps, St. Joseph, Mo.; Robert T. Gidley, Melrose, Mass.; Harold M. Hardy, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Earl W. Holeman, Albion, Mich.; Leo Leonard, Edwardsville, Pa.; L. H. McIntyre, Duquesne, Pa.; Mrs. C. F. Palmer, Portland, Ore.; Fred Ristrim, Des Moines, Iowa.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

Mira Atkison, Multnomah, Ore.; Mrs. J. W. Arnold, Salem, Ill.; Paul Bagley, Dallas, Tex.; Charles W. Boss, Bridgeton, N. J.; Leo Chase, Jackson, Mich.; I. H. Cady, Alpena, Mich.; Elizabeth Crowninshield, San Jose, Calif.; Mrs. Percy G. Dailey, Ashland, Mont.; Mrs. Ethelyn Daniel, Pueblo, Colo.; Amos Finnegan, Santa Fe Springs, Calif.; Millard S. Gaut, Albany, N. Y.; Jane Adair Gray, Spokane, Wash.; T. Gill, Santa Fe Springs, Calif.; Mrs. E. A. Hardy, Midvale, Utah.

A. Hauger, Swarthmore, Pa.; Norman R. Hoyt, Taneycomo, Mo.; Mrs. Harry A. King, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. C. L. Large, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; L. V. Leonard, Los Angeles, Calif.; Audrey Lukinovich, New Orleans, La.; Mildred Marvin, Los Angeles, Calif.; F. R. MacFadyen, Jr., Royal Oak, Mich.; Rael Mawrence, Chicago, Ill.; Llewellyn A. Moorhouse, Fort Collins, Colo.; Grace E. Mounts, Morrow, Ohio; Ed. J. Milton, Chicago, Ill.; Robert E. Mueller, Wauwatosa, Wis.; Jerrold Owen, Salem Ore.

Mrs. Jane Parkin, Vancouver, B. C.; G. S. Parrett, Wheatland, Man.; Muriel Pillsbury, Framingham, Mass.; Mr. Rodebaugh, Wyandotte, Mich.; Henry Schroyen, Regina, Sask.; Alice Schwalbe, New York, N. Y.; Carl Sandstrom, St. Paul, Minn.; O. W. Swartz, Dallas, Tex.; Forrest Townley, Denver, Colo.; George W. Twombley, Canandaigua, N. Y.; Mrs. Leo Vining, Marysville, Ohio; William Warecke, New York, N. Y.

SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

Ten Weekly Contests

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home-life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 9, 1932, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closed Monday, November 21, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday including January 23, 1933, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, the best baby snapshot. Group B, the best pet snapshot. Group C, the best indoor snapshot. Group D, the best outdoor snapshot. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

Advertisement

Over 1000
Additional Awards Weekly
To Entrants In The
LIBERTY HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America, giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada, will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home-Life Snapshot Contest.

All that is necessary to qualify for one of our many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain an entry blank from any local photo dealer whose Photo Finishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks.

All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $5,000.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home-Life Snapshot Contest.

DEVELOPING
MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS OF AMERICA
AUTHORIZED DEALER
SERVICE AND QUALITY
PRINTING

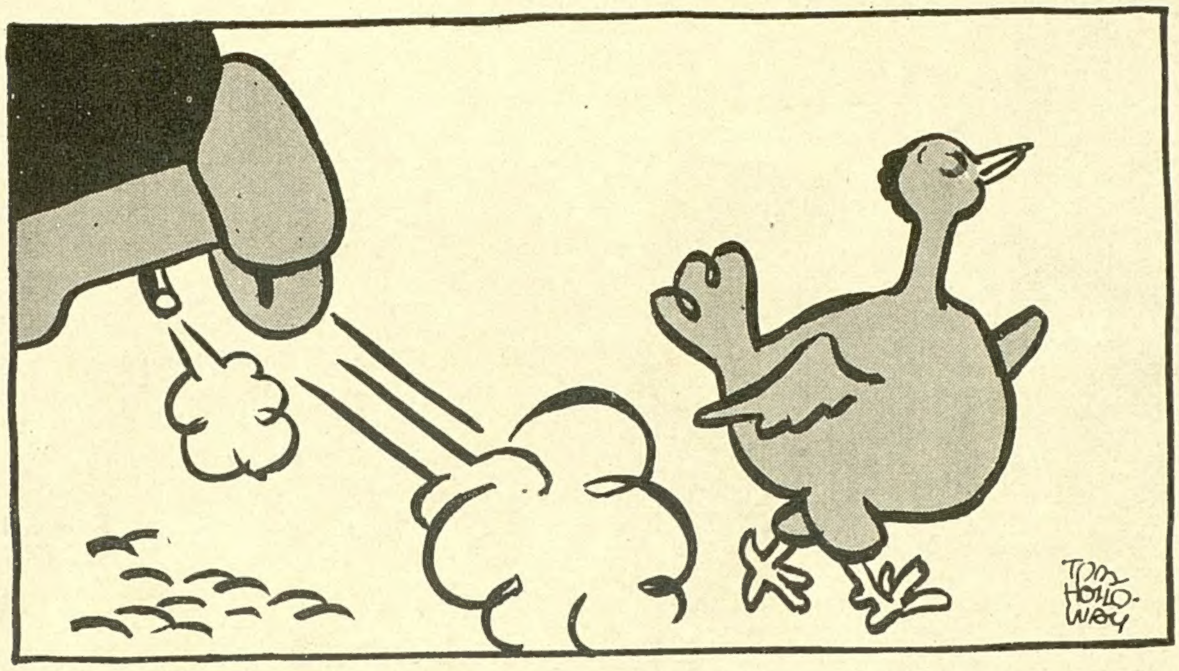
The Master Photo Finishers of America *Giving Master Photo Service To the Better Photo Dealers of the United States and Canada.*

Psychoanalyzing That Chicken!

Here Are the Prize-Winning

WISE-CRACKERS

in the "Why did the chicken cross the road?" problem



THIS week Liberty brings great news to sixty-four winners in the contest which called for wise cracks solving the ancient problem of the itinerant fowl. "Why did the chicken cross the road?" was the question. The wise-crack answers were amazing, both in number and inventiveness. After a thorough consideration of the entries the judges made the decisions here announced. Checks will be mailed to each winner forthwith.

$50 FIRST PRIZE

"To see a man lay a corner stone"

Lewis G. Yablonski
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

●

$25 SECOND PRIZE

Blaine C. Bigler, Scenery Hill, Pa.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

Charles Gross, Tillamook, Ore.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

C. J. Decker, Buhl, Idaho

TEN PRIZES, EACH $5

D. E. Bates, Great Lakes, Ill.; L. Davidson, Winnipeg, Man.; Laura Elliott, Pottstown, Pa.; R. G. Goodman, New York, N. Y.; Helen R. Harper, Overbrook, Pa.; J. C. Hildebrand, Red Lion, Pa.; Carl R. Johnson, Hibbing, Minn.; Helen L. McCarthy, Quincy, Mass.; Geo. E. Sprague, Upper Darby, Pa.; Mrs. Dave Williams, Sedalia, Mo.

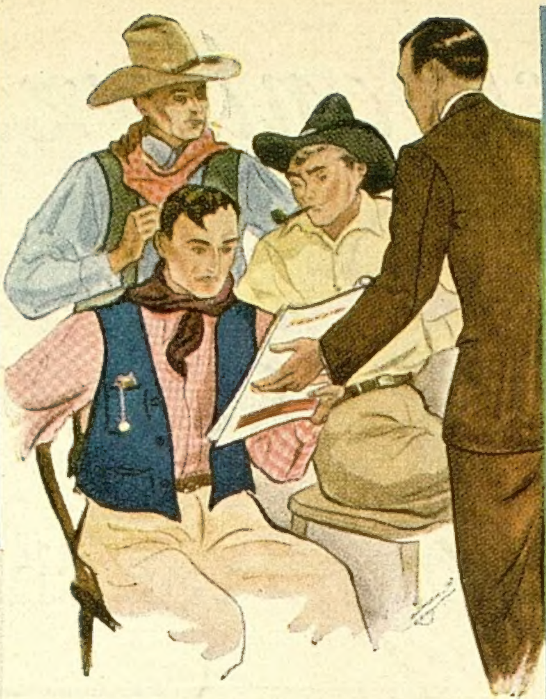
FIFTY PRIZES, EACH $2

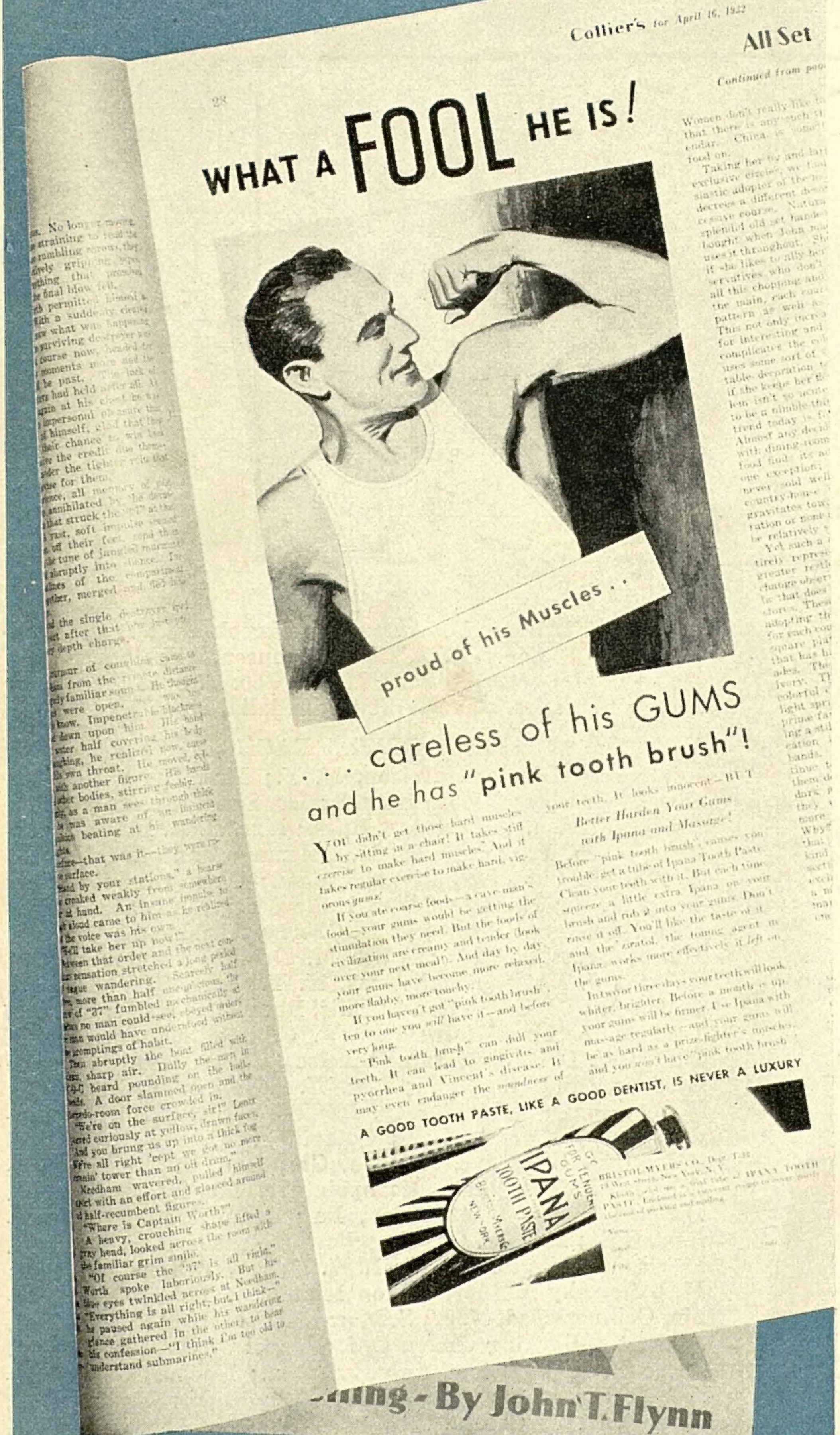
Virginia Adams, Harrison, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna F. Biele, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Martha Breffle, San Francisco, Calif.; Helen J. Brien, Watertown, Mass.; Mrs. R. A. Brown, Daytona Beach, Fla.; Mrs. E. M. Coleman, Vancouver, B. C.; Mrs. R. R. Chapman, Glenolden, Pa.; Clare Clawson, New York, N. Y.; Nanette Coker, Dallas, Tex.; Edward J. Corcoran, Cincinnati, Ohio; E. D. Cherry, Ahoskie, N. C.; Jack Dillon, Seattle, Wash.; Edith M. Draffin, Trenton, N. J.; Thomas J. Doyle, North Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. S. V. Dunlap, Canonsburg, Pa.; Winton C. Ellis, Rochester, N. Y.; Flayton Francis, Aitkin, Minn.; Mrs. J. C. Freilina, Jamestown, N. Y.; W. L. Faurot, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Catherine Gibbons, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. W. Gustafson, Chicago, Ill.; Boyd Gallagher, Monterrey, Mexico; Walter Hill, Alexandria, La.; Lester E. Hayes, Goldville, S. C.

John D. Hargrave, Atlanta, Ga.; Cannah Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.; William Kornpointner, Montreal, Que.; C. Richard Clapp, Watsontown, Pa.; Jean Krupman, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. W. Guy Langhow, Greensboro, N. C.; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; I. W. Mabry, Tallahassee, Fla.; Mrs. Dorothy Mather, Staten Island, N. Y.; T. G. McKibbin, Collingswood, N. J.; S. Mocarski, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Ada Otto, Bowling Green, Ohio; Isabel T. Osgood, Lincoln, Neb.; H. Ramsbottom, Calgary, Alta.; Norma Ryan, Sterling, Colo.; Julius Reich, New York, N. Y.; Sadie Ryder, Denver, Colo.; George W. Smith, Nogales, Ariz.; Bruce B. Swanson, Medford, Mass.; V. R. Tufts, Portsmouth, Ohio; Esther A. Thompson, Boston, Mass.; H. I. Trefry, Dorchester, Mass.; R. B. Toney, Louisville, Ky.; Susie Webster, Elwood, Ind.; David Wilson, Elizabeth, N. J.; John J. Yanchus, Kitchener, Ont.

COMING SOON! MISSIONARY AND CANNIBAL, AND WHOPPER CONTEST RESULTS. WATCH FOR THEM!

"I can vouch for that IPANA story!"





Collier's for April 16, 1932

All Set

Continued from page

23

WHAT A FOOL HE IS!

proud of his Muscles . .

. . . careless of his GUMS and he has "pink tooth brush"!

YOU didn't get those hard muscles by sitting in a chair! It takes stiff exercise to make hard muscles. And it takes regular exercise to make hard, vigorous *gums!*

If you ate coarse foods—a cave-man's food—your gums would be getting the stimulation they need. But the foods of civilization are creamy and tender (look over your next meal!). And day by day your gums have become more relaxed, more flabby, more touchy.

If you haven't got "pink tooth brush", ten to one you *will* have it—and before very long.

"Pink tooth brush" can dull your teeth. It can lead to gingivitis and pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. It may even endanger the *soundness* of your teeth. It looks innocent—BUT

Better Harden Your Gums with Ipana and Massage!

Before "pink tooth brush" causes you trouble, get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. But each time squeeze a little extra Ipana on your brush and rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. You'll like the taste of it—and the ziratol, the toning agent in Ipana, works more effectively if *left* on the gums.

In two or three days your teeth will look whiter, brighter. Before a month is up your gums will be firmer. Use Ipana with massage regularly—and your gums will be as hard as a prize-fighter's muscles, and you *won't* have "pink tooth brush".

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

ning - By John T. Flynn

And only one man out of six disagreed

ONE of our men drove cross-country—from coast to coast—to get the low-down, among other things, on what people really think of Ipana advertising.

Out in a mining town in Colorado he talked to 6 men in succession . . . showed them the advertisement reproduced on this page . . . asked them questions.

Here's what each one of *five* said: "*Sure* that ad tells the truth. And I use Ipana. And I don't have what you call 'pink tooth brush'."

Two of them had switched to Ipana upon the advice of a dentist. Two of them had been bothered with "pink tooth brush"—and had then switched to Ipana. One of them—in his twenties—had started using Ipana in engineering school.

One lone character said he thought *all* tooth paste advertising was "all wet." "Never read advertising much, anyway!" And as for massaging Ipana into his gums—you wouldn't catch *him!*

Well—five to one in favor!

Try Ipana yourself! Clean your teeth with it. Each time, rub a little more into your gums. Modern foods are too soft to stimulate your gums and keep them hard. "Pink tooth brush" is the result—unless you let Ipana with massage keep your *gums* firm and healthy.

• • •

This advertisement repeats the net of an actual interview. Similar interviews have been recorded all over the country.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-131
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name . . . .

Street . . . .

City . . . . *State* . . . .